

VOL I

JANUARY 1927

PART II

ARCHIVES OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

A Quarterly Devoted to the
Theory and Treatment of the Neuroses and Psychoses

DIRECTED BY
L. PIERCE CLARK

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF
T. E. UNIKER EUNICE B. ARMSTRONG
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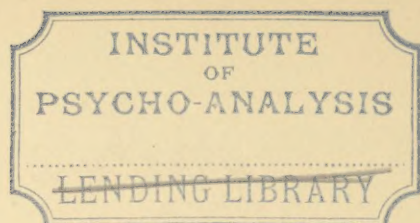
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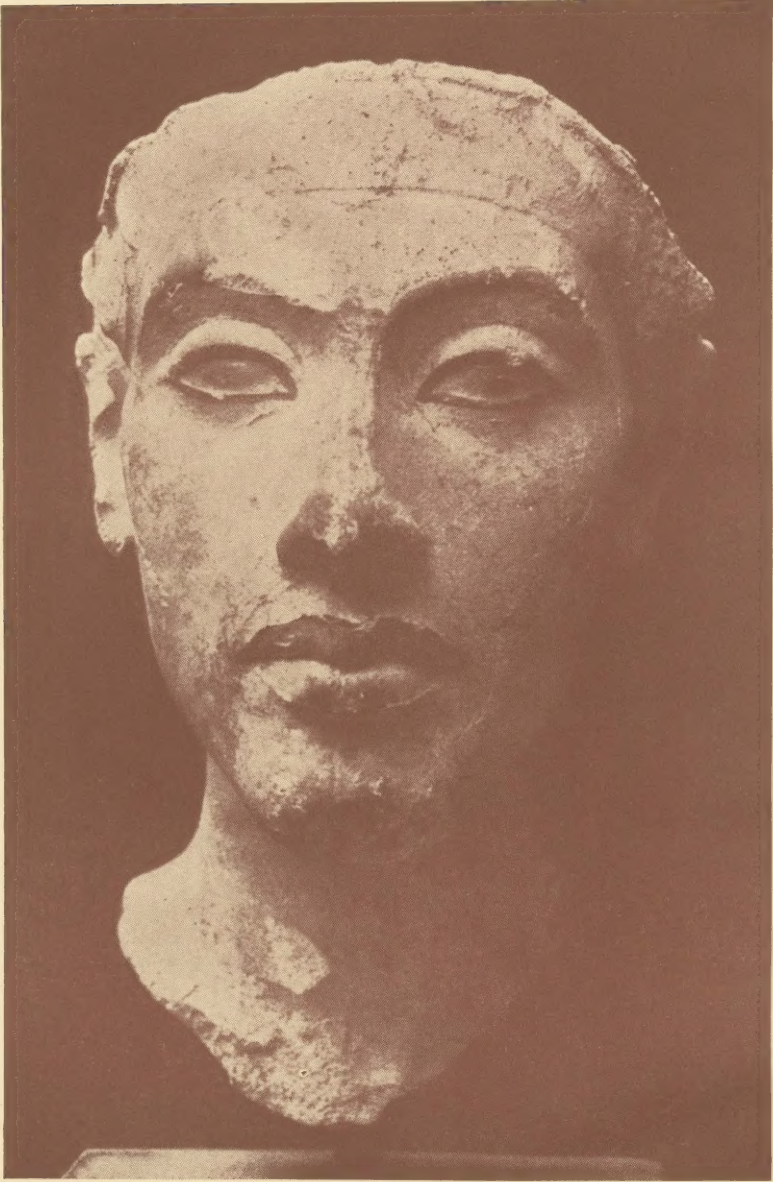
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Undoubtedly the most interesting of the portraits of Akhnaton are those found at Tell-el-Amarna. This likeness of the King is in plaster touched in color (Berlin Museum). So realistic is the face that it has been suggested that this work was founded upon a life mask made from the face of the King. It shows the countenance of a youthful mystic, aloof, dreamy and ideal.

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THE ARCHIVES OF PSYCHOANALYSIS is issued quarterly. Its purpose is to make intensive and detailed studies of analyzed cases, primarily of the narcistic neuroses and psychoses, such as epilepsy, melancholia, and schizophrenic reactions. Most of the journals devoted to the field of psychoanalysis have found it impossible to present the complete clinical data of single cases due to the complex nature of the subject matter and its necessarily lengthy detailment. In consequence there exists no publication to which one may turn for clinical guidance in research and therapeutic work.

It is the purpose of the editor to publish translations of European literature and monographs of psychoanalytic research simultaneously with, or shortly after, their original appearance.

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THE ARCHIVES OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
A PSYCHOHISTORICAL STUDY OF AKHNATON, FIRST IDEALIST AND ORIGINATOR OF A MONOTHEISTIC RELIGION. By L. Pierce Clark....	241
CLINICAL STUDIES:	
The Objective and Subjective Development of the Ego (<i>ctd</i>). By L. Pierce Clark.....	255
A Further Study of the Psychology of Mental Defect. By L. Pierce Clark and T. E. Uniker.....	310
An Analytic Study of the Stereotyped Habit Movements in Children. By L. Pierce Clark and T. E. Uniker.....	381
DAS BUCH VOM ES (<i>ctd</i>). By Georg Groddeck.....	437
INHIBITION, SYMPTOM AND ANXIETY. By Prof. Sigmund Freud, with preface by S. Ferenczi.....	461
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS. By S. Ferenczi.....	522

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt, found at Tell-el-Amarna	<i>Frontispiece</i>
King Amenophis III; Queen Tiy.....	242
Portrait of Akhnaton in profile; Portrait of Akhnaton in relief..	244
Portrait of Akhnaton in limestone.....	246
Life-sized bust of Akhnaton.....	248
View of Akhnaton's skull.....	250
Portrait of Queen Nefertiti; Akhnaton and two of the royal princesses worshipping his god Aton.....	252
Domestic scene; Making offerings at the altar of Aton; Glimpse of Tomb of Tut-ankh-amen.....	254
The Idiot by Velasquez.....	310

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VOLUME I

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PART II

A PSYCHOHISTORICAL STUDY OF AKHNATON, FIRST IDEALIST AND ORIGINATOR OF A MONOTHEISTIC RELIGION¹

BY

L. Pierce Clark

Before we can consider the life of Akhnaton, pharaoh of Egypt, who flourished in the fourteenth century before Christ and who has often been called the first idealist in history, let us make a brief summary of the development of the ego and personality and see what part is related to the development of idealism.

We find a sense of omnipotence in the new-born child which is carried over from the absence of desire experienced in the life before birth. The tender care given the child at birth and for some months following still permits him to continue this feeling, especially if he adjusts to certain simple demands of existence. As the weaning process comes more to the fore, he arrives at the position of imagining a state of omnipotence, inasmuch as through certain magic signals he is able to control his immediate outer world. Very soon, however, he reaches a stage of development where he realizes that there are certain external factors beyond his control and he separates his personal wishes and desires from this uncontrollable reality. The habit adaptations to social demands call for more and more renunciation of maintaining an isolated self and the child is compelled to recognize reality and his subordination to it. As he grows older the outer world requires him not merely to take a logical view but that he shall assume an obedient rôle to these external realities which cannot be brought under his wish control. Situations continually arise where he must act against his own desires, even to the point of great personal sacrifice.

This whole principle of development of the individual child from the most primitive state to that most highly required by social custom

¹ Presented before Section of Historical and Cultural Medicine, New York Academy of Medicine, April 29, 1926, and People's Institute, December 14, 1926. I acknowledge my indebtedness to Herbert R. Cross, professor of the history of art at New York University, who has kindly assisted in the text pertaining to the history and art of this period.

is brought to fruition under the constant guidance of the repressive forces of society (educators). Thus there takes place a continual procession of identifications with the social agents requiring repression, the withdrawal from such identifications, and the formation within the child of individual patterns of identifications which form the different selves aggregated in his own personality. In the course of this development the ego ideal continually demands more amplitude with renunciation of these identifications, and is, according to Freud, the "ego nucleus" which behaves as the subject, taking as the object of its criticism the remaining ego that is largely narcissistic and is the beginning of conscience, the censor by which reality is tested, etc. Every new capacity which one attains means the fulfilment of an ideal; there is an increase of the feeling of self regard and an enlargement of the ego stature which had been on the point of being greatly diminished through the unfulfilled ideal standards. A corresponding development can also be held for the object libido, which also must pass through certain educational repressions, and though the discipline is not as severe and rigid, it must at least learn to avoid gross sexual defects (incest, etc.); therefore even the object love must be "just to the ego" and must conduct itself in accordance with the views and benefits of the narcissistic self respect.

In brief, this is a one-sided consideration of certain developmental phases of the ego with which we are immediately concerned. These identifications are everywhere patent in the child's relationship with the outer social world. With equal simultaneity they are being made and withdrawn from the identified object. The process of withdrawal permits the individual child to form aggregates of characteristics which either may remain loosely knit within the ego nucleus or be absorbed into the total ego formation as established components of it, and as such may form the basis of reprojection of imagined (hallucinated) objects which are the personal creations of the individual. In a case where these identification characteristics are but loosely held in a non-assimilable aggregation, we say the individual has not properly integrated his character and at points of new adaptations he is easily panicked or stampeded back to the maternal identification. The essential nucleus of this primary identification is the death impulse or the life before birth. The growing stature of the ego demands that these identification attributes shall be properly built into the child's ego. There are two essential factors to be taken into account here as well as elsewhere: a due amount of sensitivity or demand for identification, and an equal desire and ability to absorb the identified attributes. If the individual is to have a high degree of creativeness including his own ego, he must still further be able to fashion his own projected imagination and still more endlessly



Characteristic of the sculpture of this reign is the colossal head of King Amenophis III (British Museum). The obvious realism of the portrait and its unusual personal character for a work of Egyptian sculpture, are quite apparent. Something of the sensuous and splendor-loving character of the King has been caught by the unknown sculptor. In spite of the conventionality of the pose, not only is the likeness indubitably that of an individual, but something of the inner character of the King has been expressed as well. It is a peculiarity of this stage of development of Egyptian sculpture that it should be concerned with something more than the surface appearance; even here in the reign of Amenophis III there is distinctly a beginning of the attempt to express psychological qualities in sculpture, an attempt which reaches greater success and more perfect fulfillment in the art of Akhnaton.

Colossal head of the ambitious wife of Amenophis III, Queen Tiy (British Museum). Like all the portraits of this period, it is unusually realistic and subtle, and comes nearer to expressing passing emotion, especially the suggestion of a smile, than does most Egyptian sculpture. Although the Queen is here shown under the aspect of a goddess, it is nevertheless in no small measure a personal portrait, and one of the most interesting of those showing the person and the character of the gifted mother of Akhnaton.



reidentify himself with these projected self attributes of his own creation. Unfortunately in most cases the individual child is able to make but one vivid identified projection of his primary identification with the mother, hence his creativeness is circumscribed to his one personal relationship. Fortunately, however, if this one only is well integrated, his character formation, although perhaps not very intricate, may nevertheless give him sufficient capacity for useful and healthful living. As an antithesis to this we may expect that the creative artist or the inventor will often possess a loosely knit and poorly organized character in the commonly accepted sense, for he early disorganizes his various identifications (real and self projected) and fashions these into verbal or pictorial creations. In proportion as they are "near and dear" to him he will be loath to withdraw them and their loss will constitute a virtual castration. Hence they are often spoken of as "creations" or "children" of his brain. The average successful individual is therefore one who gains a proper integrative balance in absorbing these identifications clothed or invested by a transition through his very own ego, and yet such reprojected identifications shall not bear too heavy an imprint of either the primary identification or his own personality. This may give his productions a certain universality of appeal.

Let us see what idealism really means. Idealism is a term generally employed for that state or quality of the mind which represents things in an imaginative light and lays emphasis primarily on abstract perfections. In this latter regard lies its use and possible harm. The very interdependence of object and subject gives us knowledge or experience from which idealism is derived. In other words, a thing in itself independent of some phase of consciousness is an unthinkable conception, and *vice versa*. It is when the object world becomes permeated and transformed by the mind's ideas that the world develops in its fulness of reality. The idealism which considers the latter as formed of concepts independent of the world of objects, existing primarily in the individual and known to the self only as a sort of inspirational idealism, and which is known largely or solely as mere problematic existence resting upon analogy or other processes of indirect inference, is the specie of Spinoza's form of idealism with which we are primarily concerned in this study. In this more restricted sense idealism is narcissistically formed as a supportive or protective formation of the ego. In psychoanalytic terms, it is the ego-ideal formed from the primary maternal identification, which is its central nucleus. The very failure or absence of an objective or outer world of reality in this idealistic concept destroys the permanent usefulness of this form of idealism. It is sometimes spoken of in philosophy as subjective or incomplete idealism. In its avoidance of

reality, this idealism would make itself opposed to all forms of realism as well as anything like an essence of both mind and matter possessing the potentiality of both, but rather holds that this state of idealism is largely impersonal and higher than any self conscious personality and rather in itself includes the mere personal idealism as a part of itself. We shall see later how this works out in the religious concept of Akhnaton. He but dimly saw the deliverance of the world from pantheism through the recognition of the central place occupied by thought and purpose in the actual world, but he again fell into the illegitimacy of the abstract in considering whereby material energy is taken for the ultimate reality.

Philosophy and its speculations throughout the ages continually changed its viewpoint, first from the object or outer world of reality to the personal or subjective world and something posited to be without either; but later the whole field of philosophic thought was markedly influenced by psychologic studies, and finally by the most recent psychoanalytic movement. The latter leaves room only for the element of movement and process that underlie all life. The trend in this direction may be said to have been initiated by Kant and has its ultimate triumph in the Freudian concepts which vindicate the subjective factor in knowledge. We recognize finally that we must accept the outer and the inner world as one, dissoluble only in speculative analysis, that the power and vitality of the one is the power and vitality of the other; and this is so because although they are separate they are rooted in a common reality which while it includes is more than either taken by itself. It is just this latter defective form of idealism that the life and religion of Akhnaton illustrate. We may now give a brief sketch of the man Akhnaton. We are all familiar with the name of his son-in-law, Tut-ankh-amen, who ascended the throne as an adherent of the religion established by Akhnaton, but whose place in history was to undo all that Akhnaton had accomplished.

The history of Egypt goes back to a point prior to the fourth millennium before Christ, and although seventeen successive dynasties of pharaohs had ruled in the valley of the Nile before Amenophis IV, it is not until the advent of that king in the fourteenth century B.C. that a clear and definite personality emerges from Egyptian chronicles. With the ascent to the throne of Amenophis IV, later called Akhnaton, there comes about an extraordinary and unprecedented change. For the first time in the recorded history of the world there rises out of the past a distinct and well defined individual, and we know not only his external likeness and temporal deeds, but also the innermost workings of his mind. What is stranger than this, however, and vastly more important, is the fact that we have abundant



In this head of Akhnaton in profile we have especially clear the sense of the spirit burning and wasting away the flesh; there is an eagerness of the face, especially around the cheek-bone and the jaw.



There are numerous relief portraits of Akhnaton. Many of these seem to be scarcely more than caricatures. All his characteristic features are exaggerated, yet it is not a fair inference that ridicule is here intended. Rather it is due to the very strong feeling for style which characterizes all the art of this period.

evidence that this individual, an epileptic, was the first in the history of human thought to conceive and to teach the stupendous idea of one supreme deity, a god not alone of Egypt or the Egyptian Empire, but of all lands and all men alike, a god not only of universal power but of all comprehensive love as well.

The whole story of the life and teachings of this fourteenth century pharaoh-prophet would seem to be a beautiful but incredible fiction were it not for the fact that indubitable monumental evidence has been found in Egypt, especially within the past twenty years. The excavations of Tell-el-Amarna and elsewhere have brought to light an abundance and variety of contemporary material—buildings, sculpture, paintings, inscriptions, documents, scarabs and so on—which have enabled us to know Amenophis IV more clearly and intimately than any previous or subsequent Egyptian king.

The essential facts of his life are now well established and accepted as authentic history. He was the grandson of the able and warlike Thutmose IV, the son of the splendor loving Amenophis III, called "the Magnificent." His mother was the beautiful and famous Queen Tiy. His father was thirteen years old and his mother ten at the time of their marriage. They had several daughters but it was not until the twenty-fifth year of their reign that a son was born, followed by one younger sister. The boy was named Amenophis after his father, and he was brought up in the splendid royal palace at Thebes which the indulgent king had built for the queen. Like his father and his grandfather, he was married while yet a boy of twelve or thirteen. His wife was Nefertiti, a girl somewhat his junior, possibly of Asiatic birth and probably not of royal blood. An inscription in the tomb of Ay at Tell-el-Amarna speaks of her beauty, her sweet voice, and "her two beautiful hands." More direct evidence is a portrait bust of her found by the Germans at Tell-el-Amarna which shows her as a young woman of singular beauty.

The prince royal was hardly more than thirteen when, on the death of his father, he ascended the throne of Egypt as the rightful and undisputed heir, but as Egyptian law prescribed that the pharaoh could not rule alone until he had reached his legal majority, which was his sixteenth year, the Queen Mother Tiy was associated with him as regent. Into her ambitious hands the old king had gradually allowed much of the royal power to pass. She had been active in developing new and advanced religious speculation in the kingdom, cleverly combining theology with practical politics in her successive moves to restrain the haughty power of the priesthood of Amon which lay heavily on the scepter. Thus it was the Queen Mother, herself, who initiated the movement of religious reformation which her inspired son was destined to carry to such extraordinary and

unforeseen limits. But it was more than a clever leader of intrigue that was now needed. The vast Egyptian Empire, won at great cost of energy, treasure and blood, was not only troubled by serious internal dissensions but was seriously threatened by foreign encroachments on its far flung boundaries, especially in Syria. It was most unfortunate, at a time when a militant and practical man of affairs was sorely needed, that the reigning monarch was hardly more than a boy, delicate in health and exhibiting epileptic reactions, dreamy and idealistic and strongly under the influence of his mother and his wife, who were scarcely able to supply the qualities of aggressive statesmanship which the king lacked.

During the last years of his reign, Amenophis III, although well under fifty years of age, seems to have suffered from permanent ill health. It is probable that he had never been strong, and his son was already developing constitutional weakness which rendered his life very precarious. The prince was pale and sickly. His head, which was misshapen, seemed too large for his body. His eyelids were heavy. His eyes were eloquent of dreams. His features were delicately moulded. He seems to have been a quiet, studious boy, whose thoughts wandered in fair places, searching for that happiness which his physical condition had denied to him. He was now a subject of grand mal fits. Before his birth the queen had vowed him to Ra-Horakhti. Inasmuch as he was subject to hallucinations, it may be that while he was experiencing one of these that he had seen visions or uttered words which led his mother to believe him to be the chosen one of the Heliopolitan god, whose name the prince was constantly hearing. In a palace where the mystical "Heat-Which-is-in-Aton" (which was the new elaboration of the god's name) was daily invoked and where the youthful master was occasionally falling into what appeared to be holy frenzy, it is not unlikely that the rising deity would be connected with the eccentricities of the young pharaoh. The High Priest of Ra-Horakhti was always called "The Great of Visions" and was thus essentially a visionary prophet either by nature or by circumstance; and the boy's physical condition may thus have been turned to account in the struggle against Amon-Ra.

The youthful pharaoh rapidly developed his natural and idiosyncratic qualities. Instead of gathering an army and rallying the loyalty of his subjects to him by a vigorous defense of his Asiatic possessions, or even attempting by diplomatic means to quiet internal unrest, he gave himself up to philosophic and religious reflection. He delved into Egypt's religious past, and undertook to curb the priesthood of Amon by a renaissance of the much older cult of Ra, the sun god of Heliopolis, from whom the early pharaohs had proudly traced their actual lineage.



Very much more just, as well as more pleasing, is the limestone relief portrait now in Berlin. Here we have the same general style, but not carried to the point of verging on caricature, and the exaggeration, especially of the lower portion of the face, is hardly greater than is warranted by the actual skull of Akhnaton.

The god Amon, originally only a local divinity of Thebes, had gradually grown in power through the advantage of having his seat in the capital, and had taken on and absorbed the qualities of Ra and become known as Amon-Ra. By the separation and exaltation of the worship of the more ancient sun god, the king, who was now ruling alone, sought to push back the encroachments which Amon had gradually made both in religion and on the royal power. He dedicated a temple at Karnak to Ra-Horakhti-Aton and, having made himself high priest of that divinity, he thereby gave umbrage to the rival god, Amon.

Thus far the young king had not denied the existence or power of Amon and the other gods, nor interfered with their worship but as he reflected more intently on the character of the sun god whose cause he had championed, he perceived more fully the true nature of that deity. From the point of asserting the supremacy of Ra over other gods, he went on to refine and etherealize his character. To the sun god's name he added the modifying epithet "Aton," meaning "The Heat which is in the Sun." Thus in the evolution of his divinity he removed him still further from Ra, the actual orb of the sun, from whom the king's enlarged ideal had been derived. Henceforth, under the new name, Aton became practically the vital heat which, coming from the sun, accompanies all life. The king very cleverly conceived a new symbol for Aton; this was a representation of the sun's disc, from which rays descend, each ray terminating in a human hand. This symbol not only served to convey visually the idea of the god in his beneficent and encompassing power, but enabled the king to indicate him without cramping him into any of the human or bestial forms that limited the other gods. It served much the same purpose as the cross in the Christian religion, being only a symbol of the invisible, not in itself worshipped.

The rise of this brilliant new cult in their very stronghold was naturally viewed by the priesthood of Amon with suspicion, for they saw it threatened the primacy and prestige of their god, and the bitterest jealousies and enmities were aroused. Amenophis, now freed from the restraining influence of his mother, who seems to have desired to avoid an open break with the hierarchy, felt strong enough to take the aggressive. Up to this time he had permitted the worship of Amon and the other gods, but, realizing the danger of such toleration, he proclaimed openly, what he had already believed in his heart, that Aton was the true and only god. Though he was still but in his nineteenth year, the king ventured thus rashly to join issue against the whole pantheon of Egypt with all their powerful vested interests and all their hold on the fears and affections of the people. True to his epileptic nature, he resolved not on their subordination but on

their annihilation. As a tribute to his ego, he arbitrarily dispossessed the priesthoods, stopped the public worship of all the old gods, and closed their temples throughout Egypt. He even ordered the names of the false, offending deities effaced from every monument where they could be found. Even the very word for "gods" was erased. He was particularly scrupulous in having every mention of Amon removed. He spared not even the statues of his own father whose name contained the proscribed "Amon." The king's own name, Amenophis, was neither allowed to be inscribed nor spoken and he changed it to "Akhnaton," which signifies "Aton rests" or "Aton is satisfied."

Realizing the difficulty of developing and popularizing his new faith in the vitiated atmosphere of Thebes, with its false creeds and established customs, he resolved upon the astonishingly bold step of removing the capital to an entirely new city which he proposed to found, and where, in congenial surroundings of peace, purity and beauty, Aton could be better understood and more worthily worshipped. The king personally selected the site of the new capital at a point on the Nile between Thebes and Memphis, about a hundred and sixty miles above Cairo. Here in a small but pleasant plain bounded on three sides by towering limestone cliffs and on the fourth by the river, he laid out his new city, in solemn state, and in person setting its boundaries, naming it "Akhetaton," "The Horizon of Aton," and concluding his dedication with the words, "I have made it for Aton, my father, for ever and ever." The site is now known as Tell-el-Amarna, a name derived from an Arab village nearby. The city was to contain at least three temples of Aton, one for the Queen Mother Tiy (though she seems to have continued to reside in her own palace at Thebes), one for the king's younger sister, Beketaton, and a third for the pharaoh himself. A large and splendidly decorated royal palace rose near the temples, surrounded by the houses of the nobles. Judging both by contemporary descriptions and by actual remains, the city must have been an exceptionally imposing and beautiful creation, truly worthy of the glory of Aton. The king also founded an Aton city in Nubia, and another in Asia, besides establishing temples in various parts of Egypt.

During the three years and more which had to elapse before his ambitious dream could be materialized, Akhnaton seems to have resided in Thebes, but in the twenty-first year of his age and the eighth of his reign, he took up his permanent residence in the "City of the Horizon." Here in the place which his own will had created, made rich and beautiful by the extraordinary new style of art which he had developed, at length freed from strife and disloyalty and surrounded by his wife and the group of daughters she bore to him,



Life-sized limestone bust (Louvre). Although the features are somewhat mutilated, this brings out particularly a curious and persistent trait of the portraits of this pharaoh, namely, the long, sharp, and somewhat hanging chin. It would have been assumed without question that this peculiarity actually belonged to the face of Akhnaton had it not been for the evidence afforded by the discovery of the skull itself.

Akhnaton gave himself up to the further development of the religion of Aton, refining and spiritualizing the nature of the god until he bore no resemblance to that limited and material Ra with whom the king had begun the evolution of his new and personal deity.

In the young pharaoh's mind Aton had long since ceased to be the actual disc of the sun, or even the creative heat of the sun, and he now become something even grander and more fundamental. To the epileptic seer's vision, he was the exalted and illimitable power which created the sun—that original, primal energy which, through the sun's rays, reached the earth and called all things into life and growth. How Akhnaton, alone and unaided, hundreds upon hundreds of years before the development of science, could have conceived so momentous an idea, is one of the most difficult things to explain in the history of human thought.

Yet even with this stupendous advance, Akhnaton did not pause in the unfolding of the character of Aton, though he had already evolved a deity superior, both in freedom from the limitations of form and in universality, to the Jehovah of the Hebrews who was conceived by that people in quite anthropomorphic terms and as a tribal deity. Though he was the god supreme and omnipotent throughout the world, he was also the god of all embracing love. He was the gentle and tender father of all creation who loved and cared for everything that he had made, who listened to "the chick when he crieth in the egg shell" no less than to the king upon his throne. In a hymn of his own composition, the king sings, "Thy love is great and large. Thou fillest the two lands of Egypt with thy love"; and again, "Thy rays compass the lands, thou bindest them with thy love." Aton is all compassionate, all merciful, free from wrath, vengeance and terror, and will care for his children in death no less than in life. But the king had to pay the inevitable penalty of being spiritually so far in advance of his time. He remained almost completely isolated in his ideas which were so unprecedented that his own followers comprehended them but imperfectly, if at all, and they perished almost with their originator.

Yet, beautiful and touching after all these centuries as is the pure, monotheistic religion of this inspired king, it cannot be denied that it was evolved at a fearful material cost to the Empire of Egypt. While Akhnaton was dreaming his mystical dreams, and chanting the praise of the all powerful, all loving Aton in the city of his building, hostile forces both within and without his dominions were bringing about his ruin. The priesthoods of Amon and the other dispossessed divinities were busily plotting the king's overthrow. Partly by the inherent force of his character, partly by the genuine love and devotion he seems to have inspired in those immediately about him, and by means

of the ample material gifts which he bestowed on those who were faithful or seemed to understand, the king was able to maintain his position for some years longer. Most unfortunately he did nothing to settle the grave external difficulties which beset his empire, especially in his far away Asiatic possessions. Only the most energetic military measures could have coped successfully with the revolts, the treason, the anarchy in Syria. City after city fell away or was seized by the enemy. Province after province, won for Egypt by the king's aggressive and warlike forefathers, was shorn from his dominions. In vain his loyal vassals pleaded desperately for aid. Their very letters have been preserved and afford us discouraging reading. To every appeal to use his army to subdue his rebellious vassals, Akhnaton turned a deaf ear. His idealistic pacifism, his hatred of war, his exaltation of the power of love, all made him refuse to employ force against the rebels. By this conduct, incomprehensible to his contemporaries, he alienated every important class in his kingdom—the priests, the people, and finally the army.

To add to his difficulties, the queen had borne him no son to continue his rule and his religion. Realizing his need for an heir, in the closing year of his reign he associated with him in power a certain noble, Smenkhara, whom he caused to marry his eldest daughter, thus making him the legitimate successor to the throne. In his favorite City of Aton, the epileptic king lived on in praise and prayer and ecstasy, while his enemies undermined his power and his empire tottered to its fall. His health, never robust, gave way under the increasing strain laid upon him and he died in the thirtieth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his reign.

History tells us only that, simultaneously with the fall of his empire, Akhnaton died; and the physicians who have examined his body report that death may well have been due to some form of stroke or fit. But in the imagination there seems to ring across the years a cry of complete despair, and one can picture the emaciated figure of this "beautiful child of Aton" falling forward upon the painted palace floor and lying still amidst the red poppies and the dainty butterflies there depicted (Weigall).

He was succeeded within the next eight years by three ephemeral and shadowy pharaohs none of whom was able to stem the tide of national disaster. Smenkhara first followed on the throne only to disappear after a brief and obscure reign. He was succeeded by another son-in-law, Tut-ankh-aton, who had married Akhnaton's third daughter, who ascended the throne as an adherent of the new religion established by his father-in-law. But he was no follower of lost causes, and as it was clear that the worship of Aton could no longer withstand the onslaughts of the priests of Thebes, he and his queen



A profile view of the skull of Akhnaton reveals that the jaw was not malformed. Although somewhat more pointed than the average, it is not enough to justify the distortion of this feature in most of his portraits.

changed their names and reverted to Amon, the old religion of Egypt. He sought to compromise with the reactionists and moved the capital back to Thebes. He permitted the resumption of Amon worship, restored the old temples and abandoned Aton, changing his own name to Tut-ankh-amen. His short rule terminated in a strange obscurity from which it has been so unexpectedly resurrected to a place of world-wide interest through the recent discovery of his tomb by Lord Carnarvon. Tut-ankh-amen's place in history was therefore to undo all that Akhnaton had done. Akhnaton's father-in-law, Ay, followed in another dim and brief reign and yielded still further to the demands of the priests of Amon, but he, too, quickly disappeared.

Finally, after a period of chaos, an usurper seized the throne. This was Horemheb, the commander-in-chief of the armies and an able and practical man of affairs, who all along seems to have been the power behind the throne of the swift succession of royal puppets who had preceded him. To give a semblance of legitimate claim to the throne, he married the Princess Nazummut, a younger sister of Akhnaton's queen, Nefertiti. He ruled with intelligence and energy and guided Egypt steadily back to normalcy. He gave the *coup-de-grace* to the moribund religion of Aton, and the priests of Amon now enjoyed a complete triumph over their hated rival whose temples they pulled down. They persecuted the very memory of Akhnaton. His name was pronounced accursed and was systematically obliterated wherever it was found. His mummy was removed from its coffin and every mention of his name was erased from it, though the peculiar reverence which all Egyptians had for the body of the dead seems to have prevented them from destroying it outright. In official documents, when it became necessary to indicate Akhnaton, he is alluded to as "that criminal of Akhetaton," so far had the persecution of his enemies gone. In less than half a century after his death his fair City of the Horizon was deserted and in ruins and the last trace of the worship of his deity blotted out of the land.

It is both interesting and important that the mortal remains of Akhnaton are still in existence and have been duly identified. They are now in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. His mummy, wrapped in thin sheets of beaten gold and in its original coffin, was found in January, 1907, in the tomb of Queen Tiy in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings near Thebes, during excavations conducted by Mr. Theodore M. Davis, and it was taken in charge by Mr. Arthur Weigall, the Inspector General of Egyptian Antiquities. Mr. Weigall, having soaked the remains in paraffin wax to preserve them, sent them to Prof. Elliot Smith in Cairo for examination. His report on them was published in his catalogue of the royal mummies in the Cairo Museum. After an exhaustive examination of the skeleton, he

reported that the data suggested that the king was about twenty-six years of age at his death, though it was possible he might have been several years older. Historical, aside from anatomical, evidence shows that Akhnaton died in about his thirtieth year.

The mummy had been removed from its original resting place in the tomb at Tell-el-Amarna (which the king had built for himself in his lifetime) during the reign of Tut-ankh-amen, when he abandoned Akhnaton's capital and returned to Thebes. It was then reinterred in the spot where it was found, in the tomb of his mother, whose mummy at some later date was removed, apparently to avoid the defilement of the proximity of the body of her "heretical" son.

Of the physical remains, the skull gives the most important evidence on the character of the king. Though the flesh had almost entirely decayed, the bones and teeth were fairly intact. The skull showed unmistakable points of similarity to those of the king's father, Amenophis III, and of his maternal grandfather, Yuua, both of whose bodies have been found and identified. A curious and unusual bony ridge, passing from the nasal spine to the alveolar point, in Akhnaton's skull, is also found as one of the peculiarities of the skull of his father, and there are also points of resemblance in the molar teeth of both.

The general structure of the face, especially of the jaw, is quite in accord with the king's sculptured and painted portraits. The skull is curiously misshapen and was pronounced by Professor Smith to be that of a man who suffered from epileptic fits, and who was probably subject to hallucinations. Curiously enough, the peculiarities of the skull are precisely those which Lombroso described as being usual in a religious reformer. Whether the shape of the skull would point to a birth injury as the cause of Akhnaton's epilepsy is a question. He did, nevertheless, possess the epileptic temperament.

Thus we find the Egypt that had produced the first mind in human record to conceive God in his true character of omnipotence, beneficence and love, promptly repudiated her prophet, excommunicated his soul, and let his memory perish. One of the most important accomplishments of modern archaeology has been the recovery of the long lost evidence of the life and teachings of this young epileptic king, who only now, after the lapse of three and thirty centuries, is beginning to assume a place among the great of all ages, and to receive the homage which is due him as the first idealist in the history of the world.

While history does not state specifically that the mother queen really prompted the initiation of Akhnaton's new religion it is not difficult to read between the lines. Queen Tiy came from Heliopolis, in lower Egypt, whose people were essentially monotheistic, the same



Perhaps the most beautiful and gracious of all the many works of art of the reign of Akhnaton are the portraits of his Queen, Nefertiti. There are literary allusions to her unusual beauty and charm, and this portrait bears ample visual witness of their truth (Berlin Museum). Like her husband, she seems to have had an intense and spiritual nature, as well as an external form of unusual and highly individual beauty.

This relief shows Akhnaton and two of the royal princesses in the act of worshipping his god Aton. The deity is here represented in the usual manner by the circular disc of the sun, from which long rays, each terminating in a human hand, extend downward to the King and to the princesses, and to the offerings which the King is presenting. Here again the figure of the King is highly stylized; not only his face, but even more his body. The curious feminine curves are not only features of the style of the art of this period but are not infrequently encountered in actual or repressed homosexuals.



land from which centuries later Moses was to gain his inspiration and his outline of the Hebraic faith. Moreover, it was essentially devoted to Ra-Horakhti, whose religion while not opposed to Amon Ra, was in a singularly virile way a more dynamically subtle form of worship. It therefore may not be too presuming to say that Ra-Horakhti—to whom the queen had vowed Akhnaton before his birth and who was the essential nucleus of the later evolved god Aton—was primarily brought by Queen Tiy to Egypt as a foreign importation and later fully developed in Aton by Akhnaton; and as a foreign importation with the imprint of monotheism Aton was justly considered by the priesthood and all Egyptians as an imposition. This fact must have aided the final rebellion and complete overthrow of the new religious cult devised and instituted by Akhnaton.

If, then, the primary idealism or, as the psychoanalysts call it, the ideal part of the ego of Akhnaton, was taken over and constituted a replacement of the ego ideal, he then became in a measure a homosexual idealist as a result of the mother replacement toward his father, the mother's original love object. We know that there was the sharpest conflict between the father and the son consciously, but there can be little doubt that the unconscious love attachment was strong, for the son devotes the whole of his life in a splendid devotion to a peaceful creation of a masculine overlord, or symbol of the father, in the splendor of the ever beneficent Aton. He even names himself the son of this all resplendent new god, Akhnaton, meaning "Aton rests or is satisfied"; thus while he eschews the earthly father he sublimates his filial devotion in the heavenly father Aton. Nor can we say that his heterosexual marriage contradicts the possibility of a strongly repressed homosexuality. Many genuises—including artists, inventors and rulers—exemplify the same bisexual state. Indeed, in a lesser degree it is fully illustrated in all of us. The physical and psychic attributes of this repressed homosexuality in Akhnaton are sufficiently patent to warrant no detailment here. Thus we have a deeply repressed homosexual anthropomorphic concept re-represented in his religious cult. In this very fact lies the essential harm which Akhnaton wrought in Egypt. So much of his libido was projected in this egoistic or, better, narcissistic concept, that all else in life mattered little. Once having broken loose in the kingdom of Egypt, it caused a fanatical zealotry that banished all other real concern. Even a people who were supposed to be under the special protection and nurture of this god enjoyed no special protection. Had civilization advanced then to a firm footing in internationalism—which it has not even yet attained—the fate of a nationalistic kingdom of Egypt would not have been so disastrous. Thus we see that Akhnaton's zealotry banished all serious thought of his real outer

world. His religious cult then shared the fate of an internally formulated and projected externality. The internally conceived formulations are far removed and uncritically controlled by the perceptual portion of the ego layer of consciousness, resulting in a true product or illustration of incomplete narcissistic idealism. As we have indicated, they were perceptions derived from within, the promptings of the libidinal ego impulses of the deepest unconscious, the repressed homosexuality; hence they are unreal in the full light of reality and adaptation to it. The extent to which Akhnaton lent himself and all his life purposes to this false end was essentially delusional and as fictitious as are Messiahips, telepathy, perpetual motions and the like well recognized false concepts. Oftentimes many of us share Akhnaton's delusional formations in part, but the preponderant portion of our narcissistic formation is healthy or sufficiently so that we are able to maintain a fairly creditable balance of sanity. Thus we often possess a miniature private psychosis or the potentiality for it. Finally, we may see that Akhnaton turned the entire regal power of a pharaoh to advance the cause of his religion. There is no estimate of the degree of destruction he might have wrought had his life been spared a few years more. With the exception of Mahomet few originators of religious cults have either been born into or have achieved the power to compel a people to adopt their views. Fortunately for most of us enforced idealisms seem to be on the wane, although many of our moral customs of to-day hardly wreak less misery than in the time of Akhnaton under the so-called beneficent yet nihilistic sway of his monotheistic religion.

The final evolution of the Aton concept passes from the disc of the sun to that of the streaming splendor of the all powerful heat and potency of this god. No higher exaltation has been advanced in all literature of the wonderful magic and potency of the symbolic semen. The urge and need of such must have been derived from Akhnaton's personal predicament. His was a weak and sickly soul, illy requited, it seems, by such a beautiful wife and a family of numerous children; his deeper desire for power and greatness was thus far beyond ordinary mortal need. Having thus made himself a participator in the paternal god's potency he becomes a beneficent means of striving to impregnate the whole world of nature and "all that therein is." And finally he is able thus to arrive at a state of omnipotence, a full identification with the mother in the life before birth. In the final unfolding of the seemingly unconscious life of Akhnaton we ourselves exemplify him in embryo; but, denied the full enactment in historic civilization as he realized it, we only strangely dream of omnipotence and power in creative activities and philosophic thought and perhaps religious idealisms.



This relief represents the King, with his Queen, and three of the small royal princesses entertaining the Queen Mother at dinner. Queen Tiy, seated at the right, wears the royal emblem of her rank. It is not often that Egyptian art shows scenes of such domestic intimacy as this in the case of persons of royal rank. Here the protecting hands of Aton are extended to the whole company.

Akhnaton, behind him his Queen, and behind them, three of the royal princesses. The King and Queen are making rich offerings at the altar of Aton, while the children are each playing the sistrum. Again the embracing rays of Aton extend to each of the royal family, as well as to the offerings.



A single glimpse from the outer into the inner chamber of the tomb of Tut-ankh-amen will suffice to remind us of the richness and the beauty of the royal art that here lay so long concealed. In refinement and in execution it is but a continuation of the art of Akhnaton, as these two standing royal portraits of the youthful pharaoh demonstrate.

THE OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE DEVELOPMENT OF THE EGO

BY

L. Pierce Clark

(Continued from page 92)

III. A SUBJECTIVE STUDY OF THE MENTAL LIFE OF THE INFANT *(continued)*

In outlining the various castrations in infancy and their narcissistic accessions as ego libido, one is aware that this is but the mere groundwork or framework of the patterns of ego development and that the successive identifications and introjections of these activities must also be analyzed in order to acquire an analytic knowledge of the whole ego structure. Merely to annotate the early landmarks of the ego development by these infantile deprivations is but to work out the main lines of narcissistic analysis, which is comparable to the work done years ago by the Breuer-Freud catharsis method which on the whole could be accomplished in a relatively short time. Now that we know the infantile neurosis or character analysis of a transference neurosis occupies not only the major portion of a complete analysis but is the root of the whole psychosexual libinal formation, in a similar way one finds the manner in which the various castrations have been met is the nucleus of the narcissistic neuroses. Nor is the problem as simple as it would appear. Lest one may not be familiar with the process, I may restate and summarize the complicated ego structure with which we have to deal. For the main purpose of this structure with which we have to deal.¹

For the main purpose of this thesis we shall still continue to indicate that our chief concern is in the formation of the ego and its libidinal complement, narcissism, and although we may do some violence to the whole libidinal psychosexual development by such a course, it has its technical advantages in that it does not confuse the over-complex study of the ego as a whole, although it is as yet imperfectly understood from that naturally related to the sexual impulse, which is the chief factor in the transference neuroses. The libidinal current related to the functioning of the organism as a whole is our main

¹ Schilder, "Entwurf zu einer Psychiatrie auf Psychoanalytischer Grundlage," 1925.

study. In the clearance of the autoerotic act of nursing, a part goes to form a sense of reality of which the mother as a loved object is the central theme of object love. The secondary narcissism is then formed about the somatic body of the child. Soon, however, there is built up psychic structures in memory systems in the ideal ego. This latter addition is built up by the individual from the activities of his somatic self. The aggregations of both of these libidinal components are narcissistically fixated; the latter, however, not so firmly as the former, and in consequence it is this structure that we hope most naturally to influence and change in our work. Changes in this way give us opportunity to signally modify the somatic narcissistic structure and perhaps reach the primary narcissism, the essential aim in removing chronic hypochondria, disorders of motility, and the deeply organic inheritance, however vague this may be at present. The impulse-object derived from the activity of the ego impulse is the main operating agent by which the secondary narcissism is formed. This ego impulse-object is not unrelated to the partial sexual impulse and has connecting links which in the narcissistic neuroses are not marked but which by analysis we hope to modify and increase. Gradually the developing individual grows to think and feel that not only is there some sort of relationship between the soma and psyche but that a general and all embracing unity of principles welds both together and has interacting somatic and spiritual qualities. Soon by self examination and comparison the individual either rejects what he has or grows partly dissatisfied with the total picture and straightway forms an ideal ego initiated by the primary identification with the mother. The latter is built up mainly out of the environment; he is constantly exposed to the instruction of his parents and others in speech and actions. Not only is the one who teaches him a source of great power through the love of the mother but he invests the object libidinal representations with taboo (the forbidden). Again, this process is fashioned insensibly into a self identification without consciousness that this has taken place. Thus the child, as we have seen, likes to be doing what the mother is doing and furthermore the manner and feeling (erotic) which the mother exhibits toward the environment is striven for by the child. It is just this prolonged species of identifications with the mother that also has its dangers and has been our main study and concern in this thesis, for if the identification is complete the object will be superfluous because the individual has become his own object and the mother is no longer necessary. Thus it lays the foundation of an excessive narcissism, because the boy identifies himself with the

dearly loved mother so that she becomes superfluous to him. He himself behaves like his mother and has male objects of love in which only a fragment of his former personality,—the unidentified portion—is mislaid. Portions of his experience he rejects simultaneously with the identification. The two rôles are now exchanged and the objects of love represent earlier states of his own personality, while he himself has taken over the rôle of the original object of his love. He thus loves himself as the mother loves him. In these cases complete identification with the object of love has, so to speak, become an object in the ego group, and the own personality (unidentified portion) is mislaid in the strange person. The mechanism of identification runs a different course when the individual is identified with a teacher. Naturally it is possible even here that after the most complete identification with the teacher the rôle of the one to be instructed is transferred, or projected, to still other persons. Often, however, it happens that the identification leads to this: that the former personality is not expelled and removed to another individual but retains a special place in the ego experience. In such a case the ego contains two parts—fragments which arise from the identification, favorable to teaching and such, upon which the instruction is directed, and the other is the ego nucleus or unidentified portion of the personality. In other words, a splitting of the ego has come to pass. Now identifications which are more or less complete occur not merely with one object, but with an entire series of personalities which are met in the life of the individual. Doubtless identifications begin with the parents. The father and mother are separate in the ideal ego.

Nevertheless, as a result identifications may form throughout the entire life and never reach any end, with representatives of the father, mother, brother and sisters. Fragments of the own personality continually become projected into other persons, or in other parts of one's own personality—in provisional formulation into the impulse ego. If we treat the impulse ego and the ideal ego as units, it may be said that these two show continuous fluctuations in their condition. Only we must not believe that in identification the latter has to do with all the qualities of the loved or esteemed object. Rather, at least as a rule, the identification has to do with certain definite qualities of the object. If the identification has taken place the individual formation of the ideal ego is not at all of rigid and fixed dimensions. Furthermore the teaching of that person now becomes modified by the impulse ego.

These impulses which battle with particular strength against the

ideal ego, naturally require, in order to be kept under control, special disapproval by the ideal ego. On the other hand the ideal ego has been formed on a basis of libidinous checks of the instinctual needs of the child. It is therefore born of impulses and in itself represents an arrangement between the requirements of reality and its own impulses. Correspondingly we also see that the ideal ego invariably shows the traces of impulse. The voice of conscience shows simultaneously our own preferences and inclinations; and the ideal ego is itself built up in the same manner as a neurotic symptom. It constitutes, in the words of Schilder, the strict censor of customs who projects cruelty against himself as well as others and thus satisfies in this rigor toward himself not only his ideal ego but the requirements of impulsiveness; hence there is satisfaction in both activities. We now undertake, with the identification of persons in the environment, numerous adaptations to the world about us; in other words identifications are accessories to the ego impulse. In every situation of education we always take over from the environment group adaptations. The ego impulse applies itself not singly to the external objects but the latter are perceived, understood and classified by identification in groups.

The ideal ego is surcharged with narcissistic libido, which, however, comes partly from the object itself; the libido thus doubly derived with its fixation is drawn into the ego. Finally, however, the ideal ego draws impulse energy to itself and this energy is now applied along with narcissistic energy for repression. Thereby we have secured an approximate picture of instances of repression and a glimpse into the constitution of the ego. It is apparent that the ideal ego represents simultaneously the voice of conscience within us and will doubtless have something to do with the proving of reality by the ideal ego. Indeed, Freud has recently ascribed the testing of reality to the ego (perception ego) although he originally imputed it to the ideal ego.¹

However, we will return to this discussion later. Let us now pass to the consideration of the ego impulse, which should alone give us an understanding of that part of the personality known to Freud as the ego but which Schilder designates as the perception ego. From the ego impulse as such we have learned little from previous discussions. We have only seen that in much we originally imputed to the ego impulse the libidinous impulse participated. Thus in 1911 Ferenczi wrote on the stages of the sense of reality, and as the most primitive of these he regarded that in which the individual, resting

¹ Freud, "Das Ich und das Es."

wishless within the mother, appeared to himself as all powerful. A step further seemed to be that the child through its crying caused the people in its environment to come to it and give it its wish, until the child by expressing its wishes sought to change the course of the world and finally came to its rights in adjusted relationships and activities. But according to the present status of the analytical theory, we must bring all of these expressions of magic world contemplation into association with narcissistic impulse arrest. The ego, narcissistically fixed, ascribes to itself enhanced capabilities. Hence we do not find the ego impulse here. We must bring it into the closest association with the perception of objects, given to us by eye, ear, smell, taste, etc. We must especially hold fast in general to the viewpoint that every image, whether a perception or an idea, and every thought—hence in a word all subject-content—includes in it a demand for action. Evidently we have here a very deep seated peculiarity of the organism. One may so express it that every reception has also an efferent portion. The motor response in the primitive organic happenings serves exactly as proof that something receptive has transpired. Reception and motor response we may regard as the foundation of physiological existence, even when the physiological happening is far from consciousness. If one strikes on the knee tendon, the stretching of the tendon produces the reflex as motor response. We may assume, however, that through the reflex the body is protecting itself against an attack. At a much higher stage of organismic response the grasping movements come into existence. One may assume that at a primitive level every object the existence of which is apprehended is seized.

Impulses then kindle themselves at the behest of the external world. Without reality to brush against we could hardly come to deeper glimpses. Psychoanalysis is in general not inclined to see anything in the external world but pictures which are formed by projection. It presupposes something in the primitive organism which does not differentiate between the body and the environment. This distinction is first apprehended by reason of arrests of impulse, but the latter are possible only with objects and we have no reason to assume that objects could be formed solely from within outward, be it only from traces which are buried in earlier development. But we must continue, at least in psychological fields, to assume the innate existence of some sort of external world. The body itself is in a certain sense external world and sensation alone would be none. But are there steps of which we may assume that sensations may represent perceptions? In any case such a status would know neither subject nor object, whereby there would be the possibility of a

shift from subject to object. Preferably to a primitive organism the external world must somehow appear and make itself known as such. Only after experience with the outside world can the relation of subject to object follow.

Along with the phenomenologically irreducible experience "object" appears to give still a few psychological characteristics of the experience with the external world. Only the latter may communicate full and permanent satisfaction. Only here are the actual sources of pleasure, for even if we presuppose that the nursling has hallucinations of milk, the permanent lack of nourishment will not allow a pleasure experience to become actually existent. Therefore in Schilder's opinion there is an irreducible character to reality, which manifests itself by definite psychological experience forms, which are coördinated therein. Within us there is a steady striving to overcome reality and only through contact with the real objects does that transitory repose appear which is manifested as pleasure.

We are now sufficiently prepared to take up in the sense of Freud the more subtle structure of the ego. The nucleus of this is made up of ego impulse acting by and with the unidentified portion of the ego and its tendency to master the external world. But the ego impulse does not apply itself to the external world in disorderly and chaotic fashion. This is comprehended by unit identifications which must now be submitted to more exact consideration.

In an identification a strange person is taken into the ego while at the same time the amount of former libido is drawn back into the ego nucleus. While the object which becomes identified must remain in part in the outer world, it naturally remains a part of the object fixation. Identifications are made with a great number of personalities and certain impulse behaviors are aggregated about each of these identifications. Most important of all are probably father and mother identifications, but every love relationship rests upon an identification and breaking off one of these relationships does not mean that the identification is abolished, and the latter persists in the ego as a rudiment with a libidinous fixation. It is even quite credible that the libidinous fixation may be increased about that which formerly served as object. It will be shown later that this presumption receives support through the probability that in every difficulty libido does not pass from one object to another but is first taken from the object to the ego nucleus. Freud also assumes that every libidinous fixation leaves a trace in the ego. One could therefore reach the general conclusion that every object-libidinous relation and every relation whatever with object leaves behind an alteration, as if preserved in one of the many part-figures of the ego. We have every reason to assume that in the

identifications in the ideal ego, the images of many persons will to a certain degree always remain. In other words, the structure of the ideal ego is non-homogeneous, but is composed of identifications ranged side by side.

But one cannot be content with this heterogeneous formation of the ideal ego. Side by side with what we may term for comparison a horizontal arrangement there is also a vertical. We have no right whatever to assume that the identification which occurs in the course of life with the mother comes about always in the same way. New features appear constantly in the beings which surround us. The qualities which a definite personality has are grasped differently by the newborn, the nursling and the three year old, than by the five and ten year old, and the adult. The ideal ego which arises from identifications with a definite person will build itself up afresh in a manifold manner, although of course all of these ideal egos which spring from identification with the mother are held together by a common band. But one must say at the same time that the identifications of a given age period must show common traits and accordingly we would in general represent the view that the ideal ego must exhibit a vertical scale according to the height of the organization attained. It may now be of interest to visualize the structure possessed by such a primitive ideal ego. We have, following Freud, recognized the ideal ego as a compromise between the forces which repress (and which spring from identifications and are strengthened by the ego impulse) and the libidinous impulses.

The ideal ego does not purely reflect the identification of the moment but the impulse ego has in the ideal ego likewise its representation. If we speak therefore of a primitive impulsivity this must correspond to a primitive ideal ego. The ideal ego in earliest infancy which represents the command for cleanliness and those primitive self evident adaptations to society must not be imagined as in the ideal ego of the adult. The former identification with the mother does not regard the riper fullness of her personality but only quite definite traits. The latter in correspondence with the general comprehension and stage of conception of the child must not be seen in a false light. If the child ascribe to the parents magic attributes, the identifications and at the same time the ideal ego must be permeated with magic. In general the matter may be thus stated: the height of the organization of impulse stage of the period has its counterpart in the ideal ego of that period.

The components of the ideal ego which are serially arranged in a vertical row will not as a result be of equal value in their repression tendencies and we may now propose the question whether the repres-

sions which proceed from these various components of the ideal ego are not of different degrees of importance—whether it is not possible that a repression may remain at a lower level, while one of a high level drops out and *vice versa*.

But even the memberships of the ideal ego thus far given will not suffice. We must make it clear to ourselves that a series of identifications have something in common. Possibly in identification with the father and with the mother in the ideal ego brings in the thought that one must not soil oneself with feces, or must not play with feces and the like. In other words each of these identifications will have certain definite features in common with others. The general requirements of society are deeply engraved in this manner in the individual.

What the majority of people in one's environment do is especially well represented by the ideal ego. The finer features of the individuality of those with whom identifications occur will doubtless be brought in in quite another fashion. We shall therefore arrive at a new arrangement in the realm of the ideal ego and would make a distinction between those portions of the ideal ego which are, so to speak, impersonal precipitates and those which in their identifications still preserve personal traits of the object of love. It is *a priori* probable that the manifold buried traces of many identifications may have a closer connection with the primitive ideal than with the ideal which is more highly differentiated. But from here on many bridges to the understanding of mass psychology yield themselves. For the individual of the mass probably identifies himself not only with his leader but also with the individual (Freud) so that identification with each of the individuals leaves traces in the ideal ego which now retains these traits etched in with special depth. A new problem may be briefly cited. Are there relations between the constancy of the individual traits of the ideal ego by reason of the manifoldness of the identifications and the dynamic importance of the identifications? In such cases is the movement from impulse ego to ideal ego less than in others? Could we possibly on this account withdraw ourselves with such difficulty from the mass? Could we so little alter the command of the mass because it is so sharply engraved in the ideal ego through the multiplicity of identifications? Is that part of the ideal ego which has arisen through the multiplicity of identifications the most firmly united? Is it more difficult to shatter than that originating from more individual identifications? The problem of communal life now reasserts itself here.

Are not all of these behaviors which are copied immediately from the structure of things general requirements of a society which demands adaptation to reality? Must we assume that the censure of

reality and especially of the question of actuality and truth stands in the closest association with such precipitates of manifold identification; or otherwise stated, with that which every community requires of us? One sees at the same time that all demands of the environment must first be taken up immediately by way of the ego impulse, but that it maintains its attachment through the contacts of communal life. At the same time one sees that this portion of the ideal ego stands very near the perception ego.

It is no problem that the ego can very readily disintegrate into its constituent parts. All sorts of transitory deliria may show this. Freud has pointed out that the cursing voices of the alcohol hallucinosis are nothing but the projection of conscience. It is society which in this manner dissolves itself into its components of identification and every one of these has its own proper note once more, and is altered from the impulse.

The ideal ego is not alone furnished with identifications. The latter are also certainly carried through by the impulse ego. We recall that analytically well known fact that in attempted suicide the individual has identified himself with his hostile object of love, and that he slays this object in himself. The ideal ego and that part of it designated as the super ego, judges himself in this case, according to Freud, as strict judge against the ego. But at bottom it is the impulse ego which has identified itself with an outstanding ego. In other words from every portion of the personality identifications can be achieved. They may go forth from the sexual impulse, or better expressed, identifications always proceed from libidinous currents; but, as in the case of the ego impulse, the sexual impulse can also be comprehended in individual groups by identification.

We have to make clear in what relation the ideal ego stands to the psychoanalytic ego. In the Freudian sense the impulse ego is the nucleus of the ego. Only the system WBw—perception consciousness—is the nucleus of the ego. It is true that from this nucleus up to the ideal ego there is a series of transitions. The part of the ideal ego engraved with manifold identifications has the greatest approximation to the ego nucleus of Freud, who now ascribes to the ego the function of proving reality. This expression is indeed ambiguous. In perception we have already placed the outer world and this setting of reality must be placed in quite immediate relation to the impulse ego in the above sense. Indeed, the super ego constantly interferes, correcting, recognizing or refusing in the primary function of reality; so that one cannot escape the assumption of the coöperation of the super ego with reality and especially in the verification of the latter.

One must therefore enrich the perception ego by these behaviors, but it may be seen that the boundaries of the ideal ego are already indefinite. For we know that the world of ideas and the world of thought readily succumb to alterations which belong to the system of the unconscious. The ideal ego as a product of the impulsive belongs, according to the correctly applied formulation of Freud, to the It, the great system of impulsiveness. On the other hand it is usually sketched as belonging immediately to the perception ego, which according to analytical lore dominates the access to motility. In other words the boundaries between ego and super ego are thoroughly fluent. It should be recommended that perception ego, It, super ego, be not regarded as rigid entities.

Thus one is made aware that the structure of the ego formation is very complex and furnishes us almost endless material for analysis. There is no doubt that our beginnings in its earliest formations are but the simplest ground plans which are ultimately reared and refashioned in all the manifold complexities of the personality. Especially to the arrested ego impulses and their proper mastery and rediffusion into the whole ego formation must we now direct what power of analysis we may possess. The foregoing schematic outline of the different mechanical divisions of the ego may be considered only as a skeletal framework of the dynamic processes concerned in any actual clinical studies. To clothe this structural perception again in terms of living experiences may be left for other studies in which the actual data are more pertinent and individually illustrative.

We may be pardoned in recapitulating the main tenets of our thesis: In the first part of the paper we gave the ordinary objective or historiographic development of the mother-and-child relationship in the formation of primary and secondary narcissism, followed by remarks concerning our knowledge of the development of narcissism and an explanation of the technique of the *phantasy method* for analyzing narcissistic states. We next gave an objective description of the development of the infantile life, to be corroborated by clinical and subjective material pertaining to the first three years. The latter data were produced by a young man incapable of transference analysis, but whose narcissism has been in the process of reduction by the phantasy method.

In the clinical data so far we have given a phantasia reproduction of birth and the analyzant's first feelings of existence, his phantasia recall of nursing at the mother's breast and the struggle with reality at the weaning period. We find that at birth the ego is too weak to determine a separateness of existence and the whole organism turns in its demoralization to a renewed and intensive identification

with the mother to relieve the sense of separateness, insecurity and discomfort which has been induced by birth. This identification is continued largely through contact with the mother's nipple. At weaning another great stress period or panic takes place, and the child's behavior and feelings recapitulate all that has gone before. We may now continue the phantasia data from this point.

CLINICAL CASE NOTES (*Continued*)

10. *A Phantasia Reproduction of Weaning*

When the bottle was first given me I felt that it was only a temporary affair—I felt that I could please mother this once for the sake of her smile of approval. She seems to want me to continue to be fed in this way—I want to please her, and gradually the milk tastes better and better. I begin to forget how mother's milk tastes—I rather like this new milk. Mother seems to be happy at this change, and I feel a corresponding glow of pleasure. She begins to put my hands on the bottle as she holds it for me. This new thing is a little different from my rattle or the other toys I have handled—it has corners but the surface of glass is smooth and the bottle is easy to hold on to when mother bears most of the weight. I feel that mother wants me to hold the bottle myself and I want to live up to her confidence. Gradually I bear more and more the weight of the bottle until finally I can hold it all by myself. Mother seems proud of me—I feel sure I have made her happy—everything is happy, the world is all right—mother's skill in making my environment attractive seems always to make it possible for me to adjust myself to new conditions.

Gradually the child succeeds in adjusting its wishes with those of the mother, and together the libidinous relationship is once more established; but the mother becomes more and more in the relationship of a loved object with a corresponding decrease of the primary identification. So long as the bowel movements are soft and warm they are apprehended and appreciated and are equated in terms of the breast relationship, but when they grow cold and sticky they are a part of the hostile outer world.

11. *Memories of Anal and Urinary Erotism.*

I am placed back in my crib after being soothed and quieted—there is still a little feeling that I have been through an ordeal. I feel secure—I have this big, true friend that I can always rely upon—I seem to feel stronger than ever that nothing can happen to me as long as she is here—things have a less hostile look. Somehow she can manage them—she is able to fix and change things for me.

She has the power to brush away everything, any situation, nothing seems impossible—magic power to wipe it all away—making things as if they never happened. I feel awed by that power—it makes me feel exalted—extremely happy that the power is on my side—as if the power were mine—the wish that wields that power seems to be in my own hands—it gives me a feeling of omnipotence—I am smiling loftily—look around at these imaginary things that thought they could do something to me.

Even now that she isn't here I feel the same power—the thought that I have had it makes me sure I will have it when I need it. I experience a sticky feeling. Even a damp, sticky feeling is a part of my happiness. I lie there absolutely still—I feel the warmth closing in on me—feel the stickiness—the seclusion—the security of the warmth—to lie there—to feel it surround me. When I move I am conscious of the sticky, moist feeling, but when still, just the pleasantness, warmth, something that I can sink into—feel it close around me—I like to feel the closeness—the odor of this sticky dankness—just to stay right in it—enjoy it—not move. Every once in awhile I move just a little to assure myself that I am closed in, and then sink back into it—shut away from other things around me—just lazily dreaming—drifting—letting things go on without interfering, worrying or bothering about them—always pleasant sensations—always a gentle, steady, graceful floating.

Now mother is coming toward me—I seem to hear footsteps through the dreaming—I lie still—just let things go on as they will—perhaps I will keep this warm comfort—perhaps she will pick me up. I lie there just waiting for things to happen—sort of drift with the current—let it take me wherever it will. Mother has picked me up—taken me from the floating—broken the spell of the stickiness. Now there is only the unpleasantness of it, even the comfortable warmth is gone—just the irritating dampness—clinging things on my body, a feeling of being weighted down—I feel terribly unhappy as I am lifted up.

Mother has taken away those clinging things that have been on me—I feel happy at this assurance that things will be attended to again, it makes me positive of something I have already guessed—that mother was going to take care of it. The whole thing seems more like a game—two of us enjoying it together—mother smiling—laughing—she touches me with her finger—I have a spontaneous, happy feeling, a desire to put the same expression on my face that I see on hers—I chuckle and laugh as she takes hold of my toes to lift up my feet. It is all so wonderful to have this game, alone, just we two. It seems as if this feeling of oneness were strengthened by

moments like these. It gives me a feeling of confidence—it makes me feel sure I am right since she is in accord with me. Every once in awhile I look up at her—see her happiness and gladness—a throbbing, daring exuberance goes through me—I can hardly keep it in—it forces itself out in chuckles and cooing noises—then it dies out slowly to a comfortable glow of happiness—each new response from mother sends the spark through me again.

She is picking me up again—carrying me away—it seems so wonderful, just to be held, I look up at her from time to time to see if her playful attitude is there, to see if we are still to have the moment together. Now she is putting me down, putting me into something like my crib—it isn't as high or as firm. When I touch it I sink into it—it is warm and comfortable. She is laughing when she drops me down—I look up at her to see what it all means—to make sure it is a game of happiness—to see how she feels. She seems so completely happy, so glad to be doing this—the strangeness of it, that little feeling of not being quite sure, is gone now, since I have seen her face—it must be all right. I enjoy being there—the warm glow seems even more pleasing—now she is rubbing me. It feels so nice to have that soft touch over my shoulders and arms, down my back—sends a tingling, shivering feeling through me—sort of a miniature swell of happiness—all that unpleasant, clinging, sticky, damp feeling is gone—just a dry tingling—I am no longer conscious of different parts clinging—more a feeling of unity where before it seems that I was made up of innumerable heavy sticky parts. Now I am just one dry, warm part. Now mother is throwing soft powder over me, something that takes away the tingling, just leaves a softness—she's putting on clothes that don't stick—I feel so light and airy—mother seems more pleased than ever, her smile is broader and happier.

12. The Identification with the Mother

I am my mother. I seem always to find satisfaction in being with myself, of shutting myself away from other things and enjoying the continual happiness of my own company—just to be alone, to feel wrapped in a soft mantle of warmth, to drift along lazily, making no effort, just enjoying serene happiness. I feel satisfied with myself, proud of the character and personality I have in my day-dreams—I am unwilling to change for anything. I am not content merely with the serene happiness of the feeling of rapport between me and my mother-self, but occasionally seek the heightened, wild, reckless joy of a nursing. Just as I need not look outside myself for rapport, so I need not look away from my own body for the

sexual excitement of nursing. Masturbation (adolescent period) provides all the bubbling, shooting ectasy of nursing—I nurse my mother-self.

In the continued identification with the mother the weaning begins to gradually take place; the autoerotism of the nursing begins to turn toward the unidentified portion of the ego and to form a strange attachment to it as the ego libido complement (narcism). From now on the keenest conflict is waged between the part that urges a nursing relationship, a floating, drifting desire that wants the "shining darkness" to win (death impulse), and the ego (unidentified portion) that urges a self sufficiency and later a lust for power over his external world. This later intensifies into the most gigantic conflict in trying to subdue reality by a direct overpowering attack upon it. The projected animism so common in all children and often continued throughout life is excellently illustrated at the end of Session 14, and in Session 15. The gradual conquest over the near and familiar surroundings leads the child to venture into newer and further fields of the outer world.

13. *Exploration of Environment*

I am down on the floor in a patch of sunlight—everything is warm, bright and shiny—I feel comfortable, at ease, as if this were my element—to sit there without moving and feel the lazy warmth on my back, to dream and float and drift—happiness, security—but somehow it doesn't seem to be enough—something is lacking in this pleasure—it makes me restless and I want to move around—but still I stay there languidly staring at the bright places around me. Now I am moving about, still in the warm sunlight—what lies beyond this border of warmth and delightfulness? I crawl to the edge of the brightness, still with that soothing warmth on my back, that smiling, sunny glare around me—I would like to go out and see what is beyond, explore and touch things—but how nice it is here—how cold and indifferent those things look outside. Undecided, I crawl laboriously along the edge of the sunlight looking for some argument to swing me one way or the other. Shall I stay quietly in the peace and happiness of this place, or shall I plunge out into the coldness for the sake of that wonderful feeling of accomplishment, of pride and superiority that I get? I look about me for something to attract me one way or the other—suddenly I become aware of my friends, my subjects near me—they admire me, respect me—they have confidence in me, look up to me—I feel that I must not show my indecision, my lack of courage—of course I dare go out there—I am just looking things over beforehand—acting for their benefit as if I were strolling along, not ready yet to take this trip—I strut about,

feeling new confidence in myself. I must go out there now—one part of me feels all the assurance, the boldness; the other part urges me to be satisfied to bask in the sunshine of past accomplishments—acting to keep the respect of my subjects swings the balance to the part in favor of going out for more glory.

I plunge doggedly into the darkness and cold—there is something big and strange over there—I must see what it really is. Now I touch it with my hand—how smooth, yet feel those rough spots—little ridges—I like to let my hand run over them, first in a smooth place, then in a ridge. How exciting it is to run the back of my hand over these spots—every ridge sends a tingling thrill over me—I look up at the gigantic size of it—a big, genial friend this is—one that knows me and feels obliged to respect me, offers me pleasure and entertainment—how satisfying to see how humbly it proffers its offering. What is that dark thing hanging up there—it looks different, softer. I stretch up—touch it with one hand—how soft, warm, and yielding—my hand goes right into its softness—if it would only stay still so I could bury my hand right in it—if I could only get my face against it. I try to hold it—to reach it with my other hand—to get my face up near it—impossible. I return to the big object itself—crawl under it—sheltered here—away from everything—a cozy feeling. I look up at the under side of it—some parts are rougher, and run every which way in a confused mass. I'd like to touch them, but they are too high. It gives me a feeling of intimacy to see this part—other parts were fixed up, smooth; this is natural without sham. Now I feel that I can't stay longer, I might miss other things—I pull out. With a backward look of friendship and approval, I crawl away from the new friend—as if I didn't want to hurt its feelings or leave it in doubt about my approval—to let it know that it still stood in well with the King, despite the fact that I was leaving—I would be back again.

With a thrill I realize how far away I am from my usual surroundings. I am no longer tied to one spot—I can get about easily—I feel as if the world were made up of children like the part of me that wanted to stay home—I am different, I am the exception, the superior being—see the wonderful things I can do—no one else could do things as I do them—mother, of course, is in another world—excepting her, I stand high over all others—how far I can go—I want to go further, to break all records, to go further than anyone ever even imagined I could go—away off—on and on—into new, unusual, unseen places, far, far away from where I am expected to be—and how proud mother will be when she finds me. I can just see her startled, surprised look, then the happy smile—the

pleased, proud look—a wild thrill of joy goes through me—bubbles all over me—puts extra strength into me—new energy in my arms and legs—I must move on—must go quickly or that inner swelling will burst—faster and faster—wildly, recklessly, that ecstatic feeling surges within me, pounding and bubbling—I just can't slow down—faster and faster I go—the clump, clump, clump of my hands and knees seem awkward—I would like to fly along to keep pace with my exuberance—on and on, faster and faster—I can only see the bright colors below me as I plunge on, head down—with no thought except that wild desire to speed on and on and on.

Suddenly there is a loud, startling noise—an uncertain throbbing, a shoot of fearful pain on top of my head—what is it? I can only lie there, overcome, bewildered by the sudden crash—from the heights of active joy to a startling downfall—everything, confidence, happiness, pride, is knocked out of me—I lie there weak, lonely, lost. I look up at the chair before me—yes, that was it—see the impudent smirk on its face—disrespectful—oh, I'd like to crush it, grip it, smash it all to pieces—to see it suffer, to see its sorrow at treating me this way—to put all the energy of my fury into banging it, beating it, knocking it down and trampling on it. Now I look at it more calmly, with the injured dignity of a king, passing judgment—I see the repentance, the fear, the awful regret as it realizes its terrible mistake in treating me this way—I will never forgive it, will refuse it my notice from now on—never will it know my friendship and protection—I will cast it aside—disdain it—refuse to intercede in its behalf or grant it the mercy of my friendly glance. I turn away from it in my scorn—I lavish friendly, approving glances on the innocent things around me—this is how I treat friends, ones that show me proper respect—as for others, let them get along as best they can.

14.

I am lying in the crib looking around satisfied—everything is complete—happiness full—everything seems to be in perfect order—things happen just as I like them—it seems as if I can always look forward to happiness—I like to lie back and drink in the joy of it all—to feel once more the exuberance—comfort—to know that everything will be a continuation of happiness—a lot to expect in the future. As I lie there, my friends around me don't seem to amount to anything—my happiness is far above their level—it is enough to know that they hold the proper respect for me—it isn't for them to share my new happiness—like an old plaything that has been discarded—new playthings—new happiness—take away consideration for them—

I haven't gone back to the world again—I am where only I and mother count—.

I lie there dwelling on the joy of our common world—it seems as if I knew that mother was going to come toward me—I look up expectantly as she draws near—waiting for her to start a new pleasure—I have a secure feeling in my happiness because I can fall back to a world of my own. The pleasure I get with mother is an extra pleasure—it gives me a feeling of confidence to know that I can go back to my other world. I can always be happy in my own world. I look up at her excitedly—seem ready to feel that extra thrill—it delights me to see that she feels the same way. To laugh—give herself over to the feelings we have—she is devoting all of herself and attention to me. To both of us nothing matters—except the things we are doing together—all of her goes to me and all of me goes to her.

There is something wonderful to me the way she points her finger at me—it sends me into spasms of chuckles when she touches me—makes faces—laughs with me—free from all burdens—from everything that interferes with my feelings—all I have to do is to wait for things to come to me—to see what is going to happen next—to let myself react any way that I will—just to feel that sunshine that seems to come between us pouring forth happiness from one to the other—as if it were a warm, sticky fluid—that comes and holds us together—we seem very close together—shut away from everything else. Things are not only just right—they are more than right—they are perfect—a feeling that they are far above the happiness that is usually mine—now she is turning away from me—that wave of the hand—the smile that goes with it—the warm, bubbling glow it gives me seems to stay with me as she walks away. It seems as if now I were floating back to the level of my other happiness from far up in the clouds of joy to sinking back into the levels of serene happiness—gradually settling back into the usual feelings.

I am still kept afloat by the memory of that moment together—that force which keeps my feelings seems to be dying out—those sharp thrills are not alive now—they are sleeping—just giving me a comfortable feeling—once more I look about me—I feel my happiness is to good for the things I see—that I am not ready to return to them yet—I am still absorbed with the dying glow of joy—it gives me new satisfaction to see the road to happiness ahead of me—to see the number of things around me and the thrills of this present feeling around me gone. I'll always have the peaceful happiness I can find in my own world. It seems as if I couldn't move—just lie there quietly—enjoy the last bit of those sensations—to feel that graceful floating

—even to the moment where it sinks slowly to earth again—I musn't move for fear of disturbing those feelings—just to lie there and feel them going through my body—making my head swim—making it seem as if some huge thing were turning over inside of me. After that a quiet peaceful feeling—I slowly float off to sleep.

The splitting of the ego into two parts, the doing part and a part as the audience, is here manifest; later this latter part joins with the critical faculty to unite in the super ego in its sadistic onslaught upon all ego activity. Over and again the voyaging of the ego in efforts at reality conquest is panicked back to the identified portion. Ever the struggle for independence of the ego goes on; though repeatedly panicked a little is gained in integration and the identified portion is slowly absorbed into the main personality, there to act as the symbol of the mother.

15. Struggle with Reality

I am lying down without doing anything—looking around for something to occupy me. A feeling of ease—at the same time wanting something new and different—getting tired lying there seeing the same old thing—tired of having to make no effort to conquer these things around me. If something would only happen to give me a chance to get away—I am crawling around the crib—I seem to have a resentment against the things near me for the feelings they give me—it's their fault. I try to satisfy myself that there isn't anything to do—no excitement at all, as if a part of me doubted there was nothing to do—something inside me hints there is something to do and these things inside are not as dull as I think they are.

Now I am taking that doubtful part around the room proving to me that things are dull—there seems to be a struggle between the two parts. Each can see some argument from my point of view—the doubtful part calls that to my attention—it seems as if I were trying to show there was nothing to do and I come upon things pleasant to do—I feel reluctant to admit it—I feel angry at that doubtful part—it is jeering at me—nothing exciting or interesting—it hurts to hear that scornful attitude—I would like to get even with it, to hurt and crush it—grip it with my hands and choke it to prove when I say there isn't anything interesting there isn't. The doubtful part is laughing at me—it doesn't want to find these things attractive—won't admit they are—wants to keep that satisfaction—why does this other part want to take it away and tell me I am wrong—yet I feel that the other part is right—do not want to give it the satisfaction to prove that I am wrong. I would like to ignore

it—have nothing to do with it—keep myself as I am—and show that other part its opinion doesn't matter.

It does seem as if things in the room were different—that is something attractive about the colors—I feel myself weakening and arguing with the other part—yet I still resist—do not want to give in to that new feeling of pleasure—do not want to be happy—I started out with the feeling that things are not right. I am going to show these things I am not satisfied—I'll never be happy under those conditions—want them to change them so they will suit me—do not want to be bothered to look around for interesting things—I am sure that they are not there—I lie back in my crib to show my opponents I am dissatisfied and am not going to have anything more to do with them—will lie there and be perfectly happy.

I want to punish that part that would break away—settling back seems I am as if just wrapping a mantle around me—lying back similar to the position before birth—just exist without any effort. Yet that doubting part keeps tugging at me—it will not allow me to lie back and enjoy things—always some little draught comes through to keep me from being warm. I do not want to go out into the cold yet can't be comfortable in the warmth. Feel irritated—resentful against the part that is always prodding me—yet there is something attractive about it—something that makes me want to go out into the cold—a feeling of discomfort in a warm situation. I might just as well try the cold—there is something exciting about it—more of a struggle—it seems as if I were finding some way to test myself—there was something definite to fight against. That feeling to lie back was something I could strain about and fight with—once I have begun to struggle it seems to be pleasant and easy. There seems to be just enough resistance to be interesting—I always know how it is going to come out—as if my two hands were struggling against each other—but equal—strong enough to fight on equal terms—but I can't control it, it seems I couldn't lie still—must move—as if the struggle between these two parts were physical as well as mental—as if I had allied myself with the part that wants the warmth—I want to crush the other part entirely—beat it down—I feel wonderful new power—importance after the struggle has ended—a swelled up feeling.

I crawl around the crib—appear to be looking for new struggles—there seems to be hundreds of new things—more alive—there isn't that dullness. I seem to be demanding respect from them—showing them what I have done to one rebel—threatening them into submission. Mother is coming into the room now—I feel that she doesn't quite understand this world of mine—doesn't recognize my impor-

tance—doesn't know how much authority I have—she acts as if I depended upon her—it doesn't seem as if I could allow that in this world of mine—to have her come and not show me proper respect before my subjects. She seems friendly in a superior way, but doesn't seem to give enough dignity to my position. I feel uneasy about it—almost as if I wish she hadn't come—if she could only come some other time—it seems as if my subjects must think less of me when she finds me and picks me up—to think that I, this powerful, stern ruler, should be unable to get up myself—to have to have this person pick me up—I am resentful toward mother for not understanding. She has spoiled all the things I accomplished—I resent being held in her arms—it does not seem to be just the thing for a king to be doing—I squirm and wriggle as she holds me—don't want to lie there quietly—don't want to be treated as if I had to depend on her, as if she had to do things for me—feel that I am dependent but this isn't the time to show it—this is not being done the right way—it must be done secretly without anyone knowing about it.

She doesn't understand it at all—she goes right along insisting that I accept the situation—she wants me to feel the way she does and I want her to feel my way and won't give in—won't let her feel I am enjoying being held to her and want it. I want to be let alone to do as I please. I'd be lowering myself if I sank into it—I must keep away to preserve my dignity—I squirm and try to pull away from her—there is something about the soft, yielding feeling that doesn't express the power I feel. I feel hard, stern and stiff—quite the opposite from the soft, lazy, comfortable breast. It doesn't seem as if I could gracefully accept the position—my feelings don't seem to be in line with the yielding warmth—something would lower me about that—must keep away from it by all means—I struggle more as she presses me closer—become angrier as she forces this position on me—belittling me—a loud, angry cry—I strain and fight against it. She must understand—she knows I don't want it—it spoils my dignity—but she continues—delights in forcing this thing.

The conflict goes on and on between the desire to nurse (the identified portion) and the ego remnant (the unidentified portion) which is steadily trying to struggle against the former. The ego is making every effort to aggregate to itself the necessary amount of narcissism to enable it to maintain its self sufficiency. This struggle is made again and again. To fortify himself the child brings up the scorn of his personified outer world to witness his egotistic humiliation. So soon as he wins a temporary respite from the mother as a person who is against the ego striving, he turns upon this seeming scornful outer

world and wreaks a vengeance for his own sense of inner castration and inferiority. The gradual appeasement of this castration is followed by a seeming subdued and respectful attitude by his subjects, the objects of the outer world.

16.

I am lying in the crib looking at mother—a feeling of disgust—revulsion against the softness—a struggle within myself—a desire to lose myself in that softness—an urge toward it—also a strong feeling of disgust and weakness—feel that I ought to keep away from it—it lowers me to feel like going to it. Yet I do feel that longing for it—try not to look at it—feel resentful for being there—she is to blame for these feelings of mine—for being put in this impossible situation. It seems as if I couldn't make a decision—even leaning in one direction—refusing to have anything to do with it. It gives me a lonely feeling—some terrible mistake—as if I had actually made a mistake and found it a poor one—deprived myself of something—no one to support me—alone against everybody.

I feel I would like to forget my dignity and power—a loathing comes up again—why does the thing have to be so soft—so weak—why is it so disgusting to give myself over to the enjoyment of it? If I could only have pleasant feelings without them—why does she stand there and throw it up into my face—can't she let me alone, not remind me of the softness—if she would only go away and leave me—it would solve the problem—then what would I do—I deprive myself of any possible chance of enjoyment of that sort—it seems as if I had been deprived of it—as if I had actually taken the step—refused it. Can't change my decision—can never go back to it—terrible position—it seems as if I were filled with sadness—choked with pity—I have made such a terrible mistake—such an unhappy situation—no one understands—no one knows how I feel or care—all alone! I begin to cry bitterly and pitifully—mother is reaching down to pick me up—suddenly my feelings change—it seems as if I could see my own weakness—the scorn that my subjects must have for me—the fall in their estimation—to be shown weak, dependable—that she should think I needed her—that she should pull me in against the softness.

That isn't what I want—I do not need it—why does she remind me of my weakness—can't she let me alone to be strong and powerful? I kick and squirm and cry—I do not want to be held against it—see all those subjects jeering at me! What must they think of me now—I am no king—no all-powerful one—when I have to be protected—I sink down into softness—still she tries to hug me closer

and puts all her strength into resisting me—something frightens me about all that softness—just to have it touch me makes me struggle harder to keep away from it.

Things seem almost hopeless—as if I had lost the thing I wanted most—something forced on me that I do not want—that she should be so stubborn, stupid—to think she knows what is good for me in spite of my protest—I know what I want and she had to go and take it away from me. She's spoiled it for me now—I won't give in to it—she's wrong. She may be winning from me. She may be insistent in her way—but she's wrong. She's wrong and I'll never give in to her.

I keep right on squirming—kicking and screaming. I'll show her what I can do—she can't lower me in my subjects' estimation without a struggle—and still she keeps on stupidly without any regard for what is right—refusing to understand me. She is a different person—can't see into it the way she once could—my inner feelings are out of her sight and understanding—she is trying to make me do what she wants—judging me by herself.

She is judging me low, weak and unimportant—if she thinks this is the kind of treatment I want—now she is putting me down—I am down on the floor. Somehow I have a thrill of satisfaction—yet I still have that feeling that everything isn't to my advantage—I may have won something—yet I have lost something—not quite sure that I wanted it—and yet it is all done now. I look up at her still with a feeling of dependence wondering what is going to happen next—realize I can't do everything—there are things done outside of myself—I must depend on her to some extent—now she is putting things down beside me—blocks—Teddy bear. I watch her as she puts down each one—still insolent toward them—it seems as if she brought on all this trouble—if it were not for her I'd not be bothered with these turbulent feelings—still watch her as she walks away from me—continued resentment.

Still it makes me feel so lonely and cold—I feel small—terribly tiny compared to the hugeness I feel around me—it seems as if some gigantic task were before me—as if I had decided to do some impossible thing that others had laughed at scornfully and now I have come face to face with the impossibility of it. My position seems insecure—I hesitate to go on for fear of failure—I hesitate to go on for fear of scorn.

It seems as if things around me were laughing at me and have lost respect and point at me in a belittling way—pointing out how small I am and how great I tried to be. It puts me in a terrific rage

their lack of respect—I am big and powerful and important. Any-one to dare to say I am not will get something—what if I did weaken—seem small and dependent—it wasn't my fault—something she tried to force on me—she tried to make me out a weakling—but I struggled against her and won.

I pick up the blocks—bang them on the floor—put all my strength into banging them down—send them bouncing and spinning on the floor—anything to relieve this wild energy—to show them how fearful I can act when aroused. It seems as if I can see their expression changing—slowly—from one of contempt to surprise and wonderment—then gradually change to fear—livid, humble fear—bowing down to me—they are terribly afraid I will get revenge on them for their lack of respect.

17.

I am playing on the floor with blocks—have a Teddy bear—I like to assume authority over the Teddy bear, speaking to it as mother speaks to me and looking as she does when scolding—at the same time I show love for Teddy bear, making it comfortable, protecting it from harm and carrying it around with me (as mother has done for me)—have little toys, engines, etc., and play with them all over the house—hear mother singing as she goes about her work; feel happy and secure, and love mother as the one who gives me toys, games, etc. She plays with me, shows me how to use the toys—I look for the happy smile from her whenever she comes into the room—with that smile everything in the world seems bright and cheery, everyone seems to be treating me right and I am happy; if there is no smile, I feel that something is missing—it doesn't seem like mother, feel that something is wrong with her, then wonder if I have done something to lose her love when the smile is not there. I am usually told to “stop doing that,” etc.—realize that I will not please mother, will lose the feeling of happiness and security unless I do as she wishes. Mother is the one I look to for food—an egg-nog in the middle of the morning, milk, cookies, etc.—she always seems to be thinking of me, doing things for me to make me happy and comfortable.

Once when not more than a year old I was crawling around under a sign-post somewhere, when it fell over and hit me on the head with a terrible wallop—I had probably been playing happily knowing nothing of the sign-post—was near mother and felt happy and secure—then without warning something strikes me on the head—I had a terrible sensation of pain together with a hurt feeling that

mother should allow such a thing to happen—I shriek with pain and terror—feel lost, nobody to protect me, help me or sympathize with me. Soon mother comes running out of the house, and on her face is a look of concern and fear—seeing mother look that way sort of gratifies my desire for attention, but makes me cry all the more, partly because of a new fear that I have reflected from her attitude and partly to show that I am badly hurt. Mother shows me every attention, picks me up, soothes me, carries me into the house, and several people gather around me while she bathes my head. She speaks to me softly and sympathetically, kisses me and makes a lot of me.

Never having experienced such a sudden shock and such unusual pain, probably I was terribly frightened—couldn't understand what had happened—why didn't mother or someone protect me from that? I was hurt because of their negligence and I wanted to let them know about it, so I just cried and shrieked to attract attention—just as soon as mother comes running out and I see the terrified look on her face, I forget that feeling against her, and wonder if perhaps I am not pretty badly hurt—place myself entirely in her hands to protect me and fix me up—when I have been laid on the bed in the house, I have a feeling of gratification that I should cause so much of a stir—feel a warm glow of love for mother that she should care for me so quickly and so well. Then she smiles at me, others come in with smiling, sympathetic looks on their faces—and everything is right with the world again.

18.

I can't get interested in the game—I am sitting on the floor with my blocks—feel it would be giving too much satisfaction to someone now that my wishes have been disregarded—it seems I have submitted to the arrangement of things—must get even for the way I have been treated—it seems that someone should see that it is too late for me to get enjoyment—I want them to see I am not having a good time—to feel sorry for their mistake—it seems as if one part wanted to get into the game to play and be happy, and a second part had to be satisfied—I seem to feel eventually I will get into the game and enjoy it—but first I must be sad to please the part that wants revenge. There must be some compromise between the two—neither part will let the other jump into the game entirely—it is possible to hold off and when the other part is satisfied to get into the game. I still push the blocks—stare around me—make a definite effort not to be interested. Gradually the desire to enjoy

myself begins to be stronger than the desire to be unhappy. Now I have the game going completely—I am pushing the blocks on the floor—I want them to go as fast as I can—have forgotten the incident—I am having a good time playing—like to play where the sunlight is—the warmth on my back helps me to get into the game—I seem to imagine things better—the times when I get away from the sunlight I feel pulled back into the ordinary circle—chairs become chairs—shady parts—I wake up from my dream. It destroys part of the enjoyment of the game—gradually I cut down the distance I travel with the blocks—change my game to conform only to where the sun is—moving around isn't quite so pleasant as just sitting there. I restrict the game so as to sit and feel the warmth on my back—change my game again.

Gradually I pay less attention to things before me—picking up blocks, putting them in place becomes automatic—I float—drift away—pick up a block—it falls over—do not realize it has fallen—see it—hear it—but I haven't the desire to put it in place—I experience too much pleasure in the position I am in, but I feel that the block ought to be picked up—it ought not to be left where it is. I continue to drift along—my mind seems empty—I am staring straight ahead at the sunlight on the floor—floating on—no support or effort on my part. Once in awhile that block intrudes into the pleasure of the situation—there comes the thought that I ought to continue my game—no reason why I should—just a pull toward it—return again to my game—give a sudden start as if out of my sleep—begin to pile the blocks up and play as I intended to—but always the memory of the pleasant experience—wonderful feeling—a graceful, pleasant motion without any effort on my part. Now I can't enjoy the game—I want to go back into that situation. I still feel that I ought to keep on playing—once more I am two parts—first, the game—second, the pleasure of drifting—it seems as if the two parts were really separate and that I were witnessing the struggle between them. I want the part that wants the floating to win—but I must be fair and give the other side a chance—still I hope the floating side will win—want to destroy the part that desires the game so there will be no opposition—to continue the floating—the part that wants the game seems strong—it doesn't seem possible to conquer it entirely—no matter how much it is brushed aside it always makes it impossible for it to continue in this delightful condition.

It seems as if I were cheating a little to get away from the game—to stare at the floor to get those wonderful sensations—it doesn't seem quite fair to this other part—it hasn't lost but was shut out when I threw myself on the side that wanted the sunlight and warmth.

I have a sense of guilt about the feeling of warmth—thrills of floating—it always seems to intrude itself—breaks up the pleasure. I always return to the game, but do not enjoy it very much—it seems just enough to destroy the pleasure of floating and the game—I can't seem quite able to get on to the same situation I had at first—there isn't the complete losing of self—I can't get all of myself floating—there is a part that sticks to the ground—sometimes I do drift along but always I seem to touch the ground—can't get away long enough to enjoy the thrills of drifting—resentment toward the blocks that cause the unhappy situation—feel as if they were forcing me to put my attention on them. I want them to understand I am not going to be forced. I won't play with them—give them a push with my hand—scatter them on the floor—try to fit myself into the pleasurable situation—to stay on the right spot on the floor—get myself into the right frame of mind. I can't do it for any length of time—feel unhappy to think this one wonderful feeling is denied me by the ones that run things—even when I have found a way to enjoy myself in spite of it—they've been able to hold me back enough to spoil my happiness. Now I do not want to play or dream—no pleasure in either—no fun doing anything—just as soon as I begin to get enjoyment out of anything things are changed—things are fixed so I can't—even things that seem as I want them are really not—it seems as if there is no escape—no personal happiness—everything continues to happen according to plan—thought out before I came along—one in which the new person had no regard for my wishes or needs—it was so impersonal that it couldn't be induced—appealed to—no understanding—no way of getting around it—it just continues to work itself out—I must fit myself into it—I must stop expecting or wanting happiness—must just get into the run of things—be forced along according to a preconceived plan. I don't want to be forced to give up my wishes—it is terrible to force me to give them up—to never allow me to return to the part that requires no effort—drifting—floating. Before I came into this world I had some friend—someone who had sympathy—who wasn't so impersonal—machine-like—who understood and thought of me, who recognized me, was continually doing things for me—gave me protection from the harshness of things—sheltered me from the brightness. She even could give me something comparable to floating—she could hold me close to her—press me against the softness and warmth of her beautiful flesh—and the wild excitement of pressing something against my lips—of something rushing inside of me—ecstatic—exhilarating—then flowing. What's happened—why is it taken away—why don't I feel those wonderful sensations? Some-

thing is missing—there is no fun in living—nothing worth while—where has it gone? What has she done with it—why has she hidden it? Why can't I have something to make it worth while being here? Is she deceiving me? She doesn't want me to be happy—she no longer cares—she's through with me—I must provide my own enjoyment—I must get it by myself—must fight for it against this order of things—I'm alone in my struggle.

19. The Rattle

Mother puts me in the crib and gives me something which makes a funny sort of noise when it is shaken—she shakes it and we both laugh happily—she puts it in my hand and shakes it for me—I am pleased with this new thing—put it in my mouth, drop it. Mother picks it up and shakes it again, she seems happy and is enjoying the game and I feel the same warm glow of contentment and pleasure. Mother walks away from the crib—I look at her, then at the rattle in my hand, then back to her—what is she going to do? Is this another way to have fun with the rattle? Or is she leaving this rattle to take her place? I watch mother leave the room—cry in resentment at being left alone, unprotected and unamused—she comes back with a look of sympathy and understanding—plays a little more and then leaves again. I begin to see that she wants me to play alone with this new toy—want to please her, yet there is still a lingering doubt as to whether she will ever come back to me again and hold me in her arms and continue to do things for my comfort and happiness. After she has been away a little longer I cry again—she doesn't return immediately, so I continue to cry against this wretched world that leaves me out in the cold with no one to do things for me. Mother returns, again sympathetic and understanding—nothing can happen to me, and she evidently wants me to play with the rattle. When she leaves I begin to get interested in the toy—shake it and laugh, put it in my mouth, take it out and look at it—enjoy myself thoroughly—there is a feeling all the time in the back of my head that mother is near at hand and will be pleased when she finds that I am amusing myself.

I feel a soreness in my mouth unlike any uncomfortable feeling I have yet experienced—I cannot understand what the trouble is, and cry—mother takes me in her arms and talks soothingly but the pain continues. I feel I don't want to be soothed, I want the pain stopped—mother has always fixed things for me before but she evidently doesn't know what to do now—why does she take it all so quietly? Why doesn't she do something about it? I feel that the

thing is serious and mother doesn't know what to do—feel lost, don't know what to do so cry harder than ever. At last mother gives me something hard to bite on, after she has looked in my mouth and rubbed the sore spots—my confidence in her returns—the pain ceases and once more I am happy and the world seems a good place to be in.

20.

Mother is putting me in the cradle again—why doesn't she keep on helping me? Why am I left alone to fight these strange things? Why can't the floating last? Why must I always feel small and weak amongst all these big things—pressing me down? Somehow the fact that this friend is near makes it seem less hopeless. I am afraid to be alone—something might happen to me. I like to feel that mother will see that things won't happen and that they will be as I want them. Her look makes me feel right. She has left the room and I am at the mercy of anything that might happen—feel bewildered, irritable—it bothers me to lie there and feel the brightness, the coldness, the loneliness—feeling something might happen to me. Things seem so motionless to me—frightens me—I want to be held in her arms—something seems to prevent it—I have to fight these forces again. I must strain and cry out—I want to be comfortable. Mother is coming again, I have my eyes on her—it seems as if something might happen before she gets to me—cry harder so she'll understand it isn't safe to leave me that way. These forces are hard things for me—I need her all the time—she is just standing over me and smiling in a friendly way. Why doesn't she do something—she doesn't know how bad I feel—want her to know my only happiness is in being held by her—still she doesn't pick me up, she's not the friend I thought she was, that I could count on—she's not changing things for me.

Everything is against me—even though she sympathizes with me she is not helping me—why can't things be my way—why can't I have that warm, protected feeling—soothing—get away from things that bother me? She still stands there not doing anything—it makes me angry that she misunderstands so—the things that frighten me—cry louder—she isn't fair—I have a lost feeling—my friend has gone back on me—I did all I could and I am lost—there is nothing more to be done. It seems pitiful that my friend allowed these things to happen. My cry is weak—I have given up the fight—pity myself. My friend will be sorry when these things happen to me—she'll be unhappy—she could have saved me but didn't. Mother is walking away. I am angry at that—she sees my suffering and doesn't care about it—I cry louder—resent this lack of attention. She seems to

think my troubles are small. She's coming back now, and picks me up. I am still crying and nervous, and it still seems as if I must strain and struggle against these things—I quiver with emotion—pity and bitterness—gradually these feelings disappear. Things look better—there is nothing to fight against—nothing is going to happen—still there is a troubled feeling, a hangover from the struggle I've been through. I am pressed in close, away from the brightness, against the softness and warmth.

I wake up startled—all these wonderful things have gone—still it doesn't seem so terrible—mother is right near—didn't seem as if anything could happen—nothing bothers me—I have that wonderful thrill of floating, but things are not so cold as they were—they don't look so big, and I don't seem so weak and powerless. There is no need to struggle against anything—mother must have done all this, must have changed things—she knew how I wanted them so I needn't make any effort—I can just lie there without straining—she has even taken away that awful brightness—has made things warm for me, even that irritating feeling of being motionless is gone. I seem to be slowly moving—it is soothing—it seems to be something that takes the place of the floating sensation. Everything has changed in accordance with my wishes. It seems wonderful not to have to struggle, to be actually comfortable and safe and to feel that this friend has done all this and can do more to make things happy for me. She knows all, can change things to be as I want them—she is big and strong and capable—she can fight my battles for me—I can count on her to take care of me. She is bending over—there is something in her hand—she's shaking it—she laughs as she shakes it—it makes me feel like laughing, too. This seems to be something else she is doing for me—there is enjoyment and happiness in it. She knows what is going to please me. We both laugh—it seems as if we were doing something together, a feeling that she feels the same about things as I do. The same things are fighting against both of us—she understands them and fights them off. The things that make me happy make her happy. When I am happy she has the same joy as I.

Now mother is going out of the room—walking away from me. I don't know what to make of it—I watch her as she goes, feel disappointed that these pleasant happy feelings couldn't be kept up. Somehow there is a little of the happy feeling left. I remember the pleasant sensation I had when we were together. They kept me soothed and peaceful. I've been so happy it couldn't be cut off short—it must keep on going. I look up at the white space above me—nothing bothers me at all—everything is as it should be—

mother has changed things so they will always be all right. I still think of the joy and laughter we had when together. These thoughts satisfy me a lot. I am now beginning to wish mother was there. I want her to come back—want to see her laugh—even now I do not feel afraid or unhappy—the memories make me happy but I would like a new experience to add to them. I begin to feel that motionless feeling. I'm not moving—restless, want to have something done—feel lonely—want mother to fix these feelings that are not in accord with my happiness—still I feel warm—things are pleasant around—nothing is going to happen—the burden of fighting has been turned over to this friend—wish she'd come back. She could take care of the feelings that prevent perfect happiness—I notice the restless feeling more—feel as if I were being held still—want to move. Why doesn't she come back to me?

21. *First Steps*

I am playing on the floor—crawl about on hands and knees—everything is perfect—I can get what I want by crawling to it—have a wide range of games to play with—happy in playing them—mother comes into the room, I look up at her—hope she'll play with me—she smiles—she is going to play with me—she is down on the floor with me—we play together.

She lifts me up on my feet—I stand there tottering—is this a new game? I feel unsteady and insecure—it seems so far to the floor—it requires careful balancing to be able to stand up like this—what is she going to do? She has walked away from me—she is standing across the room there looking at me—what kind of game is this? Where does the fun come in? She is smiling at me—she calls me to her. The idea is to see how fast I can get to her—she wants to see how quickly I can go across the room—I get down on the floor and crawl rapidly to her—feel pleased at the speed—mother will be proud of me—this is fun—she'll be pleased with me—I am happy.

But I look up at mother—she isn't exactly displeased but there isn't that radiant look of pride and happiness which I expected—what is the matter? Didn't she want me to do that? Isn't that the way the game is played? Why does she look that way? What does she want? I am irritated, and a little angry—why doesn't she tell me what to do? She expects too much—why doesn't she do her part—she is unreasonable.

Now she has me by the hand—I am on my feet again in that awkward position—she is smiling at me now—she isn't displeased—she seems to know what she's doing—probably she'll let me know what to do now—she steps forward, still holding my hand—there

is a tug on my arm—it hurts to be dragged this way, there's no fun to this—my feet go along slowly behind her—she smiles at me proudly—I have done something to please her—she is happy. Except for that pain in the arm, this is a good game—now she is across the room again—why does she go over there? Why can't she stay and play this game some more? She is calling me again—I start to get down on the floor—she speaks to me sharply—I am startled, frightened, bewildered—feel angry, unhappy—at a loss to know what to do—feel like crying—why does she tell me to do a thing and then treat me this way when I start to do it? Does she want to make me feel bad? She is making me miserable—she is mean, unreasonable—why can't we play together as usual? She comes over to me—she is smiling sympathetically—she seems sure of what she is doing—what does she want? She takes me by the hand—leads me as before—all right, if this is what she wants why didn't she do her part before? She is standing away from me now, holding out her hand—I can reach for it—can't quite grasp it—this is the game—I understand now—everything is all right—I am to try to catch her hand—for some reason I am not to get down on the floor. I put my foot forward—feel as if I were going to fall—the other foot comes up to balance me—I sway there unsteadily—the hand is still out of reach—I put my foot forward again, lean towards her—begin to fall, I'm going to be hurt—why does she let this happen to me—she should know it was unreasonable to expect me to play this way—I start to cry—am caught by mother—she hugs me to her—she is happy—pleased with me—I have done something to be proud of—she puts me on my bed—stands up there smiling at me happily—I am content in the knowledge that I did well.

Now a man comes into the room—mother seems pleased to have him around—he is smiling pleasantly—mother puts me on the floor—upright as before—she and the man stand across the room—she calls to me, stretching out her hand—I understand—she is showing the man how well I played this game—I want to please the man, so she will be pleased—I totter forward as I did before, a little afraid of falling—but mother will see that nothing happens to me—another step, I am happy—I am doing well—but it's awfully hard to go along this way—I wish they'd let me play the game crawling—I remember how mother spoke to me when I got down on the floor—I am near her now—won't she be happy when she sees how well I am doing—I reach them—the man picks me up—he is hard, a little uncomfortable—there are hard, pointed spots on his coat—there isn't the soft warm comfort as when mother holds me—but I feel secure and immensely happy—the man lifts me high in the air—I have a

wonderful sensation in being high in the air over their heads, then a thrill as I come rushing down, the air whizzes past my face—something inside me bubbles up—then I'm lifted high up again—more strange bubbling thrills—now mother has me—how soothing it is to be held in her arms—she presses me close to her soft warm breast—an extra hug and an extra thrill—everything is wonderful.

22. *First Steps Alone.*

I have just gone through the ordeal of stepping and standing—mother puts me down and after quieting my excitement feel I've gone through a terrible struggle. Even now I do not feel quite at ease—dread having it happen to me again—the loneliness—the struggle to avoid being hurt—fear that I will be expected to do it again—mother not fully satisfied—something tells me I didn't do well—didn't reach that high place above the floor. I must stay down in my own element—can't rise above it—now a desire to succeed is coming strong—feel humiliated that I didn't do better the first time—if I could only have kept from being frightened I would have felt satisfied—I want to feel that superiority of being big—to be above the floor—to look down—no fun now crawling over the floor—can't make the grade for the higher part—can't fit myself for either one—if only I could stand up—if I could have it for the wanting of it and not have to go through that terrible ordeal—why do people have to go around that way—so much to expect of them—so much easier to go around as I have been doing—feel unhappy—no way to turn for a comfortable, easy happiness. It doesn't satisfy me that people are not affected by my wishes—look back upon the incident of stepping and standing—I feel that everything had been lost in that one moment of weakness—to have had to appeal to her, to have to give up and not satisfy her, and worse, not to have satisfied the part of me that demanded the importance. I feel uneasy and restless—must do something about it—somehow I feel my humiliation won't be so great if I try this thing alone. If I fail there is no one to answer to—begin to feel sure that I can do it alone—that I haven't got to seem confident and independent, I do not need to hide my fear—if I am afraid I can grab hold of something. When mother was there she was so positive I could do it that I had to make her think I was as sure as she was—it makes me happy now that I can make this attempt with nothing to lose. I crawl over to the chair—somehow I feel extremely happy and contented—I am determined to do it slowly and carefully—hold on to the chair, go very slowly—I am delighted when I pull myself into an upright position. I've made the first move—things seem to be more of my own invention—my own

game—somehow more fun—I can do as I please—no one to interfere—I can do it as slowly as I want. I still hold on to the chair as I put one foot out—just the feeling that I've got it away from the other makes me feel I have done something—a feeling of importance comes over me again—this must prove that I am superior to those things below—once more the thrill of doing this alone—not only a feeling of relief—but a satisfaction—I can carry out these things alone—I bring up the other foot—stand steady again—look over the whole situation—enjoy the feeling of getting this much done. No reason to hurry—yet I feel I want to keep taking these side steps—hands on chair—go around it cautiously and carefully—look around as if I wanted something harder to do—it seems as if I had done a great deal already—I am free, and there is no one to force me—no requirements to carry out—I consider taking steps straight out from the chair—hesitate as I have nothing for a support—nothing to keep me from toppling over—even now I haven't the dread I had at first—a strong desire to do it—hold one hand on the chair—lean on it—put my foot out straight—take a step forward—a feeling of excitement—a glow—feeling of accomplishment—strength—importance—now I seem at a loss—before me there seems to be an empty space—great distance from the floor—nothing to steady me—look around for support—the wall seems close to the chair—it occurs to me that I could be held up against the wall—to lean against—to steady myself—to stop that feeling of fear of falling over—I am more pleased than ever—I have discovered this way of doing it and I can thank myself for this new gladness that I have. Now I am stepping toward the wall with less doubt and fear—put my hand on the chair and the part that is nearest the wall—put out one foot—try to stretch it out as far as I can—now I am leaning back far against the chair—do not dare to let go—feel a little less confidence in myself—things seem a little harder—but I have plenty of time to puzzle over it and try different ways—completely absorbed in this game of stepping—thrills of excitement and joy. I take my foot back—stand near the chair again—try to put my foot out from the chair—have taken my hand off the chair—look back and reassure myself that I can grasp it if I should be unsteady. Feel excited all over—wonderfully pleased with myself—satisfied with everything—now I want to go on and do more—seem to be stumped—a little too far away from the chair to venture another step—too far from the wall to get any help from that—somehow it seems if I could start from the wall to go toward the chair—not so far—could trust myself more that way—have no hesitation dropping down on hands and knees—crawling toward the wall. What makes me feel easiest is that it can be done any

way—can do it as I want to—just like my blocks—no one to say how I shall do it—if I want to use the wall or the chair I can—wonderfully interesting to try these different ways—to stand in one spot—crawl to another—change my hand to a position of security—feel as I did with my game of imagination on the floor—feel comfortable, secure and confident—sometimes it amounts to a pose to myself to put on that appearance of importance, but when I bump up against an obstacle I begin to feel unsteady. Harder to get into a standing position with the wall—it is awkward—smooth—can't get the support I want—the chair had many things to hold on to—puzzled—seems a little further along—the wall sticks out a little—could get more of a grip on it—crawl along—grasp the edge—not as secure as the chair—but the fact that I can lean against something—slowly, very doubtfully I raise myself a little—for a moment I feel a little frightened as I raise myself from my knees—the balance seems uncertain—a sway too much and I will topple backward—have got over that now—have my hands on the wall—need rest—hard to just get up there—now I've got to get over to the point on the wall where I want to start from. A thrill when I find I can have the wall near enough to steady myself—rest if I need to—just to be near it gives me confidence—takes away that feeling of all space around me. Still I hesitate—confidence rises—plan how comfortable and easy it is. How wonderful it is that I thought of this thing—that I am able to do it this way. Things turned out fortunately for me—I have done something for myself—I made things right—accomplished it alone. I have altered fate, changed the order of things to suit myself. A bubble of pleasure fills my throat—makes it easy—things seem bright—sunny and happy—now I get pleasure in continuing the feat. Stop once in a while to enjoy these feelings of importance and happiness. Enjoy the feeling I am all right—the struggle makes the enjoyment keener—I am proud I can take steps so quickly—but even that is not completely satisfactory—haven't come to the part where I can walk alone. Stop still—lean toward the wall—the reckless, care-free feeling disappears—here is something that requires not that wild, excited happiness, but a steady glow—can get along without the support of the wall—hand ready to touch it—seems if I brought up that other foot I'd be swung away from it—still ready to straighten out my hand—to lean against it.

Now I bring my foot up—a moment of terrible uncertainty—arm swings—about to fall—then the fall seems to be delayed—first back and swing forward—stop when I am about to put my hand on the wall—can always reach out to the wall—gradually more at ease—a realization comes that I haven't touched the wall—that I have done

this thing—an urge to make sure I can do it again—something whispers I might have touched the wall and I must make sure I can do it without any help. Doubtful—that moment of swaying and unsteadiness makes me feel that the next time I might not be so successful—feel reckless, happy—glad—in this new accomplishment—these things don't really matter—nothing I did could turn out wrong—did well so far—put my foot ahead again—this time, I'll try more slowly and carefully.

23. Testing the Environment.

I am crawling around the foot of the stairs—feel uncertain of myself—less confident—at the same time I am not frightened or disturbed—just up against something I can't do—feel it isn't worth the attempt to go up again—explore around—crawling back into one of the little rooms—not so large or bright—hundreds of things in it that appeal to me—I am beginning to feel tired—more satisfied just to stop in one place and look around at the strangeness of it—still enjoy the feeling of freedom—proud and superior feeling—disappointed I can't get my hands on articles out of reach—the things I can get near are the same things I am familiar with.

The biggest feeling is that I got away—like to have mother see me—see how important I am—feel I'd like to go back to the original circle but then mother wouldn't know about my new capabilities and I want to see that unexpected, surprised, pleased look on her face—feeling that these objects are friends—not enemies—I'm not afraid of them—I know how to handle them—hear mother walking in the room above—got over the newness of things—want to go back to my circle and play with my blocks—really have something to do. Still sit there waiting—listening—feel impatient that mother doesn't come down—disgusted with her because she doesn't come down when I want her to—begin to feel tired—restless—nothing to do—blame it on mother—if it weren't for her I could go back to my original place—all her fault, I feel bored and uneasy—bright colors across the room attract me—a whole row of them and another row on top—different sizes—I crawl over to them in a half interested way—am not certain they are going to be enjoyable—at least I can see what these things are—I creep over—the colors look more attractive to me—I find they are different objects attached to each other—touch one—find it is loose—push it in—let it fall back again in place—it makes a squeaky noise that pleases me.

Now I am trying to get hold of the one that has fallen back—it is further in. I can't seem to get my hands on it—I try another beside

it—it does the same—can't get that one either—puzzles me—just by touching them I lose them—it pleases me to think this is some strange thing—like to watch and see how it happens—take another one very carefully—I am going to try to keep this one to prevent it from going back—once more I feel the thrill of struggling against something—no doubt as to how it is coming out—finally I tip it forward—it lands on the floor near me—feel pleased that I have succeeded—don't care much about the other—this one has such a smooth, slippery surface—a bright red color—I just like to sit there and rub my hand over it—grip it with my hand—find that part of it moves away from the rest—the inside isn't so bright—I miss the bright red shining surface—touch the new part—it hasn't the same smooth, slippery feeling. Here is one that is softer—different—gray—but soft to touch, pleasant to put my fingers on—like to hold my hand on that—touch the finger tips on the soft part. Now I am just sitting there looking at the other objects—enjoying their brilliancy even if I can't get them. Everything seems to be so orderly and rigid—I feel like destroying that impression—would like to do something to change it—through an act of my own, instead of having it all even—going one after another. It seems like a challenge: “Here's the way things are—what are you going to do about it?” I want to show them I am superior—have power to change things.

Now I begin to tug at things—pull one out and let it crash on the floor—it delights me to see it topple over and land in a haphazard way—try another—delighted when it tumbles down—I feel I ought to go about it differently—give the next a push—it falls in back of the other—I am not satisfied—it is too orderly—I want things upset—disarranged.

The orderliness of things signifies going on in a regular manner—an impersonal following of one thing after another without any change—I want a chance to destroy this opposition to my wishes—it gives me a wild feeling of exaltation to see the confusion I have caused—some pushed back—tumbled on the floor—some piled up in a careless way—a wonderful feeling of happiness that I should be able to do it—a feeling that now things can't go on and on—that I have the power to change them—things can't go on from blind fate—I can direct them—all I have to do is to wish things and they are done. I like to sit there and see how disturbed things look—a wild feeling of satisfaction. Now I hear mother coming—this is a surprise—I had forgotten that desire to have her come down and see me—hadn't felt that desire after that new game—I turn, look up at her for that approving look I thought of before—she seems surprised as I

thought she'd be—but her expression doesn't change to pleasure—the pride I thought she would have. She looks stern—disappointed—somehow I feel it isn't of any importance anyway—I have proved to myself I can change things. I am confident I can change her feeling—make her feel the way I want her to. I am curious to see what she's going to do about it—I look at her in astonishment when she walks over and still has the disappointed look on her face—she shakes her head to indicate she doesn't approve of what I have done. She replaces the books shaking her head, making sounds to indicate her displeasure—she tries to make me think that I am naughty—she is in favor of the system I disapprove of—wants to keep things as they are. I watch her in amazement—follow every move she makes—watch her face to see how she feels—I am surprised that she should act this way. She doesn't seem to understand that I should feel the way I do—I feel superior to her—can't understand why she doesn't agree—positive I'm all right—she ought to be pleased and proud of what I have done—but she doesn't seem to be—she picks me up and looks very stern and unfriendly.

There doesn't seem to be the usual good feeling I have when I am held in her arms—there is a harshness in the way she does it. She doesn't walk in that slow easy way into the other room as she usually does—all seems unfriendly—she puts me back into the circle again. Even the way she puts me down—quick—careless—almost rough. I have to accept the fact that she has placed me back in the circle of chairs again—better not try to get out if it disturbs her so—it makes her act so unpleasant towards me. Still I have the proud feeling that I did things the way I wanted them done—a keen feeling of having enjoyed something. I feel tired now anyway—satisfied to sit there and not try to go around any more. I've had a good time—now I'm satisfied to sit down and take it easy.

24. The Struggle with Environment.

I am on the floor—in the middle of the room—there seem to be obstacles (chairs) around me to keep me shut in—it gives me a comfortable feeling to be shut away from things—a protected feeling—all I need to worry about are the things inside the circle—interesting to just push my blocks around the room—see them roll over—it gives me pleasure to have them bound along without restraint—bouncing denotes freedom—the further they go the more delighted I feel—I take one after another and roll them—crawl after them and roll them again—finally I have satisfied that feeling—I do not feel like doing it any more—too much bother to go after them—too much

work to get them and throw them again—I am disappointed that I can't have them back after seeing them roll away from me—sorry I didn't get them all together—satisfied to just sit near them. I start to pile them—three or four—then another pile—several piles—it is pleasing to just sit there and see them—standing up in the air—just for me. Now it doesn't please me any more—they seem too stiff and rigid—I like to see them all tumble down again—noise and confusion—I make a sweep with my hand—it gives me a wonderful thrill when they fall to the floor—everything smashed up—nothing in place—it gives me a wild feeling—things are not all going like clock work—there is some freedom—not continually held rigid and tight—feel happy and glad when I look at all the blocks—like to have them all piled up again to see them crash again and experience that thrill when they fall. I pick up two or three blocks—try to get the same experience by just knocking them away—feel disappointed—the confusion and tumbling are not so great—lost interest—crawling around—seem more interested now in the chairs—and the things I can see outside—hopeless tangle of chair legs—pieces of wood all going in different directions—against me—can't move them—crawl over to one and try to get under it—seems if I could get low enough I could crawl through—would like to get outside of that circle—feel cooped up—would like to touch some of those things but can't get near enough—I seem to have my eye on them but can't get through—the wood is pressing against me—holding me back. I look around hoping to see some way of getting out—still look at the objects that attract me—look above and feel frightened at the look of the chair above me—things twining in and out—things I never saw so close before—so firm and unyielding—afraid I'll get tangled in them—I am blocked in every direction. I raise my head and hit something hard—I try to turn around to go back—there doesn't seem to be any room—a mass of things above me—holding me down—I begin to move faster and push harder against the things—now I must get out of there. Something is going to happen—I'm not going to be able to get away. Such a mixup of things—I squirm and push and turn—the harder I try the tighter the net gets around me.

I can't do anything about it—it makes me realize the terrible position I am in—how awful to have me tightened this way—not able to get away—begin to cry—it seems as if I were another person looking at myself—sympathize with him—realize I am the one that is caught—all this has happened to me. Cry bitterly—I am caught and have to give up—just have to let things happen. I want to be

able to play some more—want to play with mother—have her smile—be happy with me. These things have all stopped now—it doesn't make any difference what I want—things all happen differently—too bad I can't have what I want. How unhappy mother will be when she sees and realizes the awful things that have happened to me! To think that she put the things there that caused it—I begin to feel the sorrow she will have when she knows she let this happen—cry hopelessly. I begin to realize suddenly that I am all right—feel calmer—somehow the legs of the chair don't seem so terrifying—I move around carefully and slowly—somehow there seems to be something I can do about it—I am more confident that I can get out—feel a sort of pleasure that nothing is going to happen. I can attend to this all right—I am not afraid—I am quite happy as I move between the pieces of wood and slowly back my way from under the chair—feel sure I have conquered the chair.

I've won the battle—I did something important and did it well—feel I would like to get into another place like that—go through the same experience again—feel master of my enemies—I can get away without any help at all. Feel bigger and more capable—it seems as if the world was a smaller place and I was a big part of it—I can go about as I please—change things to suit myself—feel a oneness with myself—strength and confidence—independence—don't think anything about mother now—feel proud that she doesn't have to be there—she wouldn't understand—wouldn't know how to handle the situation as I did!

25. *The Struggle in Relinquishing Control Over Reality.*

My rag doll hangs limp in my hand. It falls over in a heap—I try to hold it up but it sags down. I am impatient with it, and jam it against the leg of the table. I bang it on the floor—it seems as if I want revenge because it does not do what I desire—I try again but it still is the same. It seems that I have hurt the doll, it is falling apart—I am sorry, it looks so weak and frail after what I have done to it. I want its approval—a thought comes to me that the doll thinks I am mean and cruel—I pick it up and try to put it into shape—feel so sorry for it—feel I am going to cry—hold it to me. That old feeling comes back that it was the doll's fault, perhaps it will learn to act better and do as I say. I am sorry, and lay it aside tenderly. Maybe it will act better next time, it will know better than to go against me. Even if I think I did right, the doll doesn't, it looks reproachful—it thinks I am mean—I want to get away, get interested in something else—make bridges out of my blocks, think

of the doll—was I too severe—cruel? I sneer at the doll for being a baby. I tell it not to do it again, that is the way to get over it—satisfied—go on playing with other things. Mother comes into the room, try to explain to mother that the doll was not good. I ask her if it can be fixed—feel happier when she tells me she can fix it so that it will be as good as new. Mother tells me to be more careful—feel resentful at her that she should have the idea that I was rough with it—got the impression at first that she agreed with me but now she is blaming me for punishing the doll because it didn't do as I said. Mother will fix it up and then I'll see that it isn't actually hurt and that it does as I tell it to.

I am playing on the floor—pushing blocks around—I like to go underneath the furniture—not so interested in it—my principal interest is in the game (blocks)—have the whole room to myself to wander about. Don't feel any excitement about being free—disappointment that I am free—not so wonderful as I thought it would be—not so cozy as being shut in by the chairs—feel small and colder—harder to get interested—after I am pushed around quite a bit I go to one corner—it seems more shut in—now I like to be in the sunlight—like to play where the sun strikes on the floor—it feels nice to have the warmth on my back and head—playing now seems aimless—the sun and warmth seem the principal thing—I feel dreamy—begin pushing the blocks around mechanically—get my enjoyment out of just sitting there staring ahead—floating feeling—mother coming—seems as if I would be tearing myself away from something if I looked up. Nothing must interrupt the warm, comfortable floating feeling—I wait until she gets near—feel I must look up at her—it takes an effort to do it. I look at her—she is pleased that I am playing there—feel wonderfully happy that I am pleasing her. Now mother is walking away—I can't seem to get back into the feeling I had before she came—stare after her—do not seem to get back into the same situation I had before—change my position—there is a cold spot on my back that doesn't feel protected and warm—can't seem to get back that same feeling I had—can't lose myself—a part doesn't seem warm—my eyes wander away—impatient, restless—before I had been taken to a wonderful place—so happy—have been brought back and do not seem to know how to return—want to have it back again. It makes me angry that things should be that way—I want to blame somebody—want that person to suffer—would like to take the block up and choke it—make it suffer—feel some pain—for this loss I have had because of this person—it seems as if I had lost all thought of getting back into that position. I want to sit there and feel bad for what has been done to me—to think about the revenge—the sorrow—

try shifting my position—to be able to dream—to float again. I feel I won't succeed—it makes me feel more bitter—as if to say to that person, “See what you've done to me—you've arranged it so that I can't get back that happiness”—a lump comes into my throat as I think about it—there seem to be two persons—the one that caused it and the one that wanted to have the original happiness—feel sorrow for the two.

At last I have succeeded in moving myself so that the sun hits my back—a bright spot on the floor—stare into the brightness—have the pleasurable sensations again—floating—gentle drifting—just going on—on—nothing to prevent me. At times I realize there are things around—I come out from that state and float back—another feeling that I am not completely sheltered—it makes me irritated, uneasy—become conscious of things around me—a vague feeling—not quite right for me to do this—not quite useful—it must be different from the way other people get happiness—it seems to be forbidden by the way things act—trying to take me away from this happiness. I try to get interested in the game—try to stop getting the sensation that I have—it seems I ought not to do it—it does reassure me when I think mother was pleased with me, but, even then, it seems she didn't quite understand—it bothers me to feel that desire and I am puzzled whether to satisfy it or not. From time to time I make a move toward the old position. As I do it I feel I am cheating someone—it seems as if someone were watching me—I act as if I were playing there—but want to get into the sunny spot and drift away—afraid to continue it for very long—I can't carry out the deception—must continue to move around with my toys—move back into the sunlight for a minute or two—enjoy the wonderful feeling I want to have so much. Try to play with these things—can't seem to enjoy playing with my toys—can't put the enjoyment in floating as I want to—can't seem to get the satisfaction from either that I have gotten before. Now I blame my restless, irritated feelings on the person who has arranged that things should happen this way—the fate that makes things happen seems to be a person who has made things happen without regard to me. I would like to show fate what a pitiful situation I have been put into—make him realize it isn't fair—just to make him feel as I do—would like to take this person and shake him with all my might—to see fear, sorrow, suffering come into his face—would like to do something to show I am not going to stand for it—don't like the way things are done here—if I could only witness the suffering and sorrow of this one—make it realize the terrible thing it has done to me—for the natural things I wanted—how unnecessary it was to do it—why should I be picked on this

way—by this fate that directed all this—it seems as if this fate that I make this person out of, is unreasonable—can't handle it right—doesn't seem fair—just goes on in its own stupid way—proud of itself—I picture it quite pleased with itself—it seems to think it is doing things quite well—I am mad that it should be self satisfied—really making a bad job—I would like to show it its mistake—change it—give it a lack of confidence in itself—see the grief that comes into its face—even then it doesn't appreciate it is wrong—after the feeling of sorrow this fate persists in going on thinking it is right—it makes me feel like shaking it—frenzy—show it I am not going to stand for it—see that cruel suffering in its face—at first I feel cruel—then I feel the grief and pain in the other part—seem to pass judgment on fate—I am going to give it one more chance—hope fate will lose.

I pride myself on giving it another chance—know fate will be wrong and I can punish it finally—feel superior, triumphant—get in a position that glows with happiness—as the judge I pick out a block to represent fate—glare at it sternly—it must act properly to this one last chance as I am going to use all my power to crush it. Now there seems to be fear on my part that I have found comfort in the sunlight and won't have any reason to punish fate—won't admit it but feel it way down deep. It doesn't seem right for fate to turn out right when it cheated me in other ways. Still I feel as if I were cheated about this verdict—he seems all powerful now—no one can alter his decision—I try not to get directly in the warmth and sunlight—feel bitterly happy when I am convinced that I can't resume the old feelings again—glare at the block which represents fate—at last I have got it—proved that it was senseless, unjust—even now it won't admit and break down and be sorry. It still holds its head high and is proud of itself—it goes on in that old stupid way as it always has done—I like to delay actually punishing the block—just glare at it with a stern eye—every once in awhile urge myself on with new thoughts about fate's stupidity—so dumb for it not to admit what I have proved to it, that I was right and it was wrong. I squeeze the block tightly and firmly, I am going to make it suffer—to destroy it slowly—to feel pain over a long stretch—to make it break down and feel sorry for the thousand mistakes it has made since it started—I put every bit of strength into it—even shake my head—feel the same sensation in my head as the one I have in my grip. Even now fate hasn't sense enough to see that it is wrong—I bang it down—lift it up—shake it—the block remains so immovable—unharmd—it indicates more than ever that fate re-

fused to see its error—no change of expression—it has the audacity to stand up there and not fear me. It makes me wilder than ever that it isn't afraid—it isn't suffering pain—I bang it down harder—the whole picture drops out of my thoughts about punishing fate—melts away.

Even this is another manifestation of the way fate works against me—it dares to resist—without any ado—I am hurt—can't play there with my blocks—can't do as I please without this person coming in hurting me—I seem so miserable and wretched—cry bitterly to myself—fate is a strong thing—I may exert all my strength and seem to have the upper hand but always something happens—I lose—never can get away from the ceaseless chain of events—how hopeless it leaves me—how terrible that a person like me should be put into such a position and always be so unhappy.

26. *Ego Activities Controlled by the Ego-ideal and the Effort to Integrate Ego Impulses.*

I am lying alone in the crib—everything is comfortable and satisfying—I feel happy—contented with things, but somehow there doesn't seem to be anything to do—things are dull, flat, uninteresting—if I could only get out of my prison, outside my crib into the new places—see new things. It isn't enough to have the respect of things here—I want new worlds to conquer—to have the thrill of dealing with something different where there is some doubt of the outcome, where I can and must use all my energy, give all my attention to things—this world of my own here is too far beneath me, too dull—it never gives me any excitement—these subjects of mine are too weak, inferior—they are old, have lost their interest now that I have conquered them—they take but a small share of my attention and effort—what can I do with the rest? They don't even give me a little excitement—they are hopeless—I get some satisfaction in lying back and paying no attention to them—I am through with them—they are beneath my notice—scornfully I refuse to grant them the favor of my glance.

Now I can feel their sadness, the abject despair that must be theirs now that I have cast them aside—I feel a little pity for them, they are so weakly hopeless—they seem to be looking in vain from one to the other in a frantic attempt to win me back—to do something that will bring them back in my favor—they recognize their weakness—their inability to rise above themselves to the new requirements I have made. With a pitiful little showing of dismay they resign themselves to their hopeless despair—I can feel their sorrow

and I seem to soften towards them—I give them a benevolent, encouraging look of understanding. Now it seems as if two parts of me were acting out the parts of ruler and subjects—one part feels all the unexpected joy, the wild, excited happiness of being raised from despair, of being forgiven and taken back into my affections—the other part feels the glow of pleasure in accepting them back, of granting them a pardon, and feeling the new love that the subjects have for me—I seem to turn from one part to the other: now feeling the wild, reckless joy of the subjects; now the quiet, dignified gratification of the king—I can't stay long in one part—for awhile I feel the peaceful glow of the superior, but soon must turn again to the wildness, the pounding, throbbing, surging joy of the subjects—it seems as if the king were holding down the full force of his feelings—he must appear stern and solemn, even as he feels the happiness of the new affection which his subjects feel for him—I can linger longer in this part, but gradually feel the wild excitement returning and beating down all restraint, and I turn to the part of the thrilling ecstasy of the subjects—feel the exuberance, the darting, shooting sensations, the warm, happy bubbling—then turn back again to the calm dignity of the king—there seems to be a flow of affection between the two parts, and it is all within me—it almost seems as if the subjects and the king together were inside me—gradually the wilder joy dies out and I assume entirely the rôle of king in all his dignity. I settle back and look around at them contentedly—they seem so close to me—I grant them the joy of a friendly glance—pick out one which seems to represent all the others—favor it with an affectionate smile of approval. Now I look proudly around the room and smile happily at everything—I am accepting them all back again in my love—now I seem to dismiss them with a pleasant look of friendship, as if I were too busy to grant them more time—I must go away to bigger and more difficult things—they seem to understand—they are humbly grateful for the wonderful happiness I have given them—they realize that I can only spare this short moment with them and must leave for more important tasks—they know that I'll be back again, though—that they can count on my love—my willingness and ability to protect them and do things for them.

Now I must turn to the bigger things—something to test me, to call for all my attention and effort—but where is it? There is no way of finding it.

I give a start of joy as I hear footsteps approaching—it is mother—that means something new, something different—excitement. I crawl to the end of the crib and kneel against the bars to watch

her come towards me—she is happily surprised to see me there—I watch her closely to see what is coming, hoping for a chance to try myself out—to find excitement. Now she is bending over me and lifts me up into the softness—a wild, surging thrill of joy goes through me, bubbling and pounding. I have left the other world and am giving myself entirely to this delight. I try to hold back the wild, excited feelings of exuberance—try to calm myself to a peaceful, soothing, comfortable feeling—but every once in a while another wild throb goes through me as I realize the happiness to come—not only is everything wonderfully joyful now, but more wonderful pleasure is to come—I am lying easily and contentedly looking up in mother's face. I try to force calmness on myself, to hold back the surging tide of joy that threatens to overwhelm me as I am pressed in to her. And as my face touches the white softness, a wild, ecstatic joy goes through me. There is a hard part buried down there, that I must plunge in for—I grasp it with tight lips as if it might get away from me—closer, tighter I grip it and more firmly circle my lips around it—more, more, more of it in my mouth—feel the softness ripple away as I get more of the firmness—still I try to hold back the wonderful feelings—I set up barriers, walls against my wild, reckless joy—but more and more it swells and surges up, beating, pounding, and finally with one terrific throb they burst out and surge overwhelmingly over everything—nothing can stop the tremendous, passionate fury of their wild rushing—they take everything before them as they surge through me—thrill after thrill goes shooting through me from my feet to the back of my head—it seems as if my stomach were rising up and pressing for one wild moment against my throat, choking me, sending dizzy, floating feelings to my head—and then turning over and sinking gracefully back into place again. Again and again these wildly reckless sensations go through me—no sooner has one started than the next surges up—it doesn't seem as if my stomach could get back into place again before it swells upward again and once more presses against my throat, filling me up entirely—happiness is piled on happiness—it must never stop—not only that but it must always be greater, new thrills, wilder, dizzier, must come—always I must press closer, in further—more of the softness flattened against my face—more of that buried hardness in my mouth, and always the wild rushing of that warm liquid to send me further up to the heights of joy. But now I have reached the peak—the wilder thrills come less frequently—there are many sharp, darting thrills with once in a while a big, slow, pounding throb—as if my stomach were

slowly rising and pressing long and hard for that wonderful, blissful moment and then slowly floating back into place—gradually these feelings are dying out and a gentle, peaceful happiness is taking their place—I am gracefully floating back again to the level of smooth, even contentment—I am satisfied—it is so restful, soothing to lie here and feel the comfortable glow of happiness wrapped around me—I want to make no effort, to bother with nothing except this languid laziness—it is as if something inside of me had produced these thrills and it was tired now—peace—comfort—rest—that's all—I lie in the warm softness—it is enough just to be there, to feel this way.

27. First Realizations of Mother as a Person

I am alone on the floor—delighted with freedom—no longer shut in by those bars—unrestrained—I can do as I please—a wonderful thrill of exuberance goes through me as I realize my new freedom—limitless possibilities—everything looks different, new, interesting—all the things that I've been used to looking at now seem different—new shapes—even my crib over there looks different—impersonal—it might be anybody's crib. I can't keep still—must move quickly and look at things hurriedly for fear of missing something—if I could only go along faster—fly closer to these things, up high and over across the room. Things furthest away attract me most—I can never get to them soon enough—always looking, exploring—then dashing on to something new—there seems to be an infinite number of delightful things—I can never exhaust the supply—I must hurry to take in as much as possible.

Now this room begins to seem more familiar, less startling in its newness—what is beyond? Are there hundreds of other things that I'm missing? I feel an urge to plunge into new discoveries—hesitate—something uncertain about that—as if it were forbidden—it may not prove at all interesting out there—so very unusual and new, perhaps I shouldn't go. The burden of this decision is taken from me as I hear footsteps—mother—she will provide entertainment for me—it's up to her. I settle back expectantly—she is coming—what's wrong? There is a tightness in her face—she is smiling but it isn't the broad, sunny smile I am used to—it brings forth no answering glow of exuberance in me—it is as if she were holding out part of herself—she isn't putting her whole self into this moment together—as she picks me up, I don't feel the thrill of excitement—something mechanical, impersonal about this—I am disappointed that this moment which usually sends happiness tingling all through me

should now seem so lifeless and unexciting—everything is rushed through so quickly—I look up at mother—she is looking away as she carries me along—she is taking me away—she didn't consult me about it—she isn't even considering me—she's going right along, regardless of me. I can't do anything—she's too big and strong—let her do it if she wants to.

It seems as if I were standing away from the mother and child—this isn't I that is being carried so mechanically—the real I is just watching impersonally—these are just two persons of no particular interest to me—I feel neither joy nor sadness—the thing is just happening and I see it. When mother puts me down I seem to become again more than a spectator—I am playing in this scene—a new place, new things—everything is brighter than the other room—here I am with my wish carried out without going through the bother of accomplishing it myself—my decision has been made for me, and here I am to enjoy the wonderful new things—the hard part has been done—now that I'm here, I can settle back to enjoy the new experience—happy, excited at strange new things. A bubbling surge of joy goes through me—I look up at mother to see if she shares my new happiness, if she realizes the splendor of this place—she is paying no attention to me—she is just walking back and forth and around the room—preoccupied—she isn't in the same world as I—that world of our own where each gave himself over entirely to the other and where everything else was shut out—that is gone—we do not see things through the same eyes, as we did before—she now looks at things from her point of view and I from mine—I feel lost, lonely in the strangeness of the situation—cold, as if a warm wrap had dropped from my shoulders.

I notice the huge, black thing near me (stove)—an entirely new shape—little openings here, points jutting out there—shiny spots—huge, yet with a friendliness about it—as if it were going to be my big, goodnatured friend. I feel myself welcomed by this giant—crawl over towards it, feeling the pleasing warmth of it as I approach it—here is friendship, something interesting, curious—I must explore. Suddenly mother comes towards me—she is not smiling—there is a tight, firm expression on her face—wrinkles, grim and dark—she is stern, impersonal. This is not mother—they are trying to deceive me—this is someone they are trying to pass off as mother. They expect me to accept this stranger and put myself entirely in her hands, let myself go—I won't—I am not deceived—I'll not give myself to this person, I'll hold back—but she is big and strong—there is nothing I can do—let her carry me away if she wants to—

I won't bother to get angry about it—let things happen—when they're all through, then I'll see what the situation is.

28. *Self Concern (narcism)*

I am alone in my crib—look around me contentedly—everything is in good order—but there is nothing more to do. I feel as if I had started at the bottom of a pile, a huge burden made up of an infinite number of cares and worries, and the whole unwieldy and overwhelming—now I have gone up through it all, emerged from the pile and am sitting on top of it, master of the situation. I have control of things now—can put my hands on everything—but there is nothing more to do—nothing to try me out—no more struggles, nothing of interest—I wish these things around me would cause more trouble—give me something to exert myself on—I would like to go through another struggle—want to get out of the crib into something new—have freedom and a chance to try myself out.

A sudden thrill of hopeful expectancy goes through me as I hear mother approaching—perhaps this means freedom—at least it means something different—exultantly I watch her come into the room—she is not looking at me—she is moving around the room—I watch her closely—this must mean that something is coming—she must be planning something for me—I watch hopefully every move—a bubbling surge of joy goes through me—my wish is sure to be carried out. I wait expectantly for the realization of my hopes—she is coming over to me—smiling and happy—I feel the same warm feelings going through me—she picks me up and carries me gleefully, and puts me down on the floor. She is down by my side—she is pushing some strange new things around—now she piles them up—she gives me one—it is big and hard to hold—it is slipping—I try to grip it. I am going to show her how I can pile them—she will be proud of me—it is slipping out of my hand—down it goes with a startling crash to the floor—frightened, I look up at her. She looks at me with wide, staring eyes, the “funny look”—my fear turns to laughter—she is laughing—a swell of exuberance passes over me—she understands—we have the same feelings—together—happy—she is standing up now—towering above me, smiling happily. I look up at her, then down at the blocks—what is she going to do? Wondering, I look for some new move from her—she points to the blocks—I grasp one, look up—she is going away—I watch her disappear, then turn to the blocks—take one in my hand—let it slip out and wait expectantly for the crash as it hits the floor—I laugh and feel the same joy as when mother was there. I repeat it, getting a

small thrill, similar to the one when mother made the face—crawl towards other blocks, pushing against them—it is thrilling to feel them pressing on all sides—I like to plunge my hand into the pile of them and feel them against my hand.

Suddenly, it seems as if the blocks were running away in fear, as if I were hurting or frightening them—they seem to have personality—frantically they scurry out of the way—they seem weak, scared—I can feel their unhappiness—they seem so pitiful. Gently I touch one—soothe it—reassure it—I can feel how grateful it must be to have me as a big, strong friend—the surprised, overwhelming joy it must feel at having me as a protector instead of a powerful foe. I lean over it and press my cheek against it—soothing it—making things right for it—then I become stern and threatening, as if to show the block what a big, powerful friend it has—how strong I am and how much authority I can wield.

29. *Invasion of Mother into the Child's World (regression to primary identification)*

I am lying in the crib—mother is in the room—I feel impatient with her—she is spoiling things—interrupts my enjoyment—things in the room don't seem the same—they don't seem like respectful subjects—I seem conscious of the fact that I am small and weak. She rules everything—walks around the room confident. She's invading my world—it makes me uneasy. I wish she would get out and leave me alone. I move around restlessly—why does she have to fuss around so long? I can't do anything but just wait while she is there—feel terribly self-conscious, as if someone were expecting me to do something. I feel humble, ashamed of myself—resentful toward mother that she should put me in this situation. Now she is coming toward me—I hate that smile which she has—a benevolent, superior smile, which emphasizes my weakness and her authority, as if she were granting me something. I twist and wriggle—she bends over me—tries to pick me up—I don't want to be lifted up—treated as a small thing—she seems to think that I want to be treated this way. I want to be left alone and not touched. Yet she still has that smile on her face as if everything was happy and nice—so sure of herself. I kick the crib—I don't want her to bother with me—why can't she see that instead of being so stubborn—so sure that her way is right—that she knows what I want. I struggle against her—can feel her grip tightened on me—it makes me furious—she treats my existence lightly—as if it wasn't the serious thing I feel it is. This is a very important situation. It is very necessary that I stand my

ground—to show her I am not dependent—that I can stand away from her and show her she is not wanted—a very critical situation, yet she treats it as an ordinary thing. She laughs as she picks me up and lifts me high above her head with a big swoop—even the exhilaration I feel makes me angry—angry because she has a weapon with which to win me over—a sensation of happiness and pleasure—I don't want to have it through her—when she forces things on me like this. I don't want her to give me what I can't get myself. I feel myself straining all over—would like to smash and hurt things. I cry out and shriek—anything to disturb things and fight against them—I'll show her that she can't impose things upon me and make me enjoy it—I kick and shriek as she lifts me up again—I'll show her that my existence is not just a trivial thing. If I could only bother her—make some impression—show her she can't lower my dignity this way. Now she has pulled me down into her arms again—holding me against that awful softness—it seems sickening to feel myself held tightly—not able to get away from it—just as I touch the softness it sends a wild fear—a frenzy to get away—not to be pressed against her—a fear to touch her.

Still I can't do anything—feel weak and powerless against this force that holds me there. I have struggled—pushed against it, and it doesn't seem to change the situation at all. I can't hold out any longer—just have to relax. I am crying bitterly because I am forced to accept things—even if I use all my force I am overpowered—it seems as if everything had toppled down—the whole world I had ruled over and felt so sure of—dignity and confidence—independence—all that world that seemed so secure has been smashed to the ground—destroyed beyond repair. I feel sorry for the child in that predicament—sorry for the one treated that way.

Now I seem to gain strength again in the feeling that I have been crushed and every thing smashed around me—angry again—struggle blindly and furiously—strike out with my hands and fists—not caring where they hit—to release that anger that seems to be choking me—just to strike out with all my strength—just letting go entirely—not caring what happens as long as I keep this up—it seems as if every part of my body must be moving—hitting something—feel a glow of satisfaction as I feel the arms tightening around me. It seems to be a recognition of me and my existence, as if I were recognized now as an enemy—as an individual that could put up a fight. Before I seemed such a weakling—now I have risen to a power—an enemy of such strength, worthy of struggle—I'll show her what I am when I resist the opponents that try to stop me. They can't treat me with

scorn or inconsideration—she's got to put every effort to force her will on me and even then I won't stop struggling. The tide of my struggles rise—lift me to new efforts—I seem to be winning—there is a desire to keep on struggling. Now she is holding me very tightly—only my arms and legs are free—can't squirm—kick out—I am surprised at the excited look that comes into her face—it spurs me on to show her some more—that she has someone to reckon with. She can't come in and impose upon me and get away with it. Somehow I can't become as excited—there seems to be a restraint in the way I struggle—I am thinking more of what I am doing—it seems as if now I'll have to aim my blows—I don't want to hit her—it seems as if I had just found out who it was I was struggling against—I had reached a crisis—if I go on any further I have got to cast her aside—hurt and destroy her. I don't know if I want to do that—it would be too great a change—an upheaval to lose her entirely—to cast her aside and lose her for good—it would be turning things upside down entirely to do that—I didn't want a revolution—just wanted to struggle against things—a rebellion—want things almost as they were—but some changes—yet I can't seem to arrange or decide what I do want—I'm sure I don't want her—yet I am sure I don't want to lose her. I want her to be there but not to stand in the way so much—to be in the background—to feel she is there but not to see her—not to be conscious of her presence—yet she can never understand what I want. I've gone so far now I can't go back—I don't want to go on—it seems as if I would just have to give up—relax and let things sweep along as they will—an impossible situation—don't know which way to turn—not sure of anything. I'm tired—it seems as if everything were pressing against me—forcing me—I want to get rid of the burden—I want to relax and let things decide for themselves—just let things happen—it seems as if something terrible were going to happen—as if in the next moment there would be a fury of revenge—as if I had something coming to me—as if I were cowering before a blow which never seems to be struck. Now she is taking me over to my crib—she is putting me down—I look up at her wondering.

What is she going to do? How does she feel toward me? Did I win the struggle and lose her for good? Or did I let her force herself on me? Her face seems so expressionless—it's not the anger or the sorrow that I expected—not the happiness or benevolence that I felt might be there—it is neutral. She walks away leaving things unsettled—hanging in the air—don't know what her position is or what mine is—just left with the situation—what have I done?

What's to come of it? Somehow I feel that the future will be filled with uncertainty.

30. *Re-identification With the Mother in Order to Prevent His Regression and Enable Him to Gain Greater Contact with Reality.*

I am sitting on the floor—everything seems bright and sunny around me, I am playing in a dreamy way—pushing my blocks around the floor—they seem unimportant as if I had bigger things to think of—these were just to idle time away—feel conscious of people looking at me—as if my subjects were watching—admiring me for what I do—I ought to do something to attract their admiration. It seems that just toying with the blocks was a thing for them to watch, because I am doing it, it was important—that feeling that they were watching has taken me out of myself. I can't act natural—must be acting all the time. I must do things to demand their respect. Would like to get away—be alone and do as I feel like doing—enjoy my own feelings—not bother how it looks. Those eyes on me make me uneasy and uncomfortable. I would like to just push them all aside so I couldn't see them—feel irritated toward them that they should be there and have such an influence over what I do—that feeling that they are watching keeps me from staying quietly in one place. I start to crawl around because they seem to expect it of me—I could just feel them watching every move and hear them talking among themselves how I do it. I feel that they must be praising me for the way I do it—I exaggerate every move—carefully place my hands and knees. It does not seem as if my interest is in what I am doing—I look under a big chair—without seeing much or caring about what is underneath. The main thought is that my subjects are watching me exploring around. Now, it begins to look hard to get under there—the sofa appeals to my interest—everything is dark and shut in underneath—I poke my head under—squeeze under—it is dark underneath—a feeling of being shut in and away from everything else. For a time my body and legs don't seem to be a part of me—my shoulders and arms are underneath—it is nice to lie there and enjoy the closeness of it—something exciting about being there—as if forbidden. There is a little feeling of guilt about it—that adds to the excitement. Now I begin to feel my legs outside—become conscious of the eyes once more watching me—they expect me to go on—I squirm under and come out the other side—sort of a cold, fresh feeling, poking my head out.

I am coming back into the world again as if I had been asleep and am now awake—refreshed and alert. I crawl around now with a more definite interest—things around me seem to have an interest

now. I seem to be in a little corner, surrounded by furniture—want to get into the corner—sitting in the corner I feel protected—things around me on all sides, towering above me—I like the feeling of being shut in a small space. I seem so far away from the other things out there—seems as if nothing could get at me—not touch me—just off by myself. Now I am crouching down under the chair again—it seems even better under this one—more shut away. A dusty odor to it—it seems to emphasize the close feeling, as if the air were thick and made a cloud around it. I put my face down to the floor—a soft feeling to it. Yet there isn't the dreamy feeling that I expected, something cold about it in spite of the shut in feeling sends a shiver up my back—I begin to squirm—feel frightened—feel I can't stay there—panicky—must move—I frantically kick and dive and squirm—feel a wild fright now as if something were trying to hold me in there—it grips me in back—it is ready to touch me. I move every part of my body—try to move fast to get as far away and as quickly as possible—my shoulders seem to stick—for a moment it seems as if everything was lost.

That thing is catching up to me—I must move along—make one frantic dive—a final pull—a quick jerk of my legs to get them away. A huge sense of relief comes over me with a sense that I am clear—now I must just relax—lie there and try to be soothed and comforted—just to feel the security of the bright sunlight and the natural friendliness of things around me—it seems as if I were back among friends where things are safe. Even now I do not like to look at that particular part of the room—it might reach out and suck me in under and hold me. I feel frightened when my back is turned to it—as if it might catch me unawares. I face it and back away from it—I am safer now in the sunlight—still a little tingling all over me—it seems as if I couldn't quite get over the effects of it—still a little of it with me, as if that fear were still living. I can't do anything until it dies out. I just lie there and become soothed and comforted by the warmth. I can hear mother coming—a little feeling of relief—absolutely sure now that nothing can happen. At the same time I would like to hide that fear—not let her know what has happened. Suddenly I begin to play with my blocks—resent the way she comes in and looks at me—as if she were suspicious of something, as if she thought she was going to catch me in some weakness—as if she expected it and came in to discover it—as if she were trying to prove I was small and weak and couldn't take care of myself. I look up sullenly as if ready for a fight—she is smiling. I don't feel quite like answering her, as if I had to wait to see how the land lay—as if I couldn't disclose my feelings. I must wait to see what she is

going to do—how she is going to act toward me—she is just standing there looking down at me—I begin to feel that I don't want to resist any more—would like to stop fighting and struggling against her—don't see any way to do it—as if I had made a decision and couldn't back out of it and yet I would like to wipe out all the past and feel easier when I am with her and now feel that I have to build up a wall of defense to feel free and natural. I look up at her, hoping she'll arrange the thing for me. If she would only change things for me—make everything forgotten so that it would be possible for me to give in—so that I wouldn't feel humiliated—as if I were going back on something—as if I were a traitor. If she could just remove this part of me that jeers at me—the part that always reminds me I am giving in—weak and changing—still she doesn't seem to do anything. I begin to feel uneasy and unhappy, as if there were a fight going on inside of me—as if I didn't know what was going to happen—torn up inside—things boiling and bubbling—toiling inside of me—an upheaval of everything—a feeling that no matter what happens it will be wrong for me—no matter which way I turn I will be unhappy. Now she is picking me up—it seems as if that turbulent feeling was all gone now—I am weak and tired, as if the struggle had left me hopeless. I do not care about the subjects around me—about my dignity and importance—just feel that that awful struggle is over. The two walls that we have put up between each other have been knocked down—we won't clash any more—I feel wonderfully happy—it seems as if we were all singing inside—the past has been wiped out. She is sitting down now, holding me on her lap—it seems so comfortable and natural to be there, as if I had been out of place before—everything is so pleasant—everything is singing and joyful. Now I begin to feel the eyes of my subjects again—what if I am doing this—what right have they to criticize—what if they do think I am weak—I can do anything I want. If I feel like doing this, I'll do it—if they have anything to say about it I'll attend to it. I'll show them I am not weak—I am a real king—I have just made a friendly peace. I feel so important as I lie there—as if I were granting a favor—as if she had asked me to be friendly and I had magnificently granted it. I am the one that could have kept fighting on and on—could have overwhelmed everything but I am being kind and benevolent, letting everyone off easily. I enjoy the relaxed feeling—I am safe—secure—at last there is no turmoil—nothing is confused or tangled up now—everything is smooth—regular—as if I were completely filled up with satisfaction. I can settle back contentedly—enjoy what has happened and is happening now. Everything has turned out well because of my skill. Those subjects must feel proud of me—must look up—

respect me—fear me all the more—a joyful glow goes all over me. I feel so wonderfully happy—it seems as if I had been through a storm—wild and whirly, gray and misty—now things have cleared up—brightness and sunniness have broken through—there is an extra sparkle and glitter to everything.

(To be continued)

A FURTHER STUDY OF THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MENTAL DEFECT

(Idiocy, Imbecility and Moronity)

BY

L. Pierce Clark and T. E. Uniker

In a previous article¹ I undertook to show how, theoretically and clinically, we may approximate a psychoanalytic understanding of the nature of idiocy and perhaps in some measure devise therefrom a plan to alleviate this well nigh hopeless state. The study was based upon a single case, analyzed intensively by a modified psychoanalytic procedure. I hazarded the statement that while this initial study was upon a case in which the idiocy was apparently induced by a well defined meningitic lesion, this fact did not preclude the method from being used upon all cases of idiocy whether or not a lesion was present. Furthermore, I ventured to state that it is possible to look upon all forms of mental arrest in a somewhat similar way. The general theory is based upon the assumption that the physical limitations of developmental patterns in themselves may operate like a general, all-embracing lesion of the brain as the ego organ and thus imprison the ego libido, and that the process as a whole may be liberated psychoanalytically so far as the limits of the whole organismic defect may permit.

Of the feeble-minded group, it would seem that the idiot is the most amenable to our system of analysis, not because he is furthest removed from normal adaptations—although this augments his narcissistic tension of libidinal need—but because in the majority of instances he is youthful when first encountered and his system of living is not so rigid or well organized. As with animals, it is the integration of pattern in the idiot that is so difficult to break down in any system of retraining. The protective mechanism of narcissism in these slighter grades of mental defect is tenaciously maintained in spite of the flashes of insight these individuals continually show in analysis. The amount of narcissistic (mother) libidinal counter-transference is here, as elsewhere, our main reliance. Try as one may, in a glaring exhibition of bragging and boasting the patient is

¹ A Psychological Study of the Nature of the Idiot, Archives of Psychoanalysis, October, 1926. General formulation is by Dr. Clark; analytical notes by T. E. Uniker.



The Idiot. By Velasquez. (Vienna Museum.)

lost in the maze of his own narcissistic protection. He is literally intoxicated with rationalizations and justifications and only after he has been given full opportunity to exploit his narcissistic triumphs—like the “Playboy of the Western World”—may one gradually enter his protective system and have him gain insight into the true worth of his accomplishments. This narcissistic state is somewhat similar to that seen in certain types of paranoid schizoids in whom an ever ominous castration is threatened. Sufficient counter-transference is often able to break down these protections of brag and boast.

It may be remembered that the argument in my previous paper ran somewhat as follows: The lowest forms of mental arrest, either with or without patent lesions, psychologically present a singular shut-in or shut-away problem. These charges operate their entire lives upon an extremely infantile basis. They are either incapable of or unwilling to receive experiential knowledge. They seemingly elect to keep as rigidly to their internally conceived world as we do to ours, and perhaps gain an equal satisfaction. The main difference is that the idiot may not be enticed to give up his pre-formed concepts. As a result of his lack of objectivated interest he pays a heavy social penalty. He is inattentive, lacks concentration, has poor memory, indiscriminative judgment and diminished sense functions. Although having little or no object love his desire for narcissistic love knows no bounds. In this latter statement we have the clue to the whole problem. Mental arrest in all forms is a narcissistic neurosis of an intensively infantile type formed as a result of extremely painful castrations from the birth, breast weaning, and napkin fixations. Antedating these, the imperfect intrauterine formation of primary narcissism may be the factor which induces the main defect in the secondary narcissism, as already indicated by my objective libido development. Here we touch something seemingly organic or at least biologically defective inasmuch as the primary endowment of organismic supply of libido is inadequately distributed to the several organs, or is so imprisoned in the vital organs that a free circulation of libido for development does not take place. Thus the inherent organic substrate and the defect in primary libido im-binding may have reciprocal actions to foil our attempts to free our little charges of their unfortunate vital impasse. When we undertake to study the state clinically we find soon after birth a miniature formation of narcissism that appears quite impervious to all outside influence.

We may state the successive steps by which our method of

analytic therapy has been developed. It is perhaps most valuable in the lower grades of mental arrest inasmuch as the tension of libido here is the greater; the higher grades not only are more fixed in static patterns but are also more nearly adapted to our so-called normal patterns of response. The libidinal transference in the latter also may partake more of the nature of object libido transference and thus ally the procedure nearer to that used in the transference neuroses. This fact may render an easier leverage for unwinding the libido binding which is wrapped about the ego. What one loses in looseness of libidinal wrapping in the higher grades may be compensated for by the use of the more potent object libido transference. The first step is the continued individual giving of libido; this results in the analyst being able to peacefully penetrate the narcissistic libido formation about the egoistic interests of the idiot. Then the real struggle begins. The idiot strives to incorporate the gifts of the transference to his own patterns of satisfaction and embrace the whole process as his own special narcissistic triumph. But the analyst keeps a string attached to these gifts and threatens to withdraw them unless certain of his desires are acceded to. The internal struggle then grows more intense, for the idiot is vaguely aware that he must either partly surrender or suffer another castration as initially experienced at birth and the subsequent weanings from the breast and the napkin. Finally his obduracy is overcome and he submits more or less completely to the seduction. This is the first and most important step in the whole process, and if this is not gained further progress is not possible. Supposing this point is accomplished, the next step is to spread the relationship from the analyst to one or two others, either to so-called normal children or to others of a higher mentality than the subject, who may serve as social collaborators. During this second stage successive identifications are formed, and the ego stature thrives apace. Not the least important is the increase of awareness on the part of the subject that he is a specific personality among other personalities. The third step is the ability of the idiot to himself maintain a system of play and work for its own satisfaction in the presence of, but not immediately participating, instructors.

Whenever the objectivated interest lags, the parent or instructor reenters the narcissism and strengthens the outflowing stream of object libido. He sets new objects before the *id* to seduce the libidinal current to reenter the service of objectivated interests. The final step is to induce the idiot to accept symbols of parental libido so that he may continue to develop his objectivated existence without the

analyst, and thus to finally incorporate the narcissistic transference of the analyst (the identification) as an ever present ego ideal within himself, to serve as a mentor to continued development without outside aid. This process is analogous to the successive steps in the normal integration of personality in the infant.

If psychoanalysis is to be considered as solely a procedure as we now use it in the transference neuroses, then this whole process is not strictly psychoanalytic, but if it is capable of being extended to this form of treatment, then the method is really a practical form of psychoanalytic therapy.

We may say that probably all states of mental arrest are subject to mental analysis as well as psychoanalysis; that these conditions are, in terms of dynamic psychology, egoneuroses of narcissistic origin or pathoneuroses of intrauterine life or earliest infancy; that the cerebral lesion or lesions wound the ego organ (the brain) and in consequence the narcissistic libido is imprisoned in these damaged structures, thus preventing free circulation and upbuilding of the psyche. The clinical picture is one of an almost pure form of ego pathoneurosis of infancy as a consequence to this damming up process. Fortunately in the majority of such cases there is some libido not entirely engulfed within the ego; this, however, is largely of the narcissistic type and is to be utilized in the process of retraining and development. We must first give libido to these little charges instead of extracting it by disciplines and commands. Once freed in part by more libido formation in play and personal living advantages the same may once more be gradually placed toward ego development and finally to objective interests and love so that later socialization may be brought about as in normal children. The fault heretofore has been in placing too much stress upon mechanical (physiologic) principles and not upon the libido as the emotional leverage by which the intellect as such may be quickened and made alive. In part this stress laid upon the importance of the emotions is not new in that Itard and many a faithful worker in the educational field for this feeble-minded class have operated practically with the same general results that we desire to bring about. The main contention is, however, that the accent on using the emotions is not on that point alone but in addition should be brought into play in the light of Freud's work in dynamic psychology. Not the least advantage is the influence of reawakened interest which this manner of approach may focus on all teaching for many so-called normal children only a little retarded in mental development in which the ego development is perverted or not properly sublimated into objective interests of normal living.

We may now undertake to give an analytical study of another case (Jack), a boy of thirteen whose mental age is seven years. In many respects, independent of hard and fast rules of classification, he impresses an observer as belonging to a not unusual type of the so-called feeble-minded class.

Here it is possible to note that egoistic patterns of behavior protected and encouraged by the libidinal complement drawn from the primary identification with the mother comes very near to and may be an integral part of the familial inheritance. Just how much the resultant narcissistic neurosis is due to the individual integration and fixation at this level and how much is really due to a defect in a biologic inheritance (organic in our sense) is a mooted question. However, we can gain some idea as to the modifiability of the state by analysis, not that the affect is displaceable or capable of various symbolizations but that its libidinous complement (narcism) is capable of assuring the analyst's inclusion in the system of behaviors in the larger sense of that term. This means in the psychoanalytic sense that the ego formation is still in need of libido and is willing to further extend itself to the analytic identification to gain it. The struggle then begins between a libidinal striving on the part of the ego to incorporate this countertransference of libido of the analyst to the patient's own ends, that is, to maintain the ego formation as it is and not be compelled to diminish or alter the old formation. But the libido deposit or gift has been made on the distinct understanding that a reformation will be undertaken. In the end a compromise formation is reached, the ego is permitted a sort of false triumph of conquest but under the terms of analytic surrender the patient feels obliged to undergo some insight and reconstruction of the ego shown in social behavior. Thus step by step the ego libido inbinding is unwound. First there is seemingly a looser or more modifiable system of concepts formed from the ego projection, then the system breaks up so that the ego libido is transformed into object libidinal interests more and more; in this manner the whole libidinal organization is gradually transformed. We can gain some idea of the degree of modifying the narcissistic state in the beginning by noting the degree of affect generated in the child's egoistic activities and to what degree these cathectating activities stabilize the whole personality. If the sublimation in these carry a large degree of affect and have varied symbolic gratification then we may hopefully analyze such a child.

Rather than give the usual stereotyped description and psychometric tests of this subnormal boy I prefer to give a portraiture of

him in his behavior reactions which will present the salient characteristics which we will undertake to analyze. These main social defects are but a part of the underlying defects which pass insensibly from the narcissistic type of reaction to that which is deeply rooted in the organismic pattern.

Upon first acquaintance Jack gives the appearance of great shyness. With sidelong glances he answers questions shortly and defensively, giving the impression that his companion may be a possible critic. One feels that here is a boy who is perfectly satisfied with what he is and what he knows, that he wants no more and is unwilling to share what he has. If you don't like it, there is certainly someone who does, and you needn't bother him any more. He appears firmly resistant; he is not going to commit himself or loosen up at all until you have shown clearly what you are going to think of him. Once he has been shown definite friendliness and approval without demands on him, he quickly attaches himself to the new acquaintance. He forms an immediate crush, and eagerly looks for opportunities to do favors, run errands, and perform services that are actually very helpful. He lingers around his new friend, displaying his knowledge of adult subjects, boasting quite frankly of his father or of his friends, and telling stories of unusual experiences—all with the firm insistence and dogged resistance to correction that would be expected in one who is sure of himself. Many of his statements defy belief, but despite obvious absurdities and inconsistencies, he continues to stand firm. When confronted with proof or obvious logic, he still maintains that he is right, clutching frantically at his last straw—that things are different in his home town, or, with voice rising higher and higher, that his story is true no matter what is brought to bear against it. He hardens against even the most friendly explanation or instruction, and when all defenses fail breaks into tears and rushes away. Little goes on about the house that Jack does not know about and he adds it to his store of conversation. He stands quietly by, rigidly absorbed, while others discuss plans or exchange experiences; he runs to answer the telephone or listen while others talk; and rarely does a car drive up but that he runs swiftly to meet it, to greet those whom he knows or to stand awkwardly within hearing distance. He is then prepared to exchange his sometimes highly garnished material for the attention and interest of the group. He says with a note of pride, "My father has a Buick," or "My home town has the largest manufacturing plant in the world," or he announces that Mr. Smith is here to see the doctor about his son, or that Jones is going away for a visit next week—all with an ap-

parent feeling of enlargement and self esteem. Authority in any form is repugnant. That he should be required to do anything, "made" to do it, appears to be a violation of his "rights." That he be restrained or enjoined not to do a particular thing is taken as defiling that same sovereignty. "I don't have to do that," "I have a right to do that if I want to," are his usual defenses, as well as "I was always allowed to do that at home"—all spoken in a defiant, back-to-the-wall tone, as if knowing full well that he must submit, but not without this final rebellious gesture. Tantrums are not unusual in his case whenever forcible action is taken to carry out discipline or authority. In these, after his first withdrawal and hardness, he fights stubbornly, viciously kicking, scratching and biting to prevent his defeat, and to punish those who threaten his natural rights. In the matter of personal hygiene he is very negligent. Thorough daily washing, baths, attention to teeth, etc., are difficult to maintain, Jack either evading or lying to the effect that he would attend to it later. Only friendly assurances together with firmness and constant inspection can induce him to take the ordinary steps for cleanliness, and frequently tantrums have arisen in this connection. His boasting, display of superior knowledge and lack of interest in physical games make it difficult for him to get along well with boys of his own age. He cannot play their games nor is he physically equal to the task of competing with them in play. His coördination is poor, he has little sense of rhythm, and his eyesight is defective (he has a double squint). He prefers to be with older people, and excuses his failure to mix with boys on the ground that his doctor told him that sports would be dangerous on account of his eyes. In spite of physical inferiority, however, he asserts himself boldly in play with the boys. He goes out of the way to demand recognition; he is free to warn boys, self-righteously, "Mr. U. said not to do that"; and quite often he spoils boyish pranks or exposes little violations of the rules by telling tales. The boys, disliking him for this and knowing his physical weakness, delight in tormenting him. Deliberate lying, just as it invariably protects him in other situations, goes to whitewash his part in quarrels with boys, and he receives exposure, indictment, censure, all with the shell-like hardness that protects him from every painful recognition of error. He seems not to hear, not to apply the words to himself, not to let them sink in, and he gets out of the way just as quickly as possible, to forget the whole incident. His main interests are in older activities. He likes to study, to read, and to discuss adult subjects. His one sport is swimming, at which he does rather well. Walks with older

people, nature study and gathering flowers, constitute his present interests.

First Month: During his first session with the analyst Jack showed a lack of concentration, answered briefly in monosyllables and seemed to have no idea that there was anything wrong with him. He said he felt perfectly all right and liked his surroundings as they were so different from his school. At the very outset the analysis brought out an apparently insuperable castration fear, shown in feelings of loneliness, glossolalia and a torrential outpouring of narcissistic material.

When asked to tell about his school life, he spoke of his feelings about certain teachers. He said they seemed to be cross, and they insisted he was doing wrong by not keeping up with his work, therefore he couldn't like anyone who had attitudes like that. He appeared rather set and rigid and gave the impression of being interested in grown-up ideas. He likes to be around adults and expresses his ideas freely to them. He breaks into their conversation, and corrects them with a feeling of assurance. He adheres rigidly to suggestions made by his mother, and openly declares what he is going to do. He tells of his likes and dislikes with an air of finality that there should be no question about them.

During the first three weeks Jack continually asked that we ask his parents to permit him to remain, but so soon as they arrived on a visit he decided he would like to return home with them. When they told him they had decided to let him stay he cried and became much perturbed, and it was some time before it was possible to get him to quiet down. This attitude was taken up in analysis, and at once he became quiet, and presently began to cry. It was some time before he could talk about it at all. He had various excuses to offer as to why he wanted to go home: the teachers were begging him to come back, he wanted to be with his friends, there was more to do at home. Finally he admitted that he was lonesome and homesick after he had seen his parents. After this admission he was able to tell more of his early attachment to his parents, especially his mother, and how disturbed he would get if anyone interrupted him while he was talking to her. The analyst continued to talk about this early attachment, and he gave data both from memory and by phantasy.

In Jack's account of his lonesome feelings he said, "When I am away for a long period of time without seeing father or mother it makes me feel lonesome because I have never left home for so long a time before last summer when I was away at camp. The reason I

feel lonely is because I like to help mother and be near her. I like to help her when she hasn't any maid. When I feel lonesome I don't like to talk to anybody or have anybody talk to me about it. When anybody talks to me about it it makes me feel very bad—it kind of gets on my nerves and makes me feel grouchy. The reason I have lonesome feelings is because I have not gotten out of the habit of always wanting to be with mother when I was a little baby. When I am lonesome I feel nervous and sick, don't feel right, and when I am like that I don't feel like being with other boys—like to be by myself, alone, where I can cry if I want to and talk to myself. The time I feel lonesome is when I get letters from home, and when I see mother and father. I feel as if I ought to be home helping mother. When I get letters it makes me want to go home. When my big sister writes she says I wish you were back home, and that always makes me want to go home more than ever. I like to be home at my own Sunday School where I know everybody but when I am doing things I don't feel lonesome or homesick because I am doing something which I like and cannot do at home, like basketry or wood-carving or analysis."

The analyst asks him to describe the way a little baby feels towards its mother, and he gives the following: "A little baby always wants to be near his mother. He likes his mother to cuddle him and read to him. He doesn't like her out of his sight. If the mother should happen to go out and he wants her he would begin to cry, because he always wants to go with her. He is very much disappointed if he cannot go. When he cries when mother goes out, why somebody always has to comfort him. The reason boys and girls get lonesome is because they have not grown out of their baby habit of always wanting to be with the mother, and maybe because children are brought up differently, like I know a boy who cannot play on Sunday, but I can. His mother must be very strict."

When Jack was asked why he exaggerated the truth, he said: "Well, before I was a Scout I used to tell lies—my teachers couldn't tell when I was telling the truth, I used to tell lots of lies, didn't know any better, don't know what they were about and can't remember—mother used to tell me I was telling lies—she would punish me. I can't remember what the lies were about—I don't want to remember them, they're bad. I do not think it is so bad to lie because you do it when you don't know it. You are not conscious of the fact that you are doing it. It is just a disease. People don't mean to lie, some people get fun out of lying. When I became a Scout I broke myself of it. I do not think it is right for parents to punish their

children when they lie, because they do not mean it, because it is not their fault. It is something in your heart that makes you lie and you cannot get it out of you fast enough. You have got to dig and dig till you have got it up. Don't bury it in the cellar—bring it up. I don't like anybody to speak crossly to me as it makes me mad, and I just want to call them down for it. The person that has been cross to me is my gym teacher. I just feel like calling him all sorts of things. I don't do it, because it would not be polite in front of a class or in public, so I keep still. Another way my gym teacher makes me mad and cross is when he won't accept the excuse my mother writes. He will only take them from the doctor. I've told him he won't get any, and that might as well be understood right now. It costs a lot of money every time you go to the school doctor. I don't know what he thinks of me, probably thinks I am getting too smart. I don't think that the boys in the school pay any attention to the boys that get too smart. I know that I don't pay any attention to them. Lying is a very bad habit to get into, you should try and break yourself of it."

The analyst asks Jack to give the reason why some boys like to boast. "Why, they want to attract all the attention and try to be smart—they say this and they say that, and probably some of the things are not true. The boys in school don't like to have anything to do with them. They just like to feel as if they knew it all and act as if they were everything. The boys that boast sometimes go a little too far and get in Dutch. The other boys don't pay the least attention to them. The boys that boast like to tell everything that they've done and their fathers have done this and have done that. But the other boys will have nothing to do with them. Bragging and boasting seems to me is a very bad habit and it is hard to cure them of it. The other boys are not the least bit interested in what they say, because it is mostly fake anyhow. They don't know what other men have done and are doing, they are just interested in their own fathers and families. I know sometimes I brag but I have tried to cure myself of it, because I want to get along with the other boys and don't want to try to be smart and attract all the attention. I don't want to tell other boys about my family affairs, because that is private and not public."

The foregoing is a rationalization upon the analytic situation. It is as much a resistance as though it were directly oppositional. It means that the boy's unconscious desire is to economize his efforts by accepting the analysis in toto. It is as though the narcissism, apprehensive of some injury by a too critical attitude in the analysis,

quickly renders the criticism negligible by hastily assuming the new position in advance and thus preventing a threatened or actual castration. This is an invariable form of real resistance wherever narcissistic neuroses are analyzed. It is essentially the meaning one is to infer from what Freud states about the narcissists—they say many things but not in answer to our questions.

Again and again Jack showed that he considered himself quite perfect. Up to this point the analysis was made up of conscious rationalization and specious bombast. These sessions were all the more noteworthy in contrast to the pitiable opposite productions under a specie of narcissistic transference with more libido proffered and greater care taken against narcissistic wounding.

The analyst suggests that Jack give an account of what the talks mean to him. He begins to speak slowly. "Well, it can help me in many ways—in being more sociable—to get along better—help me do more—to know what's going on inside of my mind—and writing about analysis helps me to remember what it is all about—helps draw out things that are bad for me inside and to keep things inside that ought to stay in."

Here the analyst says, "How about the lonesomeness?" He hesitates, gets restless, puts his foot on the doorknob near the couch and bangs the door with his shoe. The analyst suggests that he assume a more comfortable position. He quickly complies with this request and slowly begins: "Analysis helps me forget my lonesomeness—takes my mind off it—it's something inside me that has to be brought out—like when father and mother are not with me." His voice begins to shake with emotion, tears come to his eyes; there is a long wait.

The analyst suggests that he give a phantasy of the mother and child. The tremor in his voice disappears, the restlessness passes off, he settles himself in a recumbent position with his left hand snugly pressed against his buttocks and with the right hand he makes rapid caressing motions across his forehead. "The mother is holding the child—the child is happy because it's near the mother—it's protected—it's now nursing—and soon feels as if it wants to sleep." Here the patient stops the motion with his right hand and presses both hands against his buttocks occasionally making a patting motion by giving a firm pressure at frequent intervals. He resumes: "The child loves to be in the mother's arms, but does not want to be fussed with—likes to be left alone—hates the smell of the dirty diapers, but doesn't want to be changed—too much trouble—cries when he is changed because he doesn't want to be fussed with." There is a long

wait; he says he cannot think of any more. The analyst asks why he is sitting on his hands and why he presses them against his buttocks so regularly. He hesitates, opens and closes his eyes, rotates his head from side to side several times and in an annoyed tone says: "Don't know—did it without thinking—didn't know I was doing it—something to do—feels good—gives me something to do with my hands." As he shows resistance about continuing the analysis the interview ends. He hurries away. Later he meets the analyst and says he wants to start a newsstand for the group, sell them cigarettes, candy, paper and magazines, and he is encouraged in such a plan.

The following night he had a dream which he reported as follows: "Steve (fellow patient) came to my house in Jersey; we went out together to Coney Island, saw all the amusements—didn't get home until twelve o'clock the next day. Then we had a bridge party—a number of men friends at it—had a good time—next day he came back here. I went to New York to the Grand Central with him, and visited my aunt and returned home the next day."

He gave the following associations on the dream content: "I like Steve—he's always nice and cheerful and willing to do things for you—anything you suggest he'd do for you—play bridge or anything. The neighbors next door are nice, I want to get back to say goodbye to them before they leave for Florida. I always like people who are nice and willing—who are not cross—who are thrifty—one thing about Steve that is not like other people, he spends his money for ice cream every time I go downtown with him. He'd feel bad if I didn't take it—don't want to make him feel bad—all the people here are nice and kind and willing to help me—like mother and father—they are always nice."

He is asked what the dream means to him, and he says, "Sort of a phantasy—Jim was reading things to us last night—one thing he told us about is like my case—not wanting to break away from my mother—he explained it to me—thought it was all very interesting." Tears come to his eyes.

He goes over the infant and mother relationship as he understands it and gives a good account. He is crying and seems restless and under a tension but finally goes on: "My energy to do things—something inside me that causes me to do things—part of me that can't break away from mother—I must dream a lot, it affects me in the way that I want to be with mother—a part of me that hasn't grown up—that's the part I have to get out—have to break down so I can build up a new self—so I can get along better with people—

go on and do things—most of my energy seems to want to be close to my mother—to be with people who are nice and kind and pleasant and willing to do things like mother.”

The analyst asks what he can do with the part that wants to be with mother. He says: “Have to break it down—my conscious mind wants to get well, but the unconscious mind says: ‘I don’t want to get well.’ But I feel my conscious mind and unconscious mind both want analysis and to get well. I feel my case is nervousness and it is hard to concentrate—I do things—keep my hands in my pockets—twitching—moving about—my conscious mind doesn’t know what I’m doing.”

He was asked how he was going to find out what these things meant, and he said, “Dig it out gradually.” The analyst then asks: “How about your habit of having your hands in your pockets?” The boy hesitates, and after much thought replies, “Well, I don’t know I do it—know it doesn’t look nice to other people—nothing in my pockets—gives me something to do—better than not having anything to do—it’s warm in there—like to be warm—keeps out the cold and wet—like to be warm all over—makes me feel more comfortable—like babies—all babies like to be warm—they like the same thickness all over them—not warm one spot and cold in another—like to have someone around them all the time—play with them—be kind to them—warm all the time.” He shows resistance here, frowns and says, “That’s all.” After a while he adds, however, “I have been forbidden to rub the thing down there—mother said it would cause injury that might need a serious operation—and I don’t want that to happen—I use bad words when I’m mad—now it’s not nice—nice people don’t do such things—I try not to use such words any more.”

Under a generous amount of counter-transference (narcistic libido) the boy partially exposes the nature of his narcistic defect, but as though remotely aware that some new demands might be made upon the ego he presents a series of good-natured rationalizations that the demand may be delayed or put off to some future time. Again, at times still more generous narcistic transference (analytic) is needed to penetrate the central nucleus of allmacht, and later analytic situations will show how this is done without personal injury to the ego or without the narcism being wounded unduly. From now on two attitudes of approach to the analysis are undertaken: the one a direct analysis of the symptomatic behavior reactions that are present, and the other by a purely phantasy formation of the infantile castrations; in other words, the analyst steals in upon the

entrenchments or flanks the narcissism and gains direct access to the ego. The latter method permits access to the primary material other than the reaction symptom of the present behavior difficulties.

In a following session it was suggested that they take up general restlessness and types of habit movements for analysis. He seemed confused. The analyst explained several times and he said, "I don't know that I do anything." He seemed tense. The analyst suggested that he tell how he likes to see boys act. At once he was able to give a complete outline of proper social behavior. The analyst now asks if he believes in this and he quickly says he does. Then he asks if the patient himself acts in this way. He says he thinks he does as far as he knows. His attention is then called to one or two acts that have been observed. His tone immediately gets hard; he begins to kick the doorknob and rubs his shoes up and down the wall. When his attention is directed to this he says he didn't know he was doing it. The analyst asks what he thinks about it. He makes no reply, but starts kicking both feet out with great force not unlike an infant in a tantrum. It is apparent the technique on the part of the analyst calls for too personal an indictment. The analyst now modifies his inquiry and asks him what his mother likes in the way of social behavior. The tenseness leaves, and he gives a detailed outline that compares with his own opinion of what he thinks is right. The analyst now says, "If mother likes it this way, what would be a good plan to follow?" He has softened up considerably, tears are in his eyes as he replies: "Do as she would like—I always try to do as mother likes—want to be nice to her—help her in every way—but I forget—I don't know I do things—guess it's nervousness."

Next day he went downtown to purchase some articles of clothing. As his companion walked along the street he kept a tight hold of his arm. He hurried about while in the stores, showing no sense of direction and rushing here and there in childish fashion. When it was time to leave the store he rushed towards the door, bumping into people but making no apologies, and rushed out.

In the next session he is asked to give a review of what they did from the time they left the house until their return from the shopping trip. He gave a fairly accurate account of the trip. Next the analyst asked about his behavior. He described it as a normal boy should act, apparently having no knowledge of the various mannerisms mentioned above. The analyst takes them one by one, first being careful to ask his opinion of what his mother would think was right. In

this way much of the tenseness was avoided and he showed more willingness to coöperate under this form of approach.

Next they take up his wish to have hold of someone when he is in crowds, and he says, "I don't want to get separated—I know what to do if I get lost, but am bashful about asking what to do—fear I'd get lost from mother—would want to get back to her—I'm nervous about going around by myself—always have a little card in my pocket so if I get lost people will know where to send me. If I did get lost, I'd feel lonely—cry—feel lost—try hard to get back to her. I'm all right in crowds in the theatre—there you have a seat but in a big crowd—rush hour—people push you—step on your feet—you might get run over—I've been in rush hours coming home from Brooklyn from my aunt's—it was awful—I felt as if I were going to be crushed—felt better when I had a seat—don't want to be trampled on."

He was asked to give a phantasy of a young boy lost, and he gave the following: "He would yell—scream—if small he wouldn't know where to go—police would take him to the station house—try to find out who his mother was—the Traveler's Aid Secretary might help him—he might get run over—cry—be in despair—wait until his mother came—but I don't think any child could get separated from his mother because the mother would hold on to him all the time."

Now asked to picture the mother having the child in a room, playing on the floor, he says, "The baby is interested in his toys, and would not mind it if the mother came back soon, if not, he'd soon tire of his toys—want her—cry—think she ought to come—would cry harder—get mad—make a big fuss—make a lot of noise until she did come."

He was asked if he saw any similarity between the latter reaction and his own subjective feelings. He said, "Yes—I suppose so—I haven't had much experience and until I do, I suppose I'll be afraid—the way to do is to go about a lot until you know everything and then you know just what to do."

The analyst suggests that they go over anti-social traits. He says he does not know anything that requires correction and thinks he is all right in every way. It is suggested that they try to see what sort of behavior mother and father would like. He hesitates and begins to cry. He is asked to tell about the sad feeling, and he says: "The reason why I feel sad and why I'd like to cry is because you mention the name mother or father. When you do that it reminds me of home and I like to forget home, and do the best I can here."

It makes me think of things that are going on at home, and it makes me feel homesick for that particular thing."

The patient quickly suppresses his emotion and asks what father has said about a job this summer. He says he wants to get to work. When asked what he would like to do, he mentions newspaper boy, elevator boy, and operating a typewriter in his father's office. He is asked to tell what he thinks are the necessary requirements for these jobs, and he gives them accurately. Soon he realizes that to be an elevator boy is just a little beyond his ability, so he centers his drive on the newspaper service.

His own notes covering this point follow:

"I have been thinking very seriously about getting a job as a Western Union Messenger, because it keeps you outdoors a lot, and you have a bicycle, and you have a course in telegraphy free. It is a very good job, because there is nothing better than being outdoors in the good air. There is nothing better I would like to do on nice days than ride a bicycle. I think telegraphy takes a good deal of patience, because you have to learn the code and you have to concentrate on it, and not let your mind wander off, and it keeps you busy—it keeps you from getting homesick, and that is what I want—something that will keep me busy and keep me from getting homesick. You have to be able to add and make change quickly without hesitating any. You have to be right on the job ready because you are sent out with messages or telegrams. I think a job of that kind would be very good for me. I think I am old enough now so that I can have a job that would occupy my time. I think any job would be good enough—I have had several ideas about jobs that are all good and a good salary."

Next day Jack was very anxious to have his analysis. He asks the analyst to read his notes of the previous day's analysis. It is noted that he has given a very brief description of the sad and depressed feelings and has enlarged upon what he wishes and desires. This point is taken up. He becomes restless, frowns and finally says, "I don't want to talk about such things, because they make me feel lonesome inside and I want to forget them." The analyst talks about forcibly forgetting things and he concludes it is best to learn why he wishes to put disagreeable thoughts out of his head, so they begin to talk of lonesomeness. He says, "The first time I ever felt lonesome and blue was when I went away to camp last year. It was the first time I was ever away from home. It was all right for a week or so, but then I began to wish my parents could visit me—but they couldn't come—it made me feel more homesick when other boys'

parents visited them—then one day I got a phone message from an aunt, that made me feel better, then a cousin of mine arrived at the camp. I was better after that—it all reminds me of what I said the other day—there's a part of me that does not want to leave my mother—(long wait—he says he cannot remember any more. The analyst suggests a phantasy of a little boy being separated from his mother). The boy would feel lonesome—feel he ought to go with his mother—he'd feel mad too—cry—but his mother would say he couldn't come this time—the boy is still mad—mother goes away—the boy doesn't know what to do—tries to forget it—puts it out of his head—finally he goes out with boys and forgets it."

The analyst happened to be the one who tried to induce Jack to take a bath. He grumbled and lost his temper, but after a while submitted. This was taken up in analysis. He said, "Well, I just didn't want to have people tell me what to do—I know what to do, and can do it. When I'm home my mother doesn't know how many baths I take—she doesn't care." It was evident he was hardening, so the analyst said, "I don't think boys like to take baths anyway—used to like to get dirty myself when I was a boy. Did you ever feel that way?" He looked up rather shyly, as if fearful of indictment, and in rather a reluctant tone said, "Yes, I don't like to be bothered—that's the way it was when I was home—I'd be doing something, and then mother would say she wanted me to do something for her and I'd say, 'Just a minute' and then she'd say, 'No, come right now.' Then I'd get mad at her and sass her back, didn't want to leave what I was doing—then she'd get mad at me because I sassed her—then she'd come and get me and punish me by locking me in my room, and then I'd cry and holler—kick—knock down the door." Up to this point the boy had been claiming over and over again that everything was serene and perfect in his relations with his family.

Here the analyst said, "No—you didn't really knock down the door, did you? How could you knock down the door?" He became alert at once, his face brightened and with a mischievous smile he said, "Sure, I kicked it down—kicked the panel right out—the door is thin there and I kicked it right out." Once more the analyst said, "Gee, you don't mean to say so." "Sure I did, and I used to break windows, too—slam doors—break anything I could get my hands on, I was so mad—sure I did—you don't believe me, eh?" The analyst replied, "Yes, I guess you did—how did you ever do it?" "Why, I was just mad and I kicked and kicked until I kicked a hole in the door." The analyst assumes an expression of surprise and says, "I wonder why you did that?" The boy's arrogant attitude

disappears, and he looks just a little hurt as he answers, "Because I was mad, of course." The analyst then says, "I wonder what your mother did?" He hesitates before he finally answers, "Well, she got mad, too—put me in another room—told me if I didn't keep still she'd make me go to bed and stay all day. I cried some more—hollered and screamed, and finally she came in and began talking and then I seemed to calm down." Then in a hurt tone, as the analyst wonders why boys get mad like that, he says, "I don't know—want their own way I guess—don't know any better." He is asked if mother ever gets cross with him. "Yes, when I lie—she has punished me—so has daddy—for the same reason." There was a complete amnesia for any specific episodes. When the analyst pressed the point he became restless, began to kick the doorknob, rub his shoes together, pat his forehead and finally put both hands under his buttocks. When the analyst pressed for details of lies and the parents' reactions, he replied by saying he could remember nothing. He asked if he could go to the toilet. The analyst suggested that he wait until after analysis. He then said he couldn't wait. He frowned, looked away, and the analyst suggested that he give a phantasy of a boy telling a lie. He said, "Well the boy comes in the room—mother asks him where he has been. The boy says he has been visiting a friend's house. Mother looks at him, tells him there is something in his eyes that tells her he is lying. The boy says he isn't. The mother insists that he is lying and demands the truth—tells him he will be punished if he doesn't tell the truth. Then the boy says he has been to the movies. The mother asks why he hadn't told the truth in the first place. The boy is mad now and says, 'Because I didn't feel like it.' The mother says, 'Just for that you won't go to the movies for two weeks.' The boy says, 'Is that so?' The mother says, 'Don't talk to me that way. You go to your room.' The boy says, 'Oh, go to and stay put,' and walks out of the house. He walks about the yard, he feels he hasn't acted nice to his mother, wishes she would forgive him, wants to tell her he is sorry, but is bashful about it." Here he says, 'Can I go to the toilet now?' He is asked to complete the phantasy, and he resumes, "Well, finally I go in the house slowly, tell mother I'm sorry for what I have said—realize it's low talk—ask her to forgive me. She says 'All right,' and puts her arm around me. I feel better—go out feeling I have done the right thing."

Here he was asked to tell why a boy could love his mother so dearly and at times be cross with her, call her names, etc. After a long wait and restless movements he finally says: "Well, because he doesn't

know any better—I don't know why he is that way—know he wants to be near her—feels he needs her—don't know why he should be mean to her." The interview ends here and he says he'll take up the last question in the next analysis.

Patient's Written Account of Analysis: "This lonesome feeling is a funny thing but I think the best way to get at it is through phantasies. When I was at camp I was sick and I wanted mother. I suppose all children do that, I think. It seems to me when a person has nothing to do, or nowhere to go when he is a long way from home, that he'd like to be home where there is more doing. It carries me back to the days when I was a small child, and I always wanted to have my mother near—it is the same thing. I suppose part of my lonesomeness is because my subconscious mind doesn't want to grow up and my conscious mind does. If we could only find out what it is in my subconscious mind. When a person feels lonesome and homesick, he feels blue and kind of queer. He doesn't feel like what he does ordinarily. These phantasies are sort of helping me to get at that thing in my subconscious mind that doesn't want to grow up. It is finding out what that thing is, and digging it out gradually, but yet my conscious mind wants to grow up too fast—it should not grow up too fast. I should just take it gradually, my subconscious mind has just started to grow up now that I am being analyzed, getting the things that are in me out of my system. I think that once we get down into my subconscious mind, we will be able to get at it."

Second Month. Lonesomeness is suggested as phantasy material. Jack was slow in getting started, his voice was shaky and he seemed cross but finally said in jerky tones, "Boy is blue—just sits around—feels sad—like a good for nothing—sad and blue—wants to cry—thinking about home—how glad he'd be to get there—thinking about his father and mother—wanting to be near them. [There is a long wait; his finger is in his mouth and he repeats he can't do any more, then begins to find fault with many things]. We haven't the right sort of books here, even mother and father say they are surprised at the kind of books we have—I want to go home to join the church, I've written to my minister to come here and see me and talk about joining the church—I want the local minister to call on me here and meet my minister from home.

Two days later the local minister called. Jack was elated and went about saying what a wonderful visit he had had, it made the day perfectly happy. He kept repeating this to everyone with whom he came in contact. Next day during the interview he talked about religion, said he wanted to know who Christ was, thought he was a

spirit, but had heard he was a man, human like anyone else. After a general talk about this, he became more receptive to the work at hand, and said there was one thing he wanted to get over,—that was breaking into other people's conversation. He said he had been doing it for a long time, that he knew it was wrong and felt he was not doing it as much now as he did when he first came.

He was asked to give a phantasy of a boy who did this, and he gave the following: "He's trying to be the whole show—trying to make people believe he knows as much as they know—wants to feel as big as they do—guess it's because he wants to feel he is noticed, and made a lot of—I don't feel I want that, but I know I do butt into other people's conversation, and I want to stop it. I know I don't do it as much as I did, when I first came." His written notes on this interview follow:

Things I Can Improve On: I could improve in table manners and I can improve in not talking too much, and butting into other people's conversations. I know that when I go out in public I must have polite table manners, and I think it is just about time I began to learn. I know I have been asked several times not to smack my lips. I know it is very impolite and not a very nice thing to hear. I am not conscious of the fact that I am doing it. I can improve on courtesy, by letting the ladies out of the door and the men last and by holding the door for the person who is going out. I could improve in tidiness by keeping everything neat and tidy and keeping myself neat and tidy. I could improve in respectfulness by being truthful so people can trust me. I could improve in interest and not have the interesting things that grown-ups talk about, but have the interest of boys my age—that they talk about, and show more interest in trying to find out what the lonesomeness is and what causes it. I could improve in education—that is, getting my lessons better and having more interest in them, and learning more and more. I can improve in nature study, by learning more and more about the animals and birds and studying their lives, and lives of not only animals and birds but flowers and trees and insects and butterflies.

Following the talk that brought out the above notes, Jack cleared up his belongings, cut out pictures, arranged them on the wall and improved the general appearance of his room very much. It was also noticed that he improved in his personal appearance. He was more cheerful and anxious to have further talks on how to improve on the many things he feels require correction.

It is noteworthy that so soon as the analysis is at all effective and the affect as regards his conduct disorder is in part readjusted, there

is an almost immediate shifting of desire for sublimation in types of egoistic outlets that are socially more compatible and of greater personal satisfaction. That these activities at the present degree of insight are short-lived is what might be expected. Still there is a keen and continued demand that the narcissism shall be protected from a too severe and exhausting castration.

A few days later Jack brought in a letter from his father in answer to several he had written about starting a store at home. The father wrote explaining the business side of such a proposition and suggested that Jack think over the points mentioned, and then write to him about it. The analyst went over each fact recorded in the father's letter and Jack was permitted to give his views and explanations. He accepted the father's ideas, said he could see now he was wrong, and that the letter had taught him many things. He was instructed to answer the letter, incorporating the notes he had taken during the interview and to turn in the letter for inspection. He did this. It was noted that he had gained the essential points, but showed no idea of how to put them into action. It took fifteen minutes of actual demonstration to convince him that if he bought fifteen papers for ten cents each, and sold them for eleven cents each, he would make only fifteen cents. He insisted that eleven times fifteen was a dollar and sixty-five cents, and that that was the amount he would make. When he finally did see, he showed no affect whatever, put down the right answer and said he had to post the letter right away as the postman would be along any minute.

In this letter he spoke of his lonesomeness and how he was going to try hard to get over it. He had softened up considerably, and was able to do much better work the next day. As usual his content consisted of quickly giving material that had already been recorded on this point. At the end he was asked what he thought about it all, and he quickly answered that the phantasy picture was exactly like he was, that he was sure now there was a part of him that did not want to grow up.

Jack continued to show considerable enthusiasm about starting a small store this summer, so he was permitted to outline what plans he thought were necessary in order to accomplish it. It was found he lacked judgment and was guided entirely by his wishes and phantasy. Each statement was taken up for a full analysis. He failed to see the logical findings in many instances, but finally accepted the conclusions. Instead of having a store, he concluded that a nice stall built on his father's property, which is centrally located, will serve as a proper start. The analyst helped him to draw

a plan of this stall and in phantasy they open up a business. They have ten dollars' capital and buy stock—people come and make purchases—pay cash and must be given change. Here he falls down completely—can only make change for small amounts. When they reach a dollar or over, the problem is too much. He admits he has to gain a better knowledge of this part of the business. They decide to make money out of cardboard, and practice making change. In the meantime the method is carried out as a form of mental arithmetic. It is evident that he does better with concrete matter.

Third Month: For the first time during the analyses Jack recognizes a deep wound to the narcissism when he found he could not keep up to the other boys in games and sports. This has existed as long as he can remember. His inability to see well or to coördinate properly made him feel he could not compete with his young companions. He took on a dislike for the things he could not do well and then began to associate with older people and take on their ways hoping to appear superior in things the boys could not do at all, failing to realize that they were not interested in such adult interests. In this respect his apparent superiority has failed to give him as much satisfaction as he desired. As a further defense mechanism he blames the family physician and parents for preventing him from engaging in childish games and occupations as far as he was capable. He has been terribly hurt about his eyes and resents having anyone make any comment on them and says he is willing to continue the exercises prescribed by the oculist to correct the squint.

During an interview with the parents, they asked him something about the store business, making change, etc. He made several glaring errors, and when they were pointed out, he at once made excuses that the school system was bad and that both his teacher and the principal agreed on this point. They all had a rather frank talk, in which the parents explained traits they observed in him, and hoped he would try to recognize them and correct them. Tears came to the boy's eyes, his voice trembled, and he became restless.

The Monday following his parents' visit he gave a very good account of the interview saying it looked as if he was trying to argue. The analyst talked about this tendency to argue. At first he showed resistance, saying he doesn't do it very often, but after awhile, he admitted it always comes up when he finds he can't do things as well as other people and he tries to shift the blame on someone else. He recognized this fact, but without any affect. The analyst then goes directly into the things he does well, and things he does not do well. He begins to recognize a thin, superficial knowledge of many things,

but not sufficiently to permit him to put any of them to practical use. Here he defends himself on the grounds that his general health and his eyes have played a part in producing this backwardness. They have a general talk about his insistent attitude toward his parents regarding his wants. They go over his reactions covering this attitude at a very young period. Direct memory recall fails to bring out a very clear picture, but in phantasy, this trait is clearly defined. He tells the story without any affect, and fails to note any similarity between the phantasy and his own reactions. The same is true of gross errors; he fails to note the defect as his own, and some defense mechanism immediately comes to his aid.

Three days later Jack came in for his interview in a cheerful mood; he said he was feeling much better. He said the lonesomeness was not so bad now that he had seen his parents. The analyst asks him to tell just how this has helped remove the lonesomeness and he says, "Well, I feel happier now that I've seen them and talked with them and heard all the news from home."

He finally decides that the home news is not so important as seeing the parents. This causes him to open up an account of his desire to be near his parents, how he likes that better than anything else. He likes many other things, but tires of them quickly, unless the parents are with him. He calls to mind his inability to finish things he starts, he loses interest quickly unless someone is at hand to help him. He has spurts of enthusiasm which die as soon as he has to work out the problem himself. He says if his parents or anyone he likes will work with him, he is all right, but cannot seem to make a go of it alone. He is unable to give any associations here that might show a connection, so he is asked to phantasy. Here he quickly sees the baby has the same reactions, but even when asked to explain the similarity, he shows no affect or interest—just says they look the same. This is apparently not concrete enough and the analyst has to point out personal behavior reactions. As he comprehends tears come to his eyes. The analyst talks about the tears and finally after twenty minutes, he admits that he doesn't think quickly, that it is harder for him to do things than most boys. The analyst talks of bluffing. He tightens up, but after a time he admits this trait, and says he wants to find out why he is that way.

He has at last begun to tell of early disappointments at not being able to play as well as other boys. His eyes or his hands or something about him would not let him fit in well with the games boys played; he felt hurt, but soon placed all the blame on his doctor, who said he could not play games on account of his eyes and heart.

There is no animosity expressed toward the doctor or parents, but a growing disdain for people his own age. He soon began to feel that he was better than the boys and girls, knew more than they did, and this made him feel he was above joining in their activities. About this time he began to notice he exaggerated his real abilities, and derived pleasure from telling he did things he knew he could not do. It was very hard for him to tell this, and he passed over it quickly. He finds he kept near grown-up people, for they had more patience with him, were nicer to him, and didn't do the things he couldn't do, or at least didn't expect so much of him. This material opens up the field of early memories of his poor contact with children, and poor adaptation to changes of any sort. He says he can tell lots more about this, and now has expressed the wish to be able to do things his doctors have told him he must never do—namely to try to do the best he can and learn to improve his vision and physical coördination.

In an analytic session he gives the following: "The boys began picking on me, tried to fight with me—teased me—called me names—long eyes—cross eyes—I always said, 'I won't pay any attention—won't listen to you.' It doesn't hurt me when people call me names. I found I could not play as well as other boys—wished I could though—sat and looked on—wished I could play—and then I got so I didn't care whether I could play or not. Now I go to see games—am interested and get a lot of fun out of them that way.

"It seems as far back as I can remember I never cared very much whether I did things well or not. I do remember a time when I did wish I could do things well, but that was only for a short time. Then I said to myself, 'If I can't play well, I'll let it go,' and just watched the games. I don't think I was ever hurt—my feelings I mean. I do remember a feeling about my eyes—felt like smacking them in the face—anyone who spoke about my eyes—makes me feel sad—stupid—I'm getting over it as fast as I can—don't listen to them any more—know I have this trouble, and am getting over it as fast as I can—I never minded what I could do or not do, but as soon as they mentioned my eyes then I did get mad—I can remember that now—used to get mad—first asked them to stop—found out if I asked kindly, they stopped, but if I asked rudely, they kept it up. It began to get worse in high school—so many more kids—they didn't know me, and it seemed to get worse there all the time. I began to get interested in nature study, because it is so interesting to me. The boys thought it was sissy of me to do that—I thought it was nasty of them to act that way—then I never paid any attention to them—went to other people about it—got to dislike certain boys—only went

around with my best friends." He said he was totally unaware of many of his actions until he came here. "I am learning to do things that other boys do—such as playing cards—playing more with boys—my shop work—a class of boys think basketry is sissy, but I don't."

Apparently in earliest life this boy recognized his inability to adapt to the complicated demand of reality (outer world) and with his limited capacity to handle it he withdrew more and more libidinal effort from this object world. It grew more hostile, seemingly owing to his libidinal withdrawal and this in turn caused a more intensive preoccupation in purely egoistic interests so that he continually demanded libido from all his outer world so that he might apply it to the operation of his own system of narcissistic concern. Later there is a projection of his own internally conceived representation of the meaning of reality which is grossly phantastic and totally unacceptable to his social surroundings. This failure caused him to further withdraw or regress to more primitive levels in ego development; thus the feeble-minded become more mentally defective because of their defect. Over and over again one sees this boy gains momentary flashes of insight into his mishap but it is very superficial and only applies to certain acts under analysis. It indicates how necessarily tedious and persevering one must be to fully analyze the whole defective ego formation jealously guarded by the narcissism.

A further drive on his reaction to his primary injury brings much material to light concerning his eye defect (physical narcissism); the personal indictment points to that organ almost exclusively. He is beginning to tell about the effects this defect had on his adaptability to the child and boy group, and his subsequent interest in things that served as compensation for the loss of group contact. Various attitudes were taken up for analysis. He maintained in each instance that he was not that way now, he could get along with boys, and liked everybody, but individual instances revealed the contrary.

The fourth month Jack was asked to go over the things he felt he had learned in analysis. He said, "I'm not like other boys—I can't play the games they do—I get interested in things above my age—ought to get interested in things other boys do—couldn't play games on account of my eyes—got interested in other things. I like to see these games but I can't play baseball—swift balls—I can play tennis a little—can't play football—I'm not heavy enough—I couldn't play baseball when I was very, very small—can't to-day—always sticking around the house—didn't know anybody—I'd try to play baseball, but I'd get hit—just had to quit it."

He was asked how the other boys acted, and he said, "They're interested in things their own age—things I can't do—I keep interested in studying—school work—they always begin to pick on me—hitting me—I couldn't defend myself—wasn't very heavy anyway—probably didn't know how to fight them."

He told how he preferred to spend his time, going to his best friend's house; playing with his own gang (who appear to be quiet, non-aggressive boys); in reading; seeing games; movies; riding the bicycle; hiking, etc. All his activities appear to be of the quiet kind, calling for little adaptation socially. He spoke of his troubles in public school, how he didn't get enough individual attention, which he needed, especially in arithmetic, and planned to go to private school. In the public school, too, there was a class of boys he termed "roughnecks." They were Italians and other foreigners, were dirty, used rough language,—street talk, as he called it. They evidently teased him, called him "sissy," and tried to be funny and smart. He was asked to give a phantasy picture of a little boy who was picked on, as he terms it, by another boy. In this picture he represented the aggressor as much bigger, so the little boy would not have half a chance; he would have to call in another boy to help him out. The analyst then asked him to give a picture of two boys the same age—how would he then act? He represented the little boy as tattling; this would provoke the quarrel; then the little boy would get licked; the fight would come to an end, because another boy would come along. The analyst then talked of other people's opinions. He said he knew other people had a good opinion of him—his mother and father of course care about him—they've always had a good opinion of him—but thought he could be better. Asked what kind of boys his mother liked, he said she liked good, wholesome, strong boys—honest and truthful—good character—clean, helpful, in short, the kind he had described as liking himself.

In going over his first memories, he told about moving to and from various places; he remembered when his sister was born. "I thought it was nice to have a new baby—always nice to have a girl in the family—I was three or four—always wanted a baby sister. Of course I didn't get as much attention—she had to have a good deal of attention—but I didn't mind—I could play by myself—I'd always heard tell the stork brought them—knew it wasn't true."

He was asked to give a phantasy of a baby, which he gave as follows: "The baby is in its mother's arms—nursing—not doing anything in particular—mother is rocking the child while it's nursing—when the child finishes the nursing, it cries—mother rocking it

and singing it to sleep—puts it in bed and sings it to sleep—it has warm milk—it's happy while it's nursing—happy after nursing—happy in the comfort of its mother's lap—has its arms around mother's neck—loves mother—can't talk—just mumbles. When it cries it wants more food—feels sleepy—cross and everything—its mother always has to give the baby its bath—loves to splash around—doesn't like shampoos—cries when mother rubs its hair—its mother has to do lots of other things for the child to make it happy—take it off to places, etc.” He gives a picture of the baby's behavior when the mother leaves it alone. “Baby always cries—mother has to comfort him when she comes back—it will scream and cry—wants to call mother back—mother says to keep still—after awhile it falls off to sleep—mother comes back—baby wakes up—kisses mother—she lets him go out in the yard while she's there—never wants to be out of mother's sight. When baby gets a little older it learns to play by itself—with other boys and girls—do other things—doesn't care so much now, and can let mother out of its sight.” He is asked how he thinks it is in his own case. “It's been about the same way—I never liked to go away from my mother much—never have been much—last summer I was away for two months—was very lonesome—sick some of the time—wanted her especially when I was sick—wanted my own mother and father especially. Mother can entertain me while I am sick—other people don't do this so much—of course the parents of a child think more of it than strangers do—the child is more happy and contented with its parents. I was very closely attached to mother—I love my father and mother—they've entertained me and made me happy as no one else can do—when they grow up they feel more independent of themselves and other people. Some of the boys here are very lonesome because they see their mothers and fathers twice a week—that isn't necessary—I see my father and mother once in four or five weeks—I don't care—I've gotten rid of my lonesomeness now—not as lonesome as I used to be.”

Jack had some trouble with one of the other boys and some of his attitudes were pointed out to him. This bothered him greatly and attempts were made in the analysis to have him go over any faults he had formerly or at present. He was very stubborn, however, and maintained stoutly that he got along perfectly well with the boys at home. He would not admit a single fault throughout the week, but did some phantasy work of a boy who did various things he got scolded for—such as taking money from his mother's pocketbook—going to the movies without permission, lying out of it, etc. He has shown a very defiant attitude about taking suggestions or commands

from those in charge—says he will not stand being bossed. This attitude is continually brought up in analysis.

The tendency to exaggerate, to boast, and to lie is still very marked, as is also his firm defenses against any criticism or advice concerning himself. His freshness and talkativeness still cause him considerable trouble with the group. In particular he has had several quarrels with a boy his own age. His first demand is for protection; he protects himself from blame by lying and allows all mention of his share of the responsibility to pass unnoticed.

He is avoiding all forms of sport except those where the competitive element is slight. He is the object of derision and scorn in all physical things with the boys. He asserts that his doctor has forbidden baseball on account of his eyes, and has similar excuses for other difficult activities. Yet his sensitiveness is carefully hidden and compensated for, and he gives the appearance of being perfectly happy and contented. As a therapeutic measure Jack was allowed in subsequent sessions to tell of the things he could do best, what he hopes to do later on, to his heart's content. This had the effect of bettering the feeling between him and the analyst and he felt reinstated in his own good opinion. The boy continues with his usual boasting, exaggerating, and lying. He shows the same indifference to suggestions and advice and the same defense against all criticisms. In playing with the boys, it appears that he invites aggressions from them, then appeals to older people for protection. At one time he dared one of the boys to lock him in a trunk, and when this was done he cried loudly and bitterly for help, denied asking to have it done, and insisted that the boy had forced him in against his will.

His insistence that his ideas are the only right ones is shown by the following incident: In an arithmetic lesson, he said that two-eighths was equal to four; that he had been taught that way; that they used different methods in his town than in any other place in the United States; two into eight was four, that was the only answer you could get; it didn't make any difference that two-eighths was less than one; the right answer was that two-eighths is four and he could show where it said that in his book at home. To all attempts at shaking him from his conviction he remained silent and unimpressed. He engages in a little work about the grounds, although his greatest interest is in his basketry; he plays more with the boys and has begun to take up tennis.

Fifth Month. Having in mind the good results to be obtained from extending libido rather than depleting it, this plan was adopted in attempting to break through Jack's narcissism.

During a family conference, Jack was present. When the parents

and singing it to sleep—puts it in bed and sings it to sleep—it has warm milk—it's happy while it's nursing—happy after nursing—happy in the comfort of its mother's lap—has its arms around mother's neck—loves mother—can't talk—just mumbles. When it cries it wants more food—feels sleepy—cross and everything—its mother always has to give the baby its bath—loves to splash around—doesn't like shampoos—cries when mother rubs its hair—its mother has to do lots of other things for the child to make it happy—take it off to places, etc.” He gives a picture of the baby's behavior when the mother leaves it alone. “Baby always cries—mother has to comfort him when she comes back—it will scream and cry—wants to call mother back—mother says to keep still—after awhile it falls off to sleep—mother comes back—baby wakes up—kisses mother—she lets him go out in the yard while she's there—never wants to be out of mother's sight. When baby gets a little older it learns to play by itself—with other boys and girls—do other things—doesn't care so much now, and can let mother out of its sight.” He is asked how he thinks it is in his own case. “It's been about the same way—I never liked to go away from my mother much—never have been much—last summer I was away for two months—was very lonesome—sick some of the time—wanted her especially when I was sick—wanted my own mother and father especially. Mother can entertain me while I am sick—other people don't do this so much—of course the parents of a child think more of it than strangers do—the child is more happy and contented with its parents. I was very closely attached to mother—I love my father and mother—they've entertained me and made me happy as no one else can do—when they grow up they feel more independent of themselves and other people. Some of the boys here are very lonesome because they see their mothers and fathers twice a week—that isn't necessary—I see my father and mother once in four or five weeks—I don't care—I've gotten rid of my lonesomeness now—not as lonesome as I used to be.”

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inquired about his condition, an excellent report was given, and he glowed with pride as the analyst pointed out his progress in basketry and his desire to take weaving on one of the looms. The analyst also assured him that he would have the first call on the loom as soon as one was available. He was in perfect accord with all present and did not object when the analyst touched very briefly on some of the points that required correction. He even spoke up of his own accord somewhat as follows: "You see I have such a varied interest; that's what's the trouble with me, I'm interested in so many things, I wish I could settle down and be interested in one thing and stick to it."

The analyst made no attempt to correct him at any time during the conference but was ready to take his side if the family criticized the boy too sharply. It was evident from this approach that he was beginning to feel he had in the analyst a sympathetic companion who was willing to tolerate his narcissism. When the parents left, he followed the analyst about, telling him in great detail all the good things he had for dinner, and what a wonderful time he had had all day. The analyst continued to show intense interest as he kept up a constant chatter about himself. Once he said, "I liked the report you gave my parents to-day. It was a very nice one. You know, I'm going to work hard now to get well. If I do, do you think I can go home around June?" This good relationship was kept up and by the following day he was smiling and anxious to begin analytic work. He began as follows: "What I was telling you about yesterday—I have a scattered interest in everything—I can see I can't do one thing well" [said in a sad tone]. He was reminded of his recent success in basketry but he quickly replied, "Well, I could do better; I make many mistakes." This enabled the analyst to ask him to tell him of all the things he thinks he does well. He decided that he could set the table, wash dishes and clean rooms for his mother better and with more interest and pleasure than anything he knew. He said he loved to paint, but did not do this so well—got it streaked and let a lot drop on the floor. All this was said with more than his usual feeling. The analyst now felt safe in asking him to tell of the things he thought he did not do so well. He hesitated a little, but soon was telling how he did not play games well, and quickly assured him this was due to his poor eyesight. The analyst asked him to then tell how a boy with poor eyesight, who couldn't play games well, got along with his companions in a social way. At first he said in a somewhat hurt tone, "He could get along all right, he could act nice." The analyst asked if he would be interested in their topics. He said, "Well, not exactly; he'd begin to have other interests when he couldn't play—try to know about other

things—that's what I did. I can tell you how I got my interest in nature. I had a boy friend—a perfect gentleman—a French boy—his name was La France—he had bad eyes like me—had to wear glasses and his mother wouldn't let him play rough games. We were in the same boat that way. He was interested in all nature study. I had been reading *Nature Magazine* and knew a lot about it, so it came easy to me. We used to keep together—I just loved him. He taught us French games and we taught him our games."

The analyst now asks, "How does the group act when someone does not seem in accord with their ideas?" He says, "Impatient, don't want him about, each thinks the other wrong and is ready to fight if disagreed with." Inasmuch as the good relationship continued, the analyst ventured to cite a recent disagreement of his with the group but mentioned no names. He readily gave his views, saying: "When I say I know a thing, I really think I know it, and when anyone points out that I'm wrong, I won't give in. It's too shameful to give in, feel like telling them to shut up and stay put" [said with much force]. The analyst asks, "Why is this?" The boy answers, "Well, I guess I don't want to give in; guess I get confused, dazed, and can't see what is right."

The transference by the next session was apparently working well. The analyst continued to permit him to have full say about any subject he desired to talk about, showing interest at all times. It is evident that through this form of approach the boy can be reached. At no time can the analyst appear to be an investigator. It has been found of considerable value to make it appear as if he were unaware of the facts and that the patient is in a superior position. Once the transference is well established, the analyst can then afford to deal in phantasy or memory recall, or free association material, without wounding the narcissism, but he must ever be watchful for signs of retreat, and withdraw until the patient is once more receptive.

The good relationship continued and Jack found it easier to talk about his various anti-social traits. For instance, without any suggestion whatever he said: "People say I do everything wrong. I feel I'm different from other boys—I stand around with my hands in my pockets and listen to what older people are talking about—I know that's not right (head downcast as he tells this). If someone asks me a question that I don't want to answer, or if I want to tell something I have in my mind, I pay no attention to what they say and go right on and talk about what I want to say. I have always been inquisitive as long as I can remember. I want to be noticed—[this last said with much hesitation and tone very low]—I know I boast, too—like to think that everything about me and my people

are the best—talk about my parents. I also know that I talk about things that other boys are not interested in at all—lectures for instance—boys don't seem interested in lectures the way I am—I'm so restless, too." His legs have been moving up and down the door and at times he has both hands tucked under his buttocks. Here he stops talking, has a hurt expression, and tears begin to come into his eyes. The analyst quietly asks what is wrong. He has difficulty in replying, but after awhile says: "I don't know, but I guess it's because something in me wants to be the whole thing all the time—I get awful mad if anyone disputes me—feel like telling them to shut up and stay put—but that don't do any good." He recognizes in order to be like other boys he has to give up his anti-social habits. He says he wants to give them up because he can see his way never brings the thing he wishes for. This thing is friendliness with everyone which means he will be happy. The lonesomeness is no longer a conscious factor. Having his bicycle, being able to weave baskets and selling them, create interests that make the separation from his mother more endurable. He empties the waste paper baskets daily, has assisted in planting potatoes in the garden, and has recently shown a willingness to help at other odd jobs about the place. In addition to the interviews he has devoted some time to lesson work with good results, especially in arithmetic.

In analysis he gives the following: "When I was little, I was always with my mother. I liked her best, because father was away throughout the day, and I saw more of her. I used to follow her about wherever she went, and she always took me out whenever she went to the store—took me in the go-cart, or for a walk. I used to think that the go-cart was lots of fun. I also remember that I was very noisy as a little boy—always talking loud—banging my toys and pushing them around—very restless—always on the move—couldn't sit still in one place a minute. My knees kept rubbing together—probably didn't know I was doing it—even if mother was wheeling me in the go-cart, I'd move too—bobbing up and down—rubbing from side to side. I always seemed to be moving. That's the way I am to-day—I feel restless inside—I don't know I'm moving while I'm doing it, but after I stop it and get thinking, I feel I've been doing something I shouldn't do, especially like having my hands in my pocket." He was asked here if there was any time when he didn't move as a little boy. He said: "Yes—if mother was holding me on her lap—then I didn't seem to have to move at all. I liked to sit there, it was comfortable, and I liked to be with her."

Just before he left he was asked how he was getting along with his daily job of emptying baskets. He said, "All right; sometimes

I forget to do them in the morning, but I try to do them at night then. There is one thing I do find myself doing—I seem to interrupt people when they're talking and try to talk about something they are not talking about, and I know that's not right."

He was asked to tell why he thought a boy did anything like that. He hung his head and with an effort finally said, "Well, I suppose it's because I want to have something to say, too. I seem to want to be noticed."

Sixth Month. Jack gives a review of his analysis and tells about subjective and objective feelings. He gives lengthy details describing these terms. The analyst asks him what they mean to him. He gives a good explanation but admits he is unable to see how they can be applied. The analyst suggests that he tell about his "system," as they call his actions. He becomes interested and animated as he replies: "Well, I'm interested more in grown up things than other boys—I act more like a grown up—children don't act that way [tone a little annoyed]. I like to visit historical places—because I like history and geography and want to find out about things." He was asked to tell what most boys are interested in. He stammers about for awhile but finally says, "Well, they play games." The analyst then asks, "How would they act if another boy did not join them in their games, but talked about more adult subjects?" The boy answers, "Well they might not like it—would say he was stuck up—not want him to play with them—he'd feel hurt—would go off and get new friends—join another bunch—[long wait]—that's what I would do—I had several friends—if I didn't like one, I could go to another—[long wait]." The analyst then asks, "Just why did you go from one group to the other?" There is another long wait; he is getting restless, his arms and legs move; he kicks the door-knob; the question is repeated. After awhile he begins to talk but his voice is shaky and trembles. "Well, they didn't like what I was interested in [said in hurt tone as if he might cry]; they called me names, made fun of me—I got mad inside—said things to them—told them what I thought of them." The analyst says, "I wonder why the boys acted that way toward you?" "Well, because they're not interested in what I am interested in." The analyst asks, "How long do you remember being like this?" Jack replies: "Oh not so very long ago—before that I remember I never liked to go far from our house—used to like to be near mother—play in the house—do things for her—set the table and do things like that—I was always very noisy too—remember mother used to ask me to stop—used to keep it up after she asked me—thought no one had the right to stop me—reminds me how I act now when other people are talking."

I butt in and want to talk about something different—want to be noticed, I guess. Now I want to get better—don't mean to act that way and I'm not as bad as I was." He was asked what all this meant to him and he replied, "Well, it teaches me what I do that's wrong—makes me see my mistakes—I never would listen to anyone who pointed out my mistakes—think it none of their business, but I'm not like I used to be that way. I can talk to you about such things and I feel it helps me because I don't get mad so easily and I'm never lonesome like I was."

During this month Jack has worked occasionally with members of the group but his interest is short-lived. Usually he stays a short time with the group merely to share their conversation and to provide himself with all the details of their activities and plans. His boasting, while ever present, does not seem as imaginative nor as noticeable as previously. He has seemed to have more interests of his own to keep him busy. Weaving, reading, and odd jobs have occupied him, and he has spent less time with older people.

Seventh Month. Attempts have been made to get Jack to give phantasies of the diaper castration. This does not meet with any great enthusiasm on his part. He seems to be on his guard that he may indict himself. The analyst assumes the attitude that he is in charge of the situation, and is telling him things he does not know. Finally he is able to work back to the diaper period. The following material is finally obtained: "Well, sometimes the baby might like to be changed, and sometimes it wouldn't [his voice is beginning to change now; he appears to be slightly annoyed, but under encouragement continues]. I think that when the mother comes to change the baby, the baby would feel cross—wants to be left alone—doesn't want to be disturbed—doesn't want to be handled so much." Now there is a frown on his face; he has nothing to say; he becomes a little bit restless. The analyst asks him why this is, and encourages him to continue to tell him all about it, and in a tone of annoyance he says, "I don't know." The analyst looks off into space and says, "Do you know, I'd like to find that out some time. I've been trying to find that out for a long time, and no one seems to be able to tell me." This causes him to appear interested; he loses his dark look, as he says "Well, I'll try to tell you all I know about it sometime." The analyst pats him on the back and tells him he certainly will be pleased if he will do it for him.

Jack spent a good deal of time following the analyst about during the week, giving evidence of a growing transference, and frequently indicting himself from time to time, telling how he thinks he has something wrong with him that ought to be corrected. The analyst

allows him to keep on indicting himself for several days, without any actual analysis, assuming the attitude of the boy who believes the other fellow is exaggerating. Frequently he says to him, "No, you really didn't do anything like that, did you?" Or "I never noticed that—do you really do anything like that?" Each time he would assure him over and over that he did, not exactly in a bragging way, but rather as if he were trying to convince him. To sum up his remarks, he said: "I know I have peculiarities that other boys don't have—hands in my pockets—talk about grown-up things—I butt into other people's conversation—listen to what other people have to say. I don't keep my room neat—can't seem to keep still. I exaggerate sometimes—I don't like to take baths—can't jump into it—sometimes it's too hot, and sometimes it's too cold—I like to dash right in—too much trouble to sit down and rub myself."

The analyst asks him what he'd like to do about these things. He hesitates for a little while, and he does not appear so enthusiastic; his glance becomes a little shifty, but he says, "Why, get over them." The analyst says, "Well, let's see if we can find out more about it—which one will we take up first? I don't know much about them myself, but if we talk about them together, maybe we'll both learn something about it." He thaws out a little and says, "Well, about having my hands in my pockets—that's one of the things I do before people, and I'd like to know how to stop it." The analyst agrees that this is a good idea, but says he hasn't the slightest idea of how to go about it. The boy shrugs his shoulder in an indifferent way, and says he doesn't either. Then he is assured that he knows more about it than anyone, and he is asked to try to tell what he thinks is the best plan. He says, "Well, think more about it; stop it, don't let it come up any more." The analyst says, "Yes, that would certainly be one way to fix it, but I wonder if it would ever fight back?" He becomes a little restless and says slowly, "Yes, I suppose it would." There is a long silence. He is evidently a little injured, so the analyst hastens to assure him by saying, "You know what I think—of course, I'm not sure, but I'd like to have your opinion—what do you think about trying to find out why a fellow wants to do this—what it really means to him?"

He is more interested now. "Well—first, I think it's because I have pimples on my lip, and I like to scratch, and that makes me feel good—then—[here he looks up at the analyst rather suspiciously and shyly; his feet become restless]—it might have something to do with the penis—feels good if you rub it there, but then I always remember what my mother said about it—that it's wrong to do that—that it's a very tender thing—that it would be dangerous

to rub it—that I might have to have an operation, and I know a boy who had parts of his penis cut off, but don't know just why—thought he might have rubbed it.” Here ensues another long silence, and the analyst says, “Well, I wonder what else we can find out about it?” From what you tell me, and I believe you know, I am convinced that it can't be pimples all the time; what do you think about that?” He is a little uneasy before he answers, but finally he says he guesses the boy wants to rub his genitals, but is afraid to because it may injure him, but forgets about that when he's busy talking about something else and rubs them anyway. The analyst now says, “I wonder how this is going to help us out?” He answers, “Well, it makes me think about it in a different way—but I still think mostly that I act queer when I'm doing it, and that people won't like me if I do it, but I don't seem to be able to stop doing it.”

At this point, the analyst begins to ask him about conversations that boys have together. He immediately becomes aware of his purpose, says he never heard boys say anything about these things; then in turn the analyst begins to brag about what he has heard, relating various experiences; he seems to be left out in the cold as the analyst continues to do all the talking, and finally he admits that once or twice he has heard boys talk, but the analyst makes little of this, and says he doesn't think he has ever heard much about it. To this he hastens to assure him that sometimes when passing through low districts where Italians and colored people live he had heard them say things that weren't nice, but he is in no receptive mood to tell of his experience in this respect. He is not injured in any way, and says he is anxious to continue the investigations along the lines prescribed above.

During the latter part of the month he has been more active with the boys of his own age. He has seemed to enjoy playing and working with them and has gotten along with them much better than ever noted before. He has continued his interest in weaving, his activities being apparently confined to this and trips to the woods for flowers. He still enjoys sitting with older people, listening to them, observing them, and impressing them. At times he is very attentive and thoughtful of others; occasionally he makes himself obnoxious with childish pranks and the monotonous repetition of unusual noises. In cases of correction, he still preserves his shell-like defense but it does seem at times as if his emotions had actually been touched.

Jack had the following dream: “Mother and daddy and I are cruising on a yacht—all of a sudden a big, black, long thing, wide and with a huge tail came right up in front of us. There were several little black things the same kind, all around the big one. At once

I thought it was a whale. We were on the Jersey coast; we sailed out of the way—out to sea—then it began to get rough—storm came on—a big squall—the boat was rocking—we tried to get in. We had a wireless on board—sent out a call for assistance—the coast guard came out and got us—that ended the dream.”

His Association of the Dream: “Reminds me of my fear of sharks—of whales—they eat people up. Once I was stung by a jellyfish—oh, how it hurt—I hate the sight of the gushy, gushy things—the jellyfish reminds me of a book of Pinocchio. It’s a funny story—boy swallowed by a whale.” Here he gives details of the story and tells of the fright he had when reading it; he seems to go through all the fears as if they were really happening to him. This opens up his mind on fears, a subject he has always been careful to avoid in all past analysis. He says, “My fears come from strange things—little things that nobody else notices—lightning makes me dizzy. I fear it will strike the house—kill me. When in swimming I fear something will get me—fear all the way from a jellyfish sting to being eaten by sharks—fear of cows—bulls—dogs—fear of electricity—electric wires—heard of so many people being killed that way—fear of crossing streets—of getting lost—and many other fears.” The analyst returns to the early castration fears of the child. He reviews his past material, especially the memory recall about the child’s desire to be with the mother always, not to let her out of his sight, etc. Now he is asked what would relieve this panicky feeling, and at once he says being with mother. This opens up the discussion of his desire to be with grown-up people because he likes to hear what they are talking about—to take it all in. “I like to know everything—I have always been around grown-up people, but I know I always have been butting into other people’s business and minding their business more than my own. Most boys don’t care about other people’s business. I am different from other boys in that respect. My relatives and friends and neighbors have always meant a lot to me, and I mean a lot to them. I know that most boys don’t act that way—I shouldn’t care, but I do. I am very inquisitive. It seems to be a part of me, but then there is a part of me that wants to be with younger people, too. Guess the boys who don’t mind other people’s business have other things to do, they are not interested in older people like I am. I know I should be interested in things more of my own age—if a car comes here, I have to run to see who is in it, find out what they want before anyone else knows. If a telephone rings and somebody is answering, I like to listen to hear what it is all about—those things look queer to other

people—they must say, ‘Isn’t that queer?’ or, ‘I wonder why he does that?’

The analyst says he wonders why he does that. He looks at him quickly, turns away and becomes mildly restless. The analyst continues to look away and sort of mumbles to himself, “I wonder why the boy does that?” Finally he responds, timidly at first, but with more assurance as he gets along, “Well, I suppose it’s because he likes to be with them—he feels more at ease when with big people—feels safe—secure—nothing can harm him—knows they will not let anything happen to him—feels happy when he’s with them—like being with father and mother when on a trip—like what I told you about the boy always wanting to be with his mother—never wanting her to get out of his sight.”

He is now given an opportunity to tell what he thinks all this means. At once he becomes restless, his voice is shaky and tears come to his eyes. The analyst assures him by telling him to go ahead, that he will help him if he forgets, and tells him how much better he is going to be for hearing what it is all about.

He hesitates, it is apparent he fears the recounting of the material will remind him acutely of the castrations. The analyst offers compensation in the way of a trip before he ventures to tell. Then he says, “Well, I suppose I’m that way—want to be with older people, because they remind me of how I want to be with my mother and father. I want to know what’s going on, too.” He is crying now; the tears are falling on his cheek. The analyst asks him why he feels so sad. He breaks down and says, “I don’t want to talk about such unhappy things—it makes me feel sad.”

The analyst now gives him a talk on what the castration really means to him, taking care not to indict him, but assuring him he will surely overcome it and be able to get along without that protection. He gets up quickly, smiles between his tears and asks, “When are we going for that trip?” He was taken to a movie that evening. He was delighted and talked about it for a day afterwards.

Jack has appeared more happy and contented of late than has been noted since he came under observation. He has been particularly interested in the weaving, sometimes making a bath rug in a little more than a day. The transference seems to be of a firmer quality, for he follows the analyst about, asking him if he can do little things for him. In analyses he says, “I notice I have been doing a lot of things that are childish—I know they are not right—yet I seem to do them; well, sometimes I run to meet people who come here—don’t know why I do it—just do it without thinking—then after it’s over, I have lately been thinking it’s childish—wondered what the

people must have thought of me—I seem to want to be the first one to meet the people who come here—now something inside me tells me not to do it—and something inside me tells me to go over to them.”

Here he was asked to tell just what this desire reminded him of. He said he didn't know. The analyst asks him to give a story about a little boy who always wanted to be with his mother.

“He wants to be with her—likes her pleasant smile and kind eyes—does not want to let her out of his sight—follows her about—runs after her when she goes away in the car—but forgets it then, and goes and plays with the other boys—but when she returns he runs to meet her—no matter what he is playing—don't know why he does it—just can't seem to help it—something inside him I guess.”

The analyst asks him if he can see any similarity between this phantasy, and his actions about wanting to be with grown-up people. He becomes aware at once that something is amiss, he looks hurt. He is assured he will not be blamed for anything, that they are just trying to understand the things he himself wants to get over. In long, drawn-out sentences, he says, “Yes, running towards the car to see the people—or meet people, I—know—is—like—that—.”

Here he chokes up and cannot go on. The analyst tells him the significance of mother and father surrogates. He is not offended but brightens up under the special attention he is being given. The analyst ends up by telling him he has to win over this part of himself that demands so much attention. He shows interest, for he says, “I always get things better by having people talk to me and explain things to me—it's hard to study things out all alone—but if someone shows a picture or draws what they are talking about, I get it right away. I like to listen to people talk—that is how I learn. I do not like to be always told to study—because I can't get anything about it that way—I feel I must sit around and listen to what people have to say—it reminds me of when I was smaller—I always had to be near my mother—even to-day, I feel like crying when I talk to her over the phone.” His voice quivers here, and tears are in his eyes. “It's just like the boy I told you about who drops everything and runs to meet his mother. He seems to want to ask her a million questions, so he'll know everything she did.”

The analyst goes over this fixation in another long talk. He listens attentively and now agrees that there is a part of him still longing for the protection and comfort of childhood. He can stand the indictment better now, and does not offer any of the old defenses. As previously noted, when Jack came under observation he had a marked double squint. Exercises have helped this a good deal, but

it may also be said that since he has become calmer and under less tension his whole general expression has improved. He is willing to please others by doing little things for them; his expression now is happy, no squint being noticeable. He is not so resistive about washing, combing his hair and taking baths; in fact, his general behavior has shown a marked improvement. He works several hours each day at weaving in addition to attending to his regular duties.

He is complimented on his general behavior and is told that several people have remarked that he is certainly getting better. The analyst asks what has been responsible for this change. Quickly he says, "Well, I'm in better general health—my eyes don't bother me any more—I do more with my hands—I have more things to do—keep occupied—before I didn't have anything to do. I feel in better health than in three years—feel stronger and more like doing things." The analyst explains that it is not the physical improvement that is noted, although that is apparent. It is his general social behavior. He answers, "Oh, that's something entirely different—I believe the analysis has helped me in many ways—it has taught me what my actions mean to me—and then I have been applying what I learn to myself—I knew all along I was acting queerly, but couldn't stop it, because I didn't know what my actions really meant. I can listen to advice now without getting mad—guess that's because I have lost my lonesomeness—doing things like weaving—making baskets—all that has made me get over my lonesomeness—then I don't think so much about home as I used to—realize I can't be with my family all the time—too disturbing to be always thinking about being with mother—you can't do good work if your mind is not free—you can't concentrate on any work you are doing."

Here he tells how he has not been running after cars so much, or sitting with the grown-up people since he learned what that really meant. He gives an example of how he and another boy went away immediately after supper and visited places near by. He described in detail all he saw and how interested he was, contrasting it with his actions when in the company of older people. He can now go over the various castrations without showing the marked fear reactions so noticeable in early records. His general behavior shows a marked change. He is now able to keep at his tasks without interruption and is not so easily distracted.

During the subsequent analyses, each interview was spent in going over his conscious feelings relative to castration episodes. In every instance he says that just as soon as a person says something to him that he does not like, or that interferes with his wishes or desires, he has a resentful feeling toward that person, and he would

like to tell him to shut up, that it's none of his business anyway. He cites many episodes to cover this point. It is worthy to note that he is able to cite castration episodes without being overcome as formerly. He still looks a little sad, but does not cry or run away from the subject.

In summing up this difficulty he says, "You see I've never been away from home much and I've always liked to be near grown-up people. The first time I went away from home was for five weeks at a camp, and I was very lonesome, because I couldn't enjoy anything. Things seemed to go wrong—if anybody asked me to do something I'd get mad—then I'd get blue and want to go home. I used to think it was because I didn't have enough to do, and then I'd think what I'd do if I were home—then I'd get more blue and homesick—it was not a very nice feeling at all, but now that I have learned what my actions really mean, I do not get as mad, and my lonesomeness seems to be leaving. If I can only keep my mind occupied, I don't think about home at all."

He was asked to tell just how he got to be this sort of person. At first he hesitated, but finally said, "Well, because I've always wanted to be around grown-up people—always wanted to know what was going on." He stops here and he is told this does not look to be sufficient proof to warrant his behavior reactions, there must be some deeper significance. He becomes somewhat restless, but not to the marked degree noticeable in other situations. He finally answers, "Well, because I suppose there is part of me that still doesn't want to look out for myself." The analyst describes to him just how he has acted since they have started this subject, taking care to explain to him that he was doing this to help him. He agreed with the analyst and then was able to give the following: "Well, while I was talking to you, I began to feel unhappy—kind of lonesome—just as if someone had said something I didn't like."

He was asked if it was like some of the feelings he had had when he was away at camp, when anyone was cross to him. He said, "Yes, but not so bad. I seem to be able to get over this quicker."

He had a lengthy interview on his feelings when people are unkind to him, cross with him, and when they don't let him do what he wants. He went into the subject with less fear and for the first time was able to go through a session of this kind without crying. "When people say cross and unkind things to me, first I think they are mean to me, but now I know it goes back to the time when I was a small boy, when mother would ask me to do something for her, and I was doing something and would say to her. 'Just a minute,' but

she would say, 'Come right away.' Then I would begin to get mad. It is also like the time when I used to want to go with her when I saw her go away in the auto—I'd feel sad and blue, and think she was mean to me, but I'd forget it quickly—just like I do today. I never would hold it in for anyone. Still it is awfully hard for me to give in when I'm mad. At other times I don't mind giving in at all. I find if people will explain things to me in a nice way, I take it better, and will be able to do it, too. Now I feel that I am able to get over my hurt feelings much better, because my lonesomeness is leaving. I'm beginning to remember now that I used to get awful mad and have tantrums—even at the littlest thing, and all because I didn't want to have my way interfered with."

The analyst now tells him that this explanation serves very well so far as it goes, but that there is an earlier beginning for this sort of behavior, something the child has learned when it is very small, and he asks him to help him try to find out what this is. He agrees that he will certainly try to assist all he can. The analyst now suggests that they review the phantasies of the weaning from the breast and the diaper. He relates how lonesome, sad, and blue the baby would feel. Then it would feel mad—like kicking—doing things to the person that made him sad—this constituted his subjective material concerning the castration. He next gave a phantasy on the weaning: "The baby is so used to nursing, he doesn't want to give it up—many reasons for this—he misses the rocking and comforting—the warm feeling—don't suppose he likes it. He feels cross—hates the bottle—cries—feels mad—just feels mad at mother—because he was so used to it—more than anything else—felt lonesome without nursing from his mother. His mother gives him a bottle now and leaves him alone. He can't be with her any more. He's cross—tries in his own language to show her how unhappy he is—baby talk—pushes his mother's face towards him—looks up at her—tries to make her understand how unhappy he is—wants her to comfort him. She kind of comforts him once in a while—rocks him and sings to him until he falls asleep—he loves to have her sing to him—and he loves the rocking—he leans against her—it's nice and cozy and quiet and swaying, and it's so good it puts him to sleep."

The analyst asks, "How does he feel when he wakes up?" He continues, "First he feels nice and refreshed, a little warm, wants to get up, he's been asleep all afternoon, he doesn't need his mother when he is asleep, but now she's not here, so he cries for her until she comes—now she brings a bottle to him—gives it to him and leaves—he takes it and goes to sleep again. Mother has to change

his diapers first, then he goes back to sleep. He acts angry when she does this—doesn't know just what she is doing, half asleep and half awake—it's soft and warm, but now something smells bad, mother leans over, she has kind of a funny look, he thinks this is funny, a very funny look. He tries to do it, he tries to do everything his mother does, because—this is lots of fun—imitating her—he doesn't miss the diaper because mother puts another warm one on him. He's so small he can't tell much about things—he has to go by feeling and tries to get people to understand how he feels by making noises and faces."

In further analysis in going over the subjective feelings at weaning, Jack says, "He has to leave nursing, he kind of gets mad, and starts to fuss. He doesn't like to leave it—because it feels so warm as he lies against his mother—he hates to leave his mother—but he has to get used to it. The mother used to cuddle him and sing to him and rock him. That is what he loved, but he can't have that any more. Now when the mother brings the bottle he begins to fuss because as soon as he gets the bottle his mother goes out of the room. He always used to be with his mother when he was nursing—there seemed to be something so soft and cosy about it—that he didn't like to have to change but after a while he got used to it. Now there is still another thing—the baby didn't like to have his diapers changed. There is something that feels nice and warm to the baby but he knows he must have it done—apparently he is very touchy, because he does not like to have it done. When the mother scowls and makes faces he thinks she is funny, so he tries to do it, too. He begins to fuss and cry, when the mother is doing something for some other person. He tries to push her face towards him to make her understand how unhappy he is—then the mother takes him in her lap and comforts him by rocking and singing. Pretty soon he falls asleep—then the mother takes and puts him to bed. The baby doesn't like to have his mother give him a bath. He begins to cry and fuss, especially when the mother washes his hair. All this relates to my lonesomeness, and is like I acted when I was small and that is why I have acted as I have and had such behavior. Finding out about the baby teaches me why I had such actions as a little boy."

Eighth Month. Jack said he had been thinking about his actions, and would like to know why he butted into other people's conversation. First the analyst had him give examples where he had noticed himself doing this. Then he told how he felt when he did it. In every instance he was aware that he was alone, no one was paying any particular attention to him. He in turn had no interest in what

was being said, so felt he had to be heard and recognized. Next he recalls what he usually talks about at such times, his family or what they have done lately. He is aware that an indictment of some sort is coming, but finally is able to see that he cannot stand being out of things, and it reminds him of his feelings when absent from the mother.

The analyst gives instances covering this point and finally the boy is able to tell his true feelings about the matter without being overcome with sadness or crying. At first he says: "I'm standing there with my hands in my pockets—looking at them—I'm a little restless—doing that with my hands makes the restlessness easier to stand. I say to myself, 'They are not interested in me,' and play I don't mind, but I really do mind. I try to think they have more important things to talk about, but that doesn't help long. I begin to get mad inside—say to myself I don't care whether they talk to me or not. I keep quiet, but the movements of my hands in my pockets get bigger and bigger—I'm rubbing my thighs—makes me feel good—takes the restlessness away—makes me stand the madness better. But I just break out at last telling something about myself or family. Then I feel glad—knowing I'm smiling for a little while. It makes me glad for I'm really thinking of what I'm going to get myself—from the person I'm talking about—it reminds me that I love to make collections of things given to me by people who have been to different places—I like to look the things over—realize they are mine and it gives me a good feeling to talk about them. I used to think I was interested a lot in what older people do—want to hang around them but now I can see that I'm only interested as long as I can feel that I can talk about myself or my people. When I can't do that the movements of my hands in my pockets get worse and worse and I get that sad and lonesome feeling—but not like I used to—now that I am learning what my actions mean to me, I don't want to do those things because people will call me queer—still something tells me to do them a little yet."

The analyst continues to go over the castration fears. He gives the following phantasy of a small boy and his feelings towards his mother: "A small boy does not like to leave his mother at all. He likes to be near her all the time. He does not like to be with strangers very much, because he feels more comfortable with his parents. They act as a safety for him and he feels more comfortable. Now when a small boy goes away for a visit, he is almost always thinking of home. He is lonesome for his mother and father. Sometimes he wishes that he could see a license plate from his state on a car because

he thinks he might know somebody in it. The persons in the car might act for mother and father. Sometimes a small boy would run out to every car that stopped and listen to what they were saying. He wasn't really interested in what they were saying. He wanted people to kind of notice him, or try to feel that he was important. I used to stand around and listen to what people were saying. Sometimes it was in my dad's office. I wanted to learn about automobiles, but that isn't the reason I stood around—I wanted to feel important, it seems like there is a part in me that is still a little boy. It seems that it is the same thing a little boy would do. Then that goes back to the time when I always wanted to be with mother. It seems to me I know that there is a part of me that still wants to be with mother. That means that in some cases there are times that I can't get along without mother and father. There must be something in me that is hard to break. This I think all goes back to the time when I was a small boy. Sometimes I butt in conversations. I don't think that would come under the head of rudeness. It seems to me that when I do that I want to change the subject. There must be something hard to talk about—something painful—that I can't talk about or listen to—so I change the topic. I can see I do all the things I have told you about and lately I feel the analysis does me a lot of good. It makes me understand my actions and why I do things."

Jack's general behavior shows continued improvement. There is a lessening of all the glaring symptoms and a gradual increased ability to understand and bear the castrations. He has asked to be taught typewriting, as it will be useful to him in writing letters and also in future in business.

In the next session they go over his actions about running to cars. "Running to cars and people started when—oh, as far back as I can remember. In daddy's office—but I was young then—he would send me away to do other things—standing around was not right—I knew it—liked to hear them—wanted to know about autos." The analyst asks, "Was that the only reason?" He nods and answers, "Here—yes, well, New Jersey cars—anyone I know—town from New Jersey means my town. I'd like to see them—my friends—the desire to see someone from New Jersey, because it is my home state. I was born there—mother and father are there. Importance is like being safe and secure with mother. A little boy—at home with mother and father—they mean more to him—means safety and comfort to him. He likes to know where they are—wouldn't want strangers—so he keeps near mother and father. He hates to go away from mother for very long, and I've never been away very much myself. My

feelings are the same as when I was in camp. If I were doing things to keep away the lonesomeness, I was all right, but when I got sick I got unhappy and wanted them. All the other boys had guests, I was alone and unhappy. It's the same as the little boy I told you about—it's me—I'm that way, but I believe by keeping busy I can keep away the lonesomeness because when I'm doing something it's the same as being important. I believe if I have more things to do I won't have to put my hands in my pockets either."

In his group contact, it is becoming more apparent that Jack is better able to handle castrations than formerly. One evening a conversation was being held between two persons about certain Shakespearian plays. Jack hovered around, and told of plays he had seen and made some remarks about Shylock being a character in *Twelfth Night*. Mr. A. told him he was wrong, that *Shylock* was in *The Merchant of Venice*. Jack maintained he was in *Twelfth Night* too. Miss B. suggested it would be better to look it up than merely assert he was right. Mr. A. turned to the index of characters and proved there was but one *Shylock*. Jack looked and remained silent, then went on to talk about what he saw in the plays. Formerly he would have persisted in his original statement in the face of all evidence.

Of his own accord, Jack said he would like to learn more about the lonesomeness, the feeling that he is going to cry and the angry feeling that he has at times. He says, "I always had a bad temper—I'd get angry—throw my shoes, smash a window." He wanted to speak in general terms and avoid speaking of particular instances but the analyst insists that this is part of the protection of not wanting to make an effort to overcome his troubles and after a little he continues, "I would ask my mother if I could go to a movie; she would say, 'No.' I would say, 'Yes,' feel myself getting mad inside, call her names, 'Damn fool, jackass,'—I'd go up stairs and stay in my room—I'd be awfully mad—kick the panel of the door—smash a window—she'd come up and ask what was the matter. I'd say 'Nothing' and she'd want to come in. I'd tell her she couldn't come in; after awhile I'd begin to calm down."

He is asked to give more episodes. There is a long wait, and he is quite restless. Finally he says, "I might be working in my room, and she would ask me to do something for her—I'd tell her I was busy doing something. She'd say that wasn't important—she'd make me go—then I'd get mad—then I'd act just the same as I told you about."

The analyst continues to ask for more episodes. He shows the same resistance and restlessness, but is able to give several illustra-

tions. He used to ask mother why the younger sister couldn't do the thing, instead of asking him. This reminded him he had quite an antagonistic feeling toward this younger sister, and never lost an opportunity of telling on her to have her punished, or to make her do things she didn't want to do. He admitted he was very jealous of her, and was jealous when she was born. He asked his mother why she didn't have another boy. "I'd be very jealous—I wanted my mother to myself—wanted her care—wanted to be near her all the time, doing something for her all the time. When my sister came, she paid too much attention to her." He acts very restless now, biting his nails and continues: "I hated to see mother take care of her—wished she could look after me—felt I needed it more than she did. I'd ask her to take care of me—she'd say, 'No, you're old enough, you can take care of yourself,' and I'd feel like saying, 'Oh, gosh, why do you have to give her all the care?' Then she would tell me about my older sister, how she had to do these things when I was born. I felt awfully mad and jealous and hurt—felt like stamping my feet, wanted mother to care—mad at the baby—didn't want her in the house—as she grew up I didn't mind her so much, though. I could play with her then. I remember wishing I could have a boy to play with—a brother to keep me company—take care of me and play with me—I never did like my sister."

From this he was able to analyze further in regard to being away from home. He was able to go into greater detail, and gave considerable material about his feelings while away at camp, and was actually able to connect it up with the early memories of his childhood.

To give his own account, he says, "I was always very homesick if I went away from home, I couldn't find anything to occupy my mind—everybody seemed strange to me—when I got sick at camp, I was very lonesome, lonesomeness was a big thing with me—I remember I acted in the camp just like I did at home. I know I am very much attached to mother, and that still seems to be with me. Something inside of me seems to say, 'Don't go away from your mother.' I remember when I was very small I used to hear people say, 'Don't go out after dark by yourself,' and then I'd begin to be afraid, feel I wanted to be with my mother, and if she wasn't around, I'd get terribly lonesome, and then I'd get mad, and blame others. Now I'm beginning to see that this lonesomeness has turned into behavior and actions. I remember this morning when we were talking, I got all filled up, and felt like crying. And I know that is the way I acted when I was a child. It seems to all connect up with what I have told you about how the boy feels when he had to stop nursing, or

when he had to leave his mother and go to school. When some people tell me things to do, I start to get filled up, first I feel I don't want to do them, then I feel they are going to make me do them, and then I get mad, am afraid to do anything about it, so begin to fill up, cry—I know that is just exactly as I used to be at home—if my temper didn't get the best of me—I'd feel hurt and want to cry, but most of the time I had a very bad temper—a fiery temper—I used to get angry at such small things that now seem to me to be ridiculous. Funny how I used to get mad at such little things—I don't think I could be that way any more. Still I do feel myself getting filled up inside, if things don't go right—if I am blamed—it's funny I should do those things now—because that is only what a child does. I still seem to keep putting my hands in my pockets. As I think about it, there is some comfort in it, it's warm, or something like that—I used to think it was because I was itchy and scratching—and I find myself biting my nails terribly—I bite them away down—I chew the fingernails, too; I have been told that when you chew your fingernails it forms a ball inside of you. I seem to do these things when I'm not conscious of it. I want to try to find out why I do these things."

In a following session the boy is asked to give his ideas about stubbornness. He does not want to lie down, wants to sit up and look at the analyst. After some coaxing he decided to assume a half-recumbent position, but the analyst insists that they cannot do analysis in that way. He finally stretches out on his back, closes his eyes, but occasionally takes a peek at the analyst across the desk.

He says, "When I am stubborn, I have a mixed feeling—I feel blue and mad—it all starts out by feeling that someone is talking to me in a very stern way—trying to make me do things I don't want to do. I have a feeling that I know what to do—I don't want to be disturbed—then when someone comes into my room, like X. did, and asks me to put my clothes away, or to brush my teeth, I feel he is interfering with my business. I begin to feel kind of lonesome and blue and then get awfully mad at him—tell him to get out and stay out. I lock the door and won't let him in any more—I feel like hitting him and kicking him."

The analyst asks him to tell him about the condition of his room when X. came in. He hesitates and does not want to reply. He becomes restless. His feet are scraping up and down on the couch; he bites his fingernails. The analyst calls these movements to his attention and gets him to stop them. He looks hurt and injured. He finally puts both hands under his buttocks, and then seems able to resume, but his voice is choked up and he begins to cry. The analyst

calls his attention to sitting on his hands, to the choked-up feeling, and to the crying. He then breaks down completely; he cries for several minutes and says, "This all makes me feel so lonesome and blue. My mother has been sick in bed, and I have been thinking a good deal about it—worrying about it, too. And that makes all of these things so much more severe."

The analyst tells him they have to meet this situation; does he believe he is really right, and that the others are wrong, and would he like to talk over the whole situation? He agrees that it would be best, and is allowed to go over the story in his own way. He says, "I feel I can do things better than anyone else, when I'm stubborn. I realize that when I am stubborn I say things I know are really not true—I get all filled up—I feel blue and mad, and lose control of myself—when I have arguments with X., I realize that it is just stubbornness. I am so stubborn at such times that I do not know what I am doing or saying. That stubbornness is part of my hurt feelings, and the hurt feelings are part of my lonesomeness. My feelings have always been very easily hurt. I know that what X. asked me to do was all right—I can say that now—but when I am stubborn and mad I say that I know better than he does, and then I feel I am right and he is wrong, and then I begin to say things that really are not true, but after my stubbornness gets over, I seem to forget all that, and want to be friends with him."

He is now asked to give his earliest memories of being stubborn, and he says, "I always had what I call a fiery temper—I used to get mad and provoked at mother—kick at her—slam doors—she'd shut me in a room—I'd get out—she didn't know anything about it—I'd throw my shoes on the floor—tell her to shut up and go to ——. One thing I remember was I had a little tricycle when I was three or four, and I used to like to ride it. Mother would say, 'You can't go just now,' and I'd get mad at once. I'd say, 'You can't stop me, and I am going.' She'd say, 'You are not,' and I'd say I would go, and I'd get mad at her, and I'd pound and kick her, and she'd say 'Go to your room and stay there until supper.' I'd say I wouldn't. She'd say, 'I'll spank you,' and I'd say, 'You will not, you wouldn't dare—I'll knock you cuckoo if you do.' She'd say, 'I'll give you three chances.' I'd say, 'No, you won't.' She'd say, 'I'll call daddy.' I'd say, 'No, you won't.' [His voice is getting high with anger as he tells this.] Then she grabs me by the arm, takes me up the stairs, I kick and wriggle and say, 'I won't go—I'll tend to my own business.' She shuts me in. but I get out of the window—and then after a while I go back again, and kind of settle down, and cool off, and

by telling him that he needs some money for a personal necessity. The analyst gives him the change. He gets up and leaves quickly without thanking him.

In the following session they go over the child relationship with the mother, and Jack is able to give all of the former phantasy material, in which the child is pictured in a state of perfect happiness and contentment, even to being rocked after he has had his fill of milk. The weaning from the breast brings out some protest, but no great hardness. The child fights for a little while, but finally gives in when it finds it can get something out of the bottle. The same holds true in the weaning from the bottle. There is no tantrum, just a severe protest against getting used to something it never had to do before, but finally becoming reconciled because it gets used to the food.

When the analyst tries to go over the diaper period, Jack shows considerable resistance. He becomes very restless, raises himself on his elbows, and keeps looking at the latter. It was some time before the analyst could get him to repress this attitude and enter into the analysis. He kept saying the child wouldn't like to be all mussed up—it wouldn't like the smell—it would be glad to have clean diapers. By assuring him and getting him to put himself in the little baby's place, he was finally able to get deeper material, but it came very slowly—almost as if he were stammering, and he seemed a little displeased as he told it. His tone of voice was hard—as if the analyst were forcing something upon him. He says, "The child doesn't mind the warm feeling—but that's because he doesn't know what it is."

He stops here, opens one eye, and looks at the analyst who encourages him to proceed, and tells him he is sure he is able to tell just exactly how the baby would feel. This seems to help, and he tries once more.

"The baby doesn't mind the warm, soft, squizzly stuff. He goes on moving around, and doesn't mind it at all—but then his mother comes in, and she has a funny look on her face, and she shakes her finger and says, "Ssh!" The baby doesn't know what's the matter with her—he feels all right, she starts to take his diaper off and he begins to get mad—he kicks—he begins to make his mouth go—he is trying to say something, but he can't—he wishes she would get out of here and leave him alone. [Jack is now angry; his voice is hard and he is making gestures as if he would like to push someone away from him.] He's as mad as the dickens—he'd like to kick her out of here, but she goes right on, and takes it away from him, and then she puts a clean one on, and it feels all scratchy and

itchy, and he doesn't like it, and he keeps on being mad, and he kicks and screams and hollers. His mother goes out of the room and leaves him there, and he feels as if he'd like to kick everything apart—he does kick the bedclothes. He's awful mad. [A long wait follows. He raises up on his elbows once more and looks at the analyst who asks him what he thinks of all this.] It reminds me of my stubbornness, and my madness, and my sadness, and my lonesomeness. It seems I have two kinds of madness, one that makes me awful lonesome, in which I don't want to fight and the other in which I don't care what happens. [He is now asked how he got this way.] Why, it looks as if I got it from the time I've been telling you about, like being mad at mother for making me take a bottle, and also from taking my diapers away."

In his written notes he says, "I can now trace my stubborn feeling away back to the time when I was forced to stop nursing. Up to that time I had had things all my own way, and was satisfied—but when I had to stop, I seemed to get mad, and kick and scream, and shove mother away, and also shove the bottle away—but after awhile I got used to the bottle, and felt I was getting something in return. But when I did something in my diapers, it felt all right to me, but mother used to come in, scowling, and I used to wonder what it was all about. She took it away from me—and I got as made as hops—I seemed to be happy before she came in, but when she took this away from me, I began to get mad at once, because she seemed so cross with me, and she didn't seem to be going to do anything about it, and when she put on new diapers, they didn't feel half as nice as the ones I had on with something in it, because the ones she took off felt nice and warm and smooth, and reminded me of my happy days gone by—then she put something on me that felt all scratchy and itchy, and I felt they were not half as nice as what I had had. I am beginning to see that my actions toward X. when I get mad, and all flared up, are just like I felt when mother did that to me. I have thought it all over, and I am beginning to see that my crossness and madness and stubbornness, and lonesomeness, are all connected. It doesn't do any good by being this way."

Jack's tendencies to pry, to talk and exaggerate, are still noticeable but he seems to be making progress in reducing these. He has kept busy most of the time and has accomplished excellent work in basketry, weaving and typewriting, of which he is justly proud.

Ninth Month. Jack continues to analyze his tempers and tantrums, and he gives many episodes. In nearly every instance they were directed toward his mother, and in describing his attitude towards her, he says, "I would tell her I didn't give a whoop what she thought,

and would say, 'I am going to finish one thing before I start another,' and she would say, 'No,' but then she would get so insistent, and come over and take me by the arm, and then I'd know I'd have to give in. All the time she'd be saying, 'I'll make you,' as she took me by the arm and pushed me along. She was bigger than I and could make me, but I'd keep saying, 'No, you won't. I can't be disturbed. If I stop what I'm doing, I'll forget it.' But that didn't make any difference to her. She'd say that what she wanted done was more important, and that reminds me of my feeling of wanting to be important—I wanted to finish what I was doing first, before starting another, and that reminds me, oh, I don't know what it reminds me of—nothing that I can think of now."

He appears quite angry and restless as he gives the above; his voice is harsh and high-pitched. He settles down after awhile, and the analyst suggests that he give a further phantasy of the baby soiling his diapers, and in a little while he resumes, "He is so young he doesn't know what he is doing—something happens to come—he feels funny—sometimes he cries—sometimes it is warm and soft—he kind of likes the feeling of it. His mother comes and scowls—he laughs at her—she scowls more and seems in earnest and says, 'Ssh!' puts her finger up and shakes it, and scowls more—takes him to the bathroom—he cries—he doesn't want the diaper taken off—knows he gets the scratchy and itchy feeling back when she puts on a clean one—he doesn't want to be interfered with." His tone is getting hard now. He frowns and looks cross and shakes his hand up and down, with index finger extended, as he says, "He doesn't want to be interfered with—he wants what he has—she wants him to be clean—he doesn't understand what it's all about—he feels as if he is being disturbed—sometimes he is even asleep when he does it, and she comes and finds it out—feels around under him and wakes him up. He begins to cry at once—tries to push her away. He moves his mouth as he tries to tell her, but he can't talk—he doesn't like to be interfered with in any way—he wants things his own way—the way he feels he wants them—he doesn't like to have her coming and interfering with him in what he is doing, but she continues to interfere, puts him on the toilet—he doesn't like to sit there—he is afraid—doesn't like the feeling of cold wood against his skin—it is hard and uncomfortable. [His hands are under his buttocks now, and he is rocking from side to side as he is telling this in angry tones.] He doesn't want to be interfered with at all—wants to be left alone and not have to do what other people want him to."

The analyst now says in a very kindly way, "Now Jack, let's see

if you can tell me what all this reminds you of." The angry tone has disappeared now and he looks sad, as his voice takes on a little hurt feeling. He says, "It's like my wanting to always have my way—I like to always have things my own way—I used to be that way all the time, but now I feel I'm beginning to change a little—I feel I'm not so bad as I used to be, but I still am that way some of the time, like when I get mad at X. when he wants me to clean up my room, but for the last few days since we have been having these talks, it seems I am able to take advice a little better. It also reminds me of how I used to act towards my mother when she would ask me to do something. I would get mad at her because I did not want to be interfered with. I thought what I was doing was more important than anything she could ask. It's like the little child I told you about, who thinks that what he does in his diapers is more important than having mother change it to something that is itchy and scratchy." He is now biting his nails in a nervous manner, and the analyst asks him why. His voice is a little shaky as he says, "I didn't know I was doing it, but I guess it's because all these things I'm telling you about make me feel lonesome."

In Jack's written notes he gives an absolutely accurate account of everything that happens in the analysis, word for word. He is even able to recall conversations between himself and his mother, that he has brought out in the analysis. He even records the proper time in the analysis when they shift from the memory recall to the phantasy, and gives an equally accurate account. He added in his notes, "Last night I couldn't get to sleep on account of the wind. I don't get to sleep so fast when it is raining, because of the noise that disturbs me, especially when the rain comes against the window pane. If it's fear, what kind of fear is it? I don't fear anything else. It's queer that I should be afraid of this one thing." Inasmuch as he makes the above reference to being disturbed by the noise of the wind and the rain, the analyst took this point up for analysis. His material follows: "It's the noise that keeps me awake—I don't feel afraid, but it keeps me awake—the noise of the rain against the window, or the rain making the window rattle terribly—I can't get to sleep. Lightning and thunder always make me a little afraid and concerned, because of a story of two boys who were killed by lightning, but then sudden noises make me jump. The other night when the wind blew gales I couldn't get to sleep. It would stop for a little while and then I would go to sleep—then it would start up, make a noise, then wake me up. I was awfully frightened when the limb of the apple tree fell—I had no idea what it was—I have never had any fear of the dark that I know of—I always slept alone. I

never was afraid to go out, at least I feel that way about it, but then as I think back, I never really did go out at night. It seems to me that it is the noise that bothers me—there is something uncertain about it—you don't know what is going to happen—the wind howling, like spooks, or ghosts, and that reminds me that I did have a kind of feeling that something might get me in the dark—things were a little unnatural. I'm not afraid at all if there are lights around."

The analyst asks him to give a phantasy of how a boy would act on going out in the dark. There was considerable protective influence even in the phantasy, and the analyst pointed out that it looked as if he were giving a mental picture that didn't seem to be like what boys in general feel about such things. He became very restless and acted as if he had been detected in trying to protect himself. In order to avoid this attitude the analyst tried to assure him by saying they both would go into the phantasy experience together, of how a boy would act and feel in the dark, that it certainly looked from the analyst's personal experience and from what boys used to tell him that when they are very young they certainly don't like the dark, and that he was sure if he tried very hard, he would be able to give a good review of such a phantasy. This created just a little better feeling, and he said, "Well, the reason I'm not afraid of the dark is, well, I know things are just the same at night as they are in the day—it's only that you don't think they are, and that's what makes you feel uncertain." He then begins the phantasy. "Well, the boy is walking along the road, and he is in a hurry to get home—he has never been out alone in the dark before, and he doesn't know what it is like. He seems to see shadows, and he seems to be listening for noises, unexpected things, as if something is going to happen to him, he has kind of creepy sensations, gooseflesh, as if he is cold—he'd like to be in where it's warm—where he'd feel safer—so that he would be sure that nothing was going to happen to him. He feels this way because he's alone—he's not sure what's going to happen." The analyst says, "I wonder what would make him feel safe and secure?" Jack replies quickly, "Why, to be home again—to be in his own room—or to be with his parents." The analyst says, "I wonder how he got to be that way?" and in a little annoyed tone, Jack says, "Why, he was that way all the time since he was born—he always wanted to be with his mother because she protects him—but after a while he gets so he can take care of himself." The analyst then inquires, "Suppose that a boy should be, say, fifteen or sixteen, and still be afraid of noises and have creepy sensations when he was in the dark; what

would you really think about that?" The boy's expression is a little helpless. He hesitates for a little while, then says, "Well, I suppose he hasn't learned yet how to get over that feeling. It's like my lonesomeness when I was away at camp, and when I came up here. Everything was strange, but I feel I am learning more about my lonesomeness now and I don't think I act like I used to, and another thing, I don't have to work hard to keep my lonesomeness away. I seem to be able to do other things, and the lonesomeness doesn't come up any more."

It was recognized here that Jack had failed to grasp the deep significance of the castration, and that further analysis of the fear of the dark and the magic he used to protect himself from it is necessary. He turned in two dreams as follows: "I wrote to a teacher and asked her to send me a Latin book to study. When the book arrived I had forgotten that I had sent for it. The second dream was that I thought I was joining the Navy. I was in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and an officer came to me and said, 'Young man, what is your name?' and when I told him he took me to the ship that I was going to embark on. It was the battleship Arkansas. The officer said to me, 'Let us inspect the ship.' I said, 'Yes, sir, I will gladly let you do it.' We started to inspect the ship, and when we had completed this he took me to my quarters and said, 'Do whatever the officers ask you to do.' I said, 'Yes, sir, I will gladly do that.' The officer then left and next day the ship sailed and I woke up."

The boy's good work in weaving continues, and this is his greatest interest. He has also attended to his chores regularly, evidently with more actual satisfaction. Under a little supervision, his personal cleanliness and general neatness have undergone an improvement.

There is still a strong tendency to pry into every conversation and to know everything that goes on. This is continually brought to his attention, but outside of an occasional sheepish glance or an angry denial he does not seem affected. His story-telling and exaggerating remain the same, as does his strong attachment for older people.

In the following session the analyst suggests that he tell memories of efforts to gain a feeling of importance. He says, "Standing around, looking up at people—rainy days, feeling blue—go to the movies which make me feel better. Butting into other people's conversation gives me the feeling I can say something too. Sometimes I want to change the subject because what I hear hurts me—I like to show what work I do to strangers, and when they ask me to weave something for them I feel very important."

It was suggested that he give details of what he did. He stops

frequently and looks at the analyst and with no change in tone of voice he continues, "Showing off my new bicycle or anything new—showing off—being proud of it. When I was small I'd tell others if I was going riding and say, 'You can't go' just as if I were doing something wonderful. It was the same when I got a new toy—had to show it off—talk a lot about it—talking and laughing loud. I laugh too loud—that makes me feel I ought to stop it—it bothers me more than the loud talking. Running up to meet strangers—make new friends—might be someone from home who knew my parents—curious to know all about them—to show what I know—to show others I know things." He stops now and the analyst has to encourage him to proceed, and suggests earlier memories. He continues, "I can't remember anything I did when I was younger—unless it was trying to show I knew more than the others—trying to be promoted. I used to be low in several subjects—that hurt me, and I was always trying to work hard to do as well as the rest, but it was awfully hard. I remember being brave when I was real small—doing things the other boys were afraid to do. The first time I went to the movies I thought it was something wonderful, and went about telling everyone about it, but they didn't seem to pay much attention—I wanted them all to know I was able to go—showing off again. Everything new I did I thought wonderful and talked about it—bragging about it—telling them they couldn't go—wasn't old enough to go. Bragging was another thing—telling things I could do when I really couldn't do them at all—bragging about my father—trying to make myself big and important. If any kid hit me I'd say, 'My father will kill you and your father,' and I'd quarrel and argue back and forth, bragging about what I could do and what I had seen—all trying to make myself big and important—always trying to make out I could do things no one else could do."

The analyst gets him to return to more definite behavior reactions and he continues, "I used to try to attract attention. I always felt lonesome—would look up at people to get them to look at me—break into their conversation so they would change their subject and notice me. They'd walk away and I'd follow them. I always wanted people to pay attention to me—hear all and know all that was going on. When people were at the house talking with my mother, I wanted her to myself—felt like telling them to go on out. I'd whisper to mother to have them go—she'd tell me to run along. I'd get mad—would stand around and listen to what they were saying—sometimes they'd go upstairs—lock themselves in a room. I'd get in the window—sometimes I'd hide so they didn't know I was there. I'd hear all I wanted and then sneak out. I didn't want

mother to give anyone attention but me—didn't want her attention distracted from me—wanted her to chase the people out. Inside I felt mad—I didn't know the other people—they didn't mean anything to me—mother would say she would read to me after the people went, but I'd say, 'No, have them go right away!' I'd whisper to her—plead with her—tell her I wanted her to let them go, so we could be together."

The analyst asks, "Why do you think you acted that way?" Jack answers, "Well, because I always wanted to be with mother all the time (voice a little shaky now). I always was with her and never wanted to be separated from her. I used to feel lonesome without her—always sticking around her and when I was very small I never wanted her out of my sight, I never wanted her to go away. I wanted her entire attention because I loved her very dearly [his voice becomes high-pitched and emotional now, and this is called to his attention]. It makes me lonesome to even talk about it now. I wanted her all to myself, never wanted her to give my sister any attention. I cried and would call for her—wanted to be comforted by her. When she took me on her lap and sang to me, that took all the sad feelings away. I was always moving around—was always restless and noisy. That kept the sad and lonesome feelings away—I couldn't keep at one thing for more than a few minutes—didn't know what I wanted—looking for mother I guess."

As Jack pauses here the analyst asks, "I wonder why you wished this attention?" Jack stammers, "I—my cousin was that way too." He now wants to tell about the cousin's lonesomeness, but he is reminded that he has been asked to tell why he thought he wished all this attention from his mother. His voice becomes emotional, tears begin to come, but he makes one big effort as he says, "I could not break away from my mother—I loved her so dearly—always wished to be on her lap and have her rock me and sing to me. When my sister came I had to let my mother take care of her. I couldn't stand having mother do that—of course I know she had to do it, but I couldn't get used to it and just cried and hung around her all I could."

The analysis is now brought over to the weaning from the breast, bottle and diaper. The greatest affect is shown at the breast weaning. He pictures himself as lonely and dejected and longs to be back. There is no hardness or anger, just a longing to have the old caresses and attention. He states how he has never been able to feel safe without his mother or the feeling of importance which he now recognizes as a means of getting over this loss. He showed genuine enthusiasm; his face lit up in a smile as he said, "I have

a cousin who lives in Washington. He is fifteen and just loves to sit in his mother's lap and have her read to him. I'd like to get him to come here, too, so he could get over being childish, because I can see now he is acting childish."

When asked to now go over his accomplishments since being at the Institute he at once says his basketry, weaving and typewriting make him feel he is really able to do things well and he doesn't have to brag about them; that his lonesomeness is almost all gone, and that he doesn't have to be with older people so much; he feels safe alone and doesn't need to have anyone with him. He has lost his tendency to argue so insistently and takes advice better, is not so demanding and there is a steady, increased productiveness.

When Jack was asked to give a birth phantasy he said, "I can't tell how a baby would feel, because I never saw one born." He was encouraged to try to picture himself being born and he began: "Feel strangely—don't know what it is about—can't open my eyes—just lie there in the crib." Here his attention has to be directed to the birth process. "Well, I'd feel kind of sore when they are trying to get me out. I'd feel a lot of probing and pulling—feel strange—a bumping, rocking sensation. I wouldn't know what it was all about—feel I was being shoved, but handled carefully. I'd feel kind of sore. I wouldn't know what was being done—have different kinds of feelings. I want to get out, but can't see how I can get out. Sometimes it's easy and sometimes it's hard. Strange feelings—I can't tell what the feelings are. It's slippery—first I'm sore—then not so sore. I'm getting further out. I seem to feel better. It's not so sore or rocky. I still feel funny and surprised. It's kind of a dark, narrow place—very, very narrow—feel squeezed up—can't open my hands yet—can't do anything—just have to be pushed along—have a sliding, slippery feeling, as if I were being pushed over a slippery surface—I don't like this place and want to get out. It's all dark, and everything—feel frightened because I don't know what's going to happen. I don't like the feeling of slipping and sliding. I have a sort of frightened feeling and want to get out so I won't have this fear any more. I can't tell what's going to happen next and want to get out in a hurry to get away from that fear of what's going to happen next. It's a funny fear—what are all these horrid, prickly, pushy feelings? Finally I get into a wider space and feel better. I find it hard to breathe—choky feeling in my neck, but everything gets easier as I go along. I'm not as secure, but have a feeling I'm going to slip any minute—don't know what's going to happen from minute to minute—feel secure but not as safe as before I started sliding and slipping—I

was safer and more secure inside mother, but suddenly I am pulled or pushed quickly. I am kind of afraid and want to stay where I was. Something seems to have hold of me from the other end and I can't help myself. I'm afraid, because I don't know what's happening to me. I get more and more afraid—try to push myself back—begin to wriggle around but it doesn't help me any—I'm slowly being pushed and pulled along this slippery, sliding place—yanked along slowly. At first I am very frightened. I don't like it—it pricks and hurts—it feels as if something had hold of me that has a sharp end to it—it's getting more airy and chilly—I want to get back to where I was. I feel very warm at first but it is getting less warm all the time. I can't tell what is in my throat—breathing I guess, but I don't want to do it—don't like it—choky feeling. But I am not so tight now—I don't know where I am. I seem to be in an immense open space. I wonder where I am—I'd rather be back where it's nice and small and have all my comfort to myself—where it is nice and warm all the time—so many changes—this great immense place—I don't know who I am even. I feel mad against being pushed out of my small place—but when I am in mother's arms and have something nice and warm in my mouth, I feel safer and better."

In giving this phantasy Jack was very restless. His legs were in constant motion. He bit his fingernails and rubbed his head, evidently as if he were annoyed and irritated. He could give only a few ideas at a time, then would stop and look shyly at the analyst out of the corner of his eye. As the latter moved from his gaze he raised himself on his elbow and looked towards him, evidently trying to get a view of his face. The analyst suggested that he try to keep the movements under control. He said he'd try, but he was successful only for a time. As he finished he said: "The part that interested me most was the slipping and sliding and being pushed and the feeling I couldn't imagine what was going to happen next."

In the next session the analyst suggests that he analyze his attitude toward mother and father substitutes. He says: "I liked all my teachers but one—the gym teacher—he was hard and cross and cranky. All my troubles with him started over an excuse mother wrote for me, she did not want me to wear my gym suit while I had such a bad cold. He wouldn't take the excuse—said it had to come from a doctor. I told him our doctor told mother to write it and advised her it was not good for me to strip in cold gym when I had a sore throat." His voice is getting high now and his legs are restlessly moving. He looks cross. The analyst asks him if he notices these attitudes and he slowly admits he does. He appears shy, does

not look up at the latter, and acts as if he were caught at something he does not want known. The analyst asks him to tell just how he feels as he tells this story. He says: "I feel cross like I felt when talking to him—felt like hitting him—he was so dumb—I feel the same as when no one believes me, or tries to say I'm lying. I knew the doctor was right—my mother was right, and here the teacher was saying he wouldn't accept the note—it was enough to make anyone mad. I was going to catch cold for him. [His voice is still hard and he is restless. The analyst again calls his attention to it and he looks at him and smiles.] I am always that way—can't stand to have anyone interfere with my way—think my way is right—get mad all over when people try to say I'm wrong, when I know I'm right. Of course I know now that I have been wrong many times and tried to stick it out against all arguments but I'm not so much that way now. I can see that older people and people who have had more experience than I have know more. I'm not as disturbed over such things as I used to be."

Next they go over the teachers he liked. He found himself keeping near them; doing little errands for them; feeling safe, secure, happy and comforted while near them. He recalls asking for a seat near the teacher, and wanted to be as near her as he could. He continues: "I have different attitudes for certain people. I never liked one teacher because he was very cross and harsh. I was probably not used to his harshness. Nobody cared about that man ever. He was sort of ungentlemanly. I did like one or two teachers especially—the first one was my French teacher in Junior High School. She always had a smile on her face, and was altogether different from the other teachers. She taught differently than the others did. She always said nice things and helped me with my French. I had a better attitude toward her than I did toward all the others. I liked one other teacher also. She was a comparatively older woman than the other teacher. She was very nice and a person whom you couldn't help liking. She was a person for whom I was glad to do things and she sort of acted as a substitute for mother. I take an interest in ministers because they have helped me and carried me through many difficulties and I have gotten so much comfort from the church and the minister. You see I have been to the same church ever since I have lived in New Jersey. My minister has given me such comfort—he has carried me through many sad moments. When I have been troubled at different times I have gone to him for comfort." The analyst asks for special instances. "Well, when I asked about things in his sermon that I did not understand, he'd explain. I just—well, I can't remember—it's just being with him. He's such

an interesting man and he knows what I am interested in and we work together. I help him wind up moving picture reels—number lantern slides—put the names on the cases—take walks in the woods with him. He has a nice dog. When I'm with him I feel safer than when I'm with anyone else. He knows so much about outdoor life. I have the feeling we are going to have a nice time. He'll take good care of me. I won't get lost. Would rather be around with him in the woods—better than with anyone else, except my mother and father and relatives. I used to sit in the woods by the hour—sometimes we'd see ten or fifteen different kinds of birds." The analyst asks what this situation reminds him of. He says: "It reminds me of the contentment I used to have when I was a little baby—the comfort I had when with mother—the happiness she gave me—the feeling of security—I wouldn't be afraid to go anywhere with her—the same with the minister because he knows—they gave me a good time—I had faith and comfort knowing they were around." When asked to analyze the above he says: "Well, I can see that I'm trying to keep with people who will make me feel happy and comfortable—something in me that makes me want to do that and I can see by learning to do things I can keep away my lonesomeness."

Throughout this interview the boy sat up part of the time and also lay down for a while. During the part where he acknowledged the indictment, his voice remained calm and firm; only once did the analyst note that his eyelids twitched and saw him swallow deeply several times. He admitted there was just a little warning of the filling-up sensation. This he is able to connect with his desire to be with and near his mother.

Next they take up his attitude toward Scout masters. Here he showed much resistance and it was some time before the analyst could get his attitude without his offering excuses. Finally he said this was because he never saw much of his Scout masters, they were always so busy, and besides, they reminded him of how lonesome he was when he was away in camp. But even here he was able to tell how at camp he wanted to be near the councilor and that he felt he would be safer and happier with him.

A few days later Jack came to the analyst with notes concerning questions he wished to ask about. He said he recognized that he wanted to do things in a hurry to get them over; that when writing his notes something seemed to want him to leave them or hurry them along. He wanted to know if this was what is known as resistance. Then he says, "I can feel that I'm willing to admit more and more of the things that I see in me that are peculiar—the feeling of wanting

to be important comes up often and I know I do things that I feel make me important."

The analyst asks, "What are the things you are willing to admit?" He says, "Well, standing around looking at people with my hands in my pockets, but I don't do as many things as I used to [hesitates now; has his hands in his pockets and is constantly rubbing himself]. I boast a little too much still [biting his nails] but I try not to boast—those are the most important things I can think of just now." His voice is now firm and he looks pleased as he ends the process of indictments. The analyst says, "Jack, now that you say you can admit you can see yourself do these things, I want you to try to tell me if you can picture yourself in the parlor when I was sitting there last night." The boy was silent for three minutes; he breathed quickly several times and then said, "I was standing in front of you with my hands in my pockets." The analyst asks him to give more details; he cannot go on; he is biting his nails and is very restless. Finally he says, "I can't tell what I was saying." Then after a long wait, he adds, "I can't remember that but I have thought of something else. I hang around you—feel important about it—think I have more say with you than anyone else. Others don't do it and I feel I'm wrong and it makes me feel I want to be too important."

The analyst has him go over other episodes, having him picture what he observes others do and then what he does. When telling about the others he is cheerful and able to give a straight-forward story, but when he starts to tell about himself he hesitates, becomes very restless and bites his nails. These points are called to his notice. He does not fill up and cry, but slowly represses the reaction and looks at the analyst while he goes over the situation again.

As the interview ends the analyst asks him what he has learned and he says: "I'm learning how to see myself—to realize how I act, just the same as others see me, and I am also learning that when I act the way I do, I don't get things right, because I'm so concerned about my own importance. I don't think what others are saying and doing are of any importance at all. Even what I do remember is only to make me more important because I do it to be able to show I can do something no one else can—like speaking up and telling things when I'm not asked—butting into conversations and all that."

The analyst then gave him a general talk that covered the material already given concerning the castration fear and the protection from the fears. There is a marked change in his general behavior; all the symptoms are less active. In the final session to be recorded, Jack was asked to picture himself as he believed he appeared to

others. He gave the following: "I can picture myself doing different things. Last night I opened the window and got a handful of snow and threw it at Bill. He was lying down on the couch and I washed his face with it. I didn't think he would take it seriously, but he did. He got mad. I have seen the other people do this, so I did it, too. I wouldn't have wanted anyone to do it to me—it is a sort of one-sided proposition. I can picture myself standing in the middle of the room staring at somebody. Sometimes I am not conscious of the fact that I am doing it. Sometimes people will say, 'Why don't you sit down, Jack?' And then I do. When I begin to think now, that is a strange thing. I wonder if that is one way of trying to attract attention or have people notice me. There is something inside that makes me do that or sort of tells me to do it. I can picture myself when I am busy. Somebody comes up and distracts my attention from what I am doing. Inside I feel like telling them to go away or please leave but I pretend not to understand them or say 'Yes' to everything they say. I feel kind of cross, and like telling them to get away. I kind of get mad inside, but not so as the person could see that I was mad. I still have a little quivering in my voice when certain things come up—certain emotional feelings. My feelings mean a lot to me because there is a lot in them. Other people's feelings may not mean so much to them. But I look at my feelings from an analytical standpoint. I have gotten to a point where I can picture myself doing different things and recognizing that I do them. I understand myself better. I have gone so far as to think that I look upon my feelings and thoughts in a different way than other people. Other people say, 'Oh, that's nothing,' when a certain feeling or thought comes up. But I look upon my thoughts and feelings from an analytical standpoint. I can see so much difference in myself from when I first came here. My habits have changed—my thoughts have changed. My feelings have changed—my attitude toward people has changed. My childhood wishes are changed. I understand more fully the value of money. I understand myself fuller in every way possible. I feel healthier physically and mentally. My eye trouble has gone. It seems too bad now that I haven't been able to do so much before just because of my eyes, because it really wasn't on account of my eyes. And to think that I haven't been able to mix in with the boys—to think that my eyes have been cured in a year or less. But oh, how much better I will be, and am now, and I'll be able to mix in with everybody so much better. I have a better understanding of everything. Now I can see the advantage of coming to a place when you are young than when you are grown up, because I think you can do better analysis

when you are young. All my life I have never been able to get along well in school or outside. I have been so attached to mother—that has been the biggest hindrance in my life. Sometimes I never went out of the house and I never meant much to some of my boy friends, but now they all care about me. I never had a chance to try to play football or was allowed to play baseball or tennis, and never could mix in and feel I was having a good time, because I was afraid of being hit with a ball, but now I have a big advantage over everyone. I am older in my mind, and physically, I am taller, stronger and heavier. I have gained twenty-eight pounds in this past year. I have figured out what that quivering in my voice means—it means that there is still a particle of lonesomeness which is a part of the part of me that doesn't want to grow up. There is still a particle of my hurt feelings left. That hurt feeling isn't half as bad as it used to be, and there isn't much of it left. There is still a small part of me that doesn't want to grow up and that still wants to hang on mother and thinks about her at times. Yesterday was the first time in a long time my voice broke into a quiver. Most people would think, 'Oh, that doesn't mean anything, that will clear up and go away,' but I don't think that way. I try to find out all I can about it because a person can't go through life with hurt feelings because people can't ever tell when a person is going to say something, or tell them something that will hurt their feelings. That is the reason I am finding out all about it and want to get it out of my system, even when I go away. If anything should bother me I could just write and ask you about it. That is why I have more confidence in you than I have in most people. I remember a few times in Daddy's office—standing before people with my hands in my pockets—got into a habit—no boys to be with—no one my age—I think I have been attached to older people because I haven't had any boy friends—I like older people because they give me more privileges than anyone else would. I've always been attached to older people all my life because there has been no one else—also boys in my neighborhood are not allowed out on Sunday. I've had several hindrances because I haven't been out with boys on account of my eyes—backwardness in school—you see all my boy friends are ahead of me. [Voice now shaky.] I think it's been a very bad hindrance in my life—not having boy friends." A few tears come into his eyes, and he is biting his fingernails nervously. The analyst encourages him to tell him what makes him look so sad and why he is so restless. He looks up and in a quivering voice says, "I feel bad because I feel lonesome now—I feel just like I did when I was lonesome and away from home. I feel there is something inside of me that makes me want

to be with grownup people, and I feel myself filling up like I used to when I was lonesome and away from mother, and it makes me feel that when I first started to talk to you this morning that I was trying to hide that thing that is inside of me. As you explained it to me a little while ago, I could feel what you were saying was just how I felt, but I notice some change. I didn't feel mad or tight and didn't deny it. I used to say I was right no matter what anyone said. I can feel that I'm changing in that way."

As a final summary to the foregoing analysis we may give the present portraiture of Jack's social behavior and character at the present time. There has been a decided and obvious change in Jack. The general impression of a tense, tightly strung defense against life is no longer there. In its place we find a more relaxed attitude, a sense of greater freedom, and a general appearance of stability. The same peculiarities are present, but the energy behind them seems to have been reduced and redistributed, so that the new arrangement brings out a new picture. The first impression would still be that Jack was rather shy and withdrawn. Furtive glances from the corner of his eye seem to size up the situation, and if he sees approval and friendliness he seems to relax; without that assurance, he remains in his shell, as before. But it seems as if his requirements, the terms on which he will surrender himself from his fortress, are less rigid, less demanding. He is more willing to meet his associates part way, and with this broader range of rapport, he continues to be eager to show his friendship through countless acts of real thoughtfulness, running errands and performing helpful services. Once assured of certain friendship, he continues to form a crush, yet it doesn't seem to be the effortless affection that characterized his former crushes. He still bases his importance on stories of exaggerated experiences, on boasting of his home town, his father, and his friends, but his efforts to win approval do not end there; he has valuable accomplishments which speak for themselves. In other words, he can offer more of himself to earn approval. This probably explains why he no longer clings insistently to his fantastic stories; he is often checked up on them, questioned, and the obvious absurdities pointed out. Sometimes he still hangs on to the end, but even then his voice and manner never reach the high-pitched defiance of former times; more often he silently drops the question. He is still unwilling to admit an error openly, but at least he partly recognizes the futility of insisting on his view. He quite obviously likes the company of adults, but he has also made a big advance in his ability to get along with younger people. He often seeks the company of those his own age and plays happily most of the time. He still has the self-right-

eous tone that incites boys to pick on him, but more often he manages to keep out of trouble of this sort. There is less about his personality that encourages torment, and he can take a little bullying now without appealing for help as formerly. The striving for adult learning, talking on subjects way over his head, either to impress the young people or gain favor with the older ones, has fallen off considerably. He has more real worth to offer both groups. There is still little that goes on about the house that Jack does not know about, and he still uses this material, highly colored and often incorrect, in exchange for possible attention in the group. He lurks in the neighborhood of conversations, watches events attentively and drinks it all in oblivious to everything. There has been but little change in this, although the habit has been tactfully called to his attention and he has agreed that he ought to try to stop it. Each time he is caught he either denies that he was listening or else smiles sheepishly and quickly turns away. It is evident, however, that he is making some effort to change.

The problem of getting the boy to attend to personal hygiene has become much easier. Friendly insistence and tactful supervision, together with the constant suggestion that all his friends and heroes have the same tasks, that they expect certain things of him, etc., have gone far to gain his coöperation. He now attends to these things voluntarily and is beginning to show pride in his cleanliness and neatness. He accepts authority and discipline much easier than ever before. He argues a little, excuses himself and sometimes lies a bit, but when quiet pressure is brought to bear it is seldom followed by a tantrum, and never by the raging viciousness that marked earlier episodes. Perhaps the greatest change has been in the degree to which his interests have expanded. Beginning with basketry work, he had at first a strong attachment for his teacher, to be followed shortly by a real interest in the work for itself. Soon he became attracted to weaving, and now works skilfully at a loom, turning out excellent products which he is delighted to sell or present to his friends. He has taken readily to learning the typewriter and is able to write letters. Reading, which has always been a favorite pastime, is being continued with a somewhat more careful and serious attitude. He enters into everything he does much more thoroughly than ever before; he is able to do things that give him something of real value, that he need not defend, and something that brings with it its own feeling of substantial importance. One cannot fail to note the general improvement in Jack's makeup.

At the outset of the analysis, one sees a boy who is on the defen-

sive, fully prepared to protect and justify his narcissism. He has already "Said many things but not in answer to our questions"—that is, he has demonstrated as well as stated that his main protective concern is quite all right, there is no need of any change; that his psychic and physical equipment need no improvement. His very eagerness to ward off any intrusion upon his system indicates, however, that all is not well and that he fears the analytic approach with its possible demands upon his object interest. He fortifies his position with a replacement of his mother's attitude for that of his own. The incompleteness of this maintained identification in "loneliness" gives us the first opportunity to enter his system for a parley whether he is surely living in the "best of all possible worlds." To offset the loneliness he withdraws libido into the ego formation and directs the ego impulses upon "doing things" by himself which enrich his inner good feelings (narcissism), and once more wipes out the need of socialization in group contact in school or on the playground. In order to temporarily increase the emotional concern of the infantile castrations, the analyst assures him he will go with him in phantasy into the fear of the period and attempt to meet the castration more acceptably. By successive steps, the defenses which he built against his feelings of inadequacy and inferiority are analyzed. He then unfolds the egoistic bombast he employed to take the place of an outer object-impulse in the environment. In other words, he soon began to direct the ego impulses upon a series of false values (inner concepts) to satisfy the demand of the ideal ego and its central nucleus of mythical parental identification as well as those he had critically found wanting in his own nature. He justifies this procedure by a rationalization; first, because the child doesn't mean to really do it ("lying and exaggerating the truth") and that the whole procedure is unconscious ("in the heart") and cannot be avoided. He adds another rationalized justification that the demands of parents and educators are too onerous so he *has* to fabricate to avoid the inexorable demands of reality with which he is not able to cope. This is the ordinary inferiority reaction of mental arrest that castrates the feeble-minded as a class in all their antisocial delinquencies. To replace the actual mastering of a too complex and demanding environment, Jack admits he began to build up an inner system of concepts which though fanciful were not so dissimilar to his real accomplishments of a sort. At first he knew these boastings and happenings were not really so, but after a time he lost or repressed a critical faculty of their falsity and grew to really believe they happened as he fancied (faulty beliefs and rationalized delusions

of the so-called harmless fabrications). As Jack was given more libido in the counter transference (narcistic or mother love) he began to remove these false blinds to his entrenched systems of behaviors. He says, "Analysis helps me to draw out (cathectate) the things that are bad for me inside and to keep things inside that ought to stay in." In succeeding analyses the various castrations, and especially the diaper, are revived in phantasies and the infantile physical behaviors (somatic narcissism) are reproduced unconsciously. As these are noted by the analyst resistances to further inquiry are generated comparable to castration. In time these woundings to the narcissism are better borne but continue to be the sources of counter transference demands and thus enable Jack to uncritically accept the demands of unmitigated reality. The amount of ego impulse thus liberated for the barnstorming of his environment instead of being directed into phantasy fabrications within his own system of narcissism is striking. Often the response in this liberation of increased energy is immediately evident after analysis. Many times it is a question whether or not this is due to the increased libido giving which the analyst brings to the session or is an actual liberation of narcissistic libido toward an objective transference. Nor does the continued increased employment of the boy's activity prove the problem; rather is it evident in the types of independent selection and pursuance of tasks quite unrelated to the analyst's field of interest. Jack says the newly selected task "appeals to him as well as he to it." His general "aliveness" shows the interactionism is perhaps mutual. Over and over again the longing for the maternal identification and his own narcissistic replacement of the mother in his ideal ego are evident. However, as the analysis repeatedly passes over the various infantile castrations new energy (ego impulses) are liberated from the ego inbinding in narcissism and are placed to the service of an ego cathexis in work and various accomplishments.

Inasmuch as this boy has not altered his I.Q. by his analysis—and we find in this respect the same result as in the low grade mental defective previously published—it is a question whether the intellectual development may not remain quite untouched though the analysis of the mental defect is quite complete. If this proves to be correct in a large material, one may not be far wrong in saying that analysis of mental defect so far as the purely intellectual processes are concerned is not successful. It may be that defective behaviors are after all but so many defective social patterns as psychic aspects (narcissism) entailed upon an individual as a result of his ego organ deficiency or injury. The state is then not dissimilar to that encoun-

tered in conduct disorders of encephalitics and other pathoneurotics and psychotics. Even dementia præcox can have an organic substrate, but with a psychic formulation of the structural pattern. In other words, the social reactions are capable of analysis and riddance but not the somatic lesions which are their substrate. The final results are not dissimilar to those effected by other well known therapeutics of this state in defectives. The main difference is the rapid change one is able to realize in handling this disorder by analytic procedure and that, too, by methods that include all the factors in the libidinal formation.

It would seem as though there were some justification for looking upon the limited intellectual development of the feeble-minded as a direct cause of the defective behavior reactions of this class. The latter narcissistic neurosis might then be considered as a necessary correlate of an organic or constitutional substrate. Heretofore one argued directly for the constitutional defect to the resultant defective behavior reactions. Nothing was posited nor did one make any effort to show how the resultant mental state was at such often disparaging odds with the amount of defective I.Q. present in any given case. When we shall recognize that different portions of the brain (operating as a whole) have psychologic importance quite independent of their physiologic significance (and pathologic as well) and moreover, that the ego organ the brain (in Ferenczi's sense) impaired in total development can no longer cope with the perceptual states in reality testing and that in consequence the ego outlet is denied cathexis and steadily increases in narcissistic libidinal tension, then we shall be able to more specifically gauge the nature of intellectual defect with the residual behavior reactions. The situation, then, for congenital defect is not dissimilar,—in principle at least—to that of the lowest grades of defect (idiocy) dependent upon gross organic lesions, except in the former the whole brain function (ego organ) is injured and the resultant psychotic picture may have general and diffusable symptoms instead of focal or special faculty psychotic reactions. The adverse critic then might say that any means by which we might once more remove the organic defect would cure the feeble-mindedness. This would undoubtedly be true but in the absence of such a means the criticism fails to advance our therapeutics. There can now be no doubt, even by our limited study, that the excess of narcissism entailed in idiocy and to a lesser degree, perhaps, in mild states of mental arrest, is due to the crippling of the ego in its inability to master our outer world. As in all narcissistic neuroses, two principles of therapy are open to us, one, to rearrange

the systems of narcissism so the idiot can operate his outer world more acceptably (Wälder's method); and the other, to remove the total narcissism and substitute objective libidinal outlets for the limited capacity of these patients. We believe the latter can best be accomplished by the increased insight the patient obtains of his predicament and adopting a reasonable resignation to the actual defect present. Purely psychoanalytic understanding of the condition present is not sufficient; there must be a reliving through the various identifications and ego withdrawals, and a rearrangement of the libidinal components of the narcissism.

Mental defect, then, is something of the nature of a hampering wound to the ego organ, the brain, and because of its not permitting a free circulation of libido, impressing or imbinding the libido in the structural pattern, an inoperable libido or insufficiency of the latter produces the behavior reactions which we call the mental defect. Just how much libido is free for the use of the organism or may be withdrawn from the internal concern of the structural defect will be an index to the efficacy of our analytic work. That we have made here a beginning toward a more comprehensive knowledge of mental defect is a contention which we believe is borne out by our studies.

AN ANALYTIC STUDY OF STEREOTYPED HABIT MOVEMENTS IN CHILDREN.

BY

L. Pierce Clark and T. E. Uniker¹

An inquiry into the nature and causation of stereotyped habit movements in children from an objective standpoint brings up our physiologic knowledge of the initial series of types of movements in infants. We find the first are peculiar wormlike movements of stretching, pulling and turning, a little modified yet possessing many of the types of segmental movements seen or known to occur in the fetus. One sees in earliest infancy the child first pulling and tugging with its fingers, often hitting itself in an aimless fashion, as seen in the bath, on waking and sometimes on going to sleep; in the latter state the movements are usually made very slowly and come to an arrest as though they were finally blocked or retarded before the full movements were accomplished. These earliest movements are called the impulsive ones. They endure more or less characteristically through the first year of infancy. They are seemingly repressed or replaced by other types of movements consonant with the adaptation of the growing organism to its environment. These impulsive movements have no relationship to reality as we know it in adult existence. They are apparently a survival of the intrauterine life. If for some reason, which we shall study later, the repressing forces of development do not operate, the ideational and imitative movements fail to succeed them and they persist in an age of development where they serve no adaptive purpose. The later types of movements, repressed by effort of the will and otherwise, occur during sleep when conscious control is at a minimum. Even in going into and awakening from sleep these impulsive movements persist in all animals including the human. While the movements from their intrauterine inception are slow, wavelike in motion, they may and indeed are capable of taking on all the characteristic deviations in type drawn from all the neuromuscular patterns of infantile behaviors. In some instances, in spite of the rather superficial and logical method of repressing the more benign types of motility disorders of infancy, one is able by training of the will to succeed in repressing them rather acceptably.

¹ Dr. Clark is responsible for the general text; the analyses of the two cases were made by T. E. Uniker.

The egoistic dominance often prevents these children from making a satisfactory adaptation to their environment. They daydream and are willed with idealistic and fanciful wishes of motor or muscular erotism so exquisitely shown in our cases.

Although head rolling is usually listed under disorders of sleep, it really has no connection with the latter except in time relationship. The sleep state though spoken of as restless is in many instances so profound that even the most intensive agitation of the head or the whole body may fail to awaken the child. A subvariety of restless sleep includes the so-called stereotyped coördinated movements, such as sucking, chewing, and similar movements. Inasmuch as these are evidence of autopleasurable movements and are rudimentary fragments of infantile activities which have not been successfully repressed, they are not essentially dissimilar in origin. Some clue to the essential autoerotic origin of head rolling may be gained in that the movements are always rhythmic and recur with remarkable regularity, remaining unchanged in character for many years. The children apparently enjoy the movements, and assume a position in sleep favorable to the act. It is designated by Zappert and Swoboda as nocturnal jactitation of the head, and the movements are as regular as the pendulum of a clock.

The child's attitude toward the habit varies all the way from a sly and secretive encouragement of the act to an apparent obliviousness that he is doing it and a sincere conscious desire to be rid of the disorder. This double motivation of desire is often seen and may vary from one attitude to the other; in other words, the response is not dissimilar to that governing other neuroses, and especially that of the ticeur, who suffers from the somatic narcissic neurosis *par excellence*.

A conscious or unconscious premeditation of the act is well illustrated in Putnam Jacobi's patient, a three year old child who had these nocturnal rotatory spasms from eighteen months. After he had been asleep a few hours he would turn over on his right side, draw the right arm over his head and place the left hand over his left ear. After assuming this position he would begin to oscillate his head on the pillow from right to left in a perfectly rhythmic manner. At first confined to the head, the rotation successively involved the shoulder and trunk and lasted sometimes throughout the night.

Several years ago I saw C. L., a boy of six years. He is the second child in a family of three. The mother is a keenly resourceful, clever woman with the manic-depressive makeup and was depressed during the pregnancy of this boy. He was a fat baby and was

breast fed for two and a half months, after which he was placed on Mellen's food and gained much weight. He became logy, stolid and fat. When three months old he had a tendency in the daytime to indulge in a rhythmic to-and-fro movement, forward and backward. Soon this habit was dropped and he began rolling his head with his arms in the air oscillating from side to side. This movement persisted in his sleep and on going to sleep despite attempts to break the habit. He was not a difficult baby, had no tantrums but seemed to fatigue easily, was dull and lethargic and had to be prodded to do things that other children did of their own initiative. He never sucked his thumb or had any of the impulsive reflex imitative movements. He was slow, indifferent, undemonstrative and had no spontaneous activities or affections. He was clumsy and learned to dress himself with difficulty. He seemed to have good power of attention but was passive and was only beginning to become more active spontaneously in his sixth year. He took three to four hour naps in the afternoon in order to balance up the day's activities. Six months previous to his coming for examination he had an epileptiform attack following a period of extra physical and mental stress, since which time there have been both grand and petit mal convulsions. The child was rather deliberate in his manner of doing things, rather vague of purpose, and could not handle tools or do anything with his hands. He was lazy and sluggish and as a small child would fall together like a sack of wheat if dumped on the floor. He was very much under the dominance of the other members of the family, and submitted to being the object played about rather than taking the initiative; he would play the part of the baby to be trundled about in the carriage, etc. He was fairly sociable in his play with other children and was not demanding or self assertive. He liked to day dream and would sit in a listless manner for a long time doing nothing. The oscillatory movement was indulged in only when the boy lay on his back; he rolled on his shoulders and the hands were upheld above him; he did this so much that his hair became slightly worn at the back of his head. His hands and head went in unison but the rest of the body was still. In the early morning he often awakened his mother by rolling his head so violently that it shook his bed. He showed no sexual habits. The head rolled only when he was in bed and if anyone sat in his room he did it when he was half asleep. To make the movement a purposive one he was allowed to roll his head when he took his nap in rhythm to nursery rhymes, and when asked how long he could keep it up without feeling tired he rolled it for half an hour. One night his mother said to him, "What a silly

thing for a boy your age to roll your head. If you will only tell me why you do it, it will help to correct it." His reply was: "Do you mean it will stop if I tell you about it? Then I won't tell you. I like to do it." Later he volunteered the statement that he knew a way to stop rolling his head. "Get a firefly and put it in a bottle, as I would rather watch it light than roll my head."

A recent report states that this boy goes on developing slowly as to physique, but holds his place well as regards his studies. He has been in boarding school for two years and is beginning his third. He is still slight and small but of a very happy and sunny disposition. No particular treatment has been followed out in regard to his head-rolling. His room-mate has observed him indulge in this habit occasionally and he himself says he knows when he has been doing it and that he can stop it "if he thinks of it ahead." The boy is now in his seventeenth year.

Another one of my cases of head rolling was K. C., a boy of seven years, bright, energetic and active, about nine years in mental development. He came from negative family stock aside from the fact that the mother was high strung and the father was of a nervous temperament and was frail physically; the boy resembled the latter and had the same mental and physical makeup. He had a habit of bumping his head at night, turning on his abdomen, raising his head very high, then relaxing and letting it drop on his arm which he held in a position so that his forehead struck the forearm. If allowed to do it as much as he wished he would repeat the bumping in perfect rhythm ninety times without stopping. Following an evening of excitement he would sleep restlessly and bump his head all night. The habit was first noticed when he was between seven and eight months old and persisted with varying periods of entire freedom of two and three months at a time. He was given to thumb-sucking and his hands were bound to prevent the habit at one year of age. He was sexually precocious and indulged in sexual habits at the age of five. All his habits were broken with difficulty. He was cheerful and demonstrative and played freely with other children. He used tools well. As the boy grew older the periods in which he indulged in the head bumping were continuously farther apart and when they occurred were steadily less severe. The general method instituted was to regulate his entire regime. His periods of play were interspersed with rest hours and during the last hour before going to bed he was kept quiet through having his evening meal alone and either being read to or having play that was not muscularly stimulating. The boy is now about nineteen years

old, physically robust and a good athlete. He has been quite a swimming champion, having been on his high school team for several years. He has just finished his first year at college. In a psychological test given soon after entrance he achieved a high score. However, he is not a consistently good student and his grades fluctuate a good deal. There are practically no nervous mannerisms other than that he appears to be a rather high-strung boy. It is fairly evident that this boy, without much suggestion, succeeded in self directing or sublimating his autoerotic muscular activities into athletics so that his egoistic satisfaction may be said to have been met in socially acceptable ends.

Nocturnal rotation of the head is neither a tic nor a nodding spasm, for these do not occur in sleep. To say with Zappert that head rolling is a stereotyped movement which from long repeated performance becomes automatic, states little. Purely objective and descriptive studies lead us nowhere in our search for the genesis and control of the act. Neither can we look upon this unique disorder of childhood as a "foolish trick which some children pick up," implying that it is due to imitation of other children. This is scarcely less absurd than to ascribe it to a reflex act due to anger or "discomfort in the child's head." The habit is to be sharply differentiated from the benign movements seen in fatigued, restless or over-stimulated children who manifest genuine restlessness in sleep and who are quickly restored to normal health by proper rest. What is more pertinent is the notation by some writers that motor disorders most frequently occur in neurotic family stock, and moreover, that type possessing a seemingly excessive pleasurable satisfaction in muscular activities. To resort to physical restraint by commands or punishments is of little avail although such efforts are often for the time being of considerable value, especially if such therapy is combined with living away from home and in an environment less muscularly stimulating than that in which the disorder seemingly developed. Even such precautions are often of little avail.

In any study of the impulsive or habit movements in children one is at first in a quandary to separate the benign from the malignant types. The dilemma is not dissimilar to many another symptom formation from the descriptive standpoint, as, for instance, to determine whether a particular episode in a youthful psychotic is a catatonic or a manic reaction, or again, whether the existence of convulsions in infancy is casual or the beginning of an epileptic career. In all instances the whole makeup of the child must be considered to form even an approximately correct diagnosis. From

the presence of symptoms alone no diagnosis is safe from being other than a provisional one. The automatic or habit movements in children are no exception to this rule. Given the well established motor syndrome in a child, one should make a thorough survey of the family stock, environment, and personal developmental factors. Not alone is this necessary to determine a correct diagnosis of the stubborn character of the habit but the clue to the efficacy of any line of treatment may be brought out thereby. For instance, the ability of the individual to displace the habit and sublimate it into other automatic or purposeful activities, and even into other somatic or psychic symbolizations, may indicate that the whole process is not so rigidly inbound into an ego formation and protected by a narcissic evaluation of the child but that some degree of transference is possible. In other words, the degree of displacement of affect that may be attained and the possibility of a certain amount of control by the will indicate not that it is really to be gotten rid of by such a relatively simple process of discipline, either voluntarily or by outside direction, but that the whole unconscious activity is nearer to the conscious level and hence is more amenable to any system of therapeutics.

At the outset it is important to recognize that the genetic causes in disorders of motility may be quite as varied and multiconditioned as the disorder itself. For instance, if the habit involves the motor mechanisms ordinarily controlled by conscious or foreconscious adaptations they may well be co-related to the neurotic symptom formation of a transference neurosis; but just in proportion as they are bizarre and meaningless they are of deeper unconscious motivation. Again, one need not find even in their unconscious initiation that they are allied to a perversion of the sexual libido, as perhaps Abraham contended, and as some others also used to hold in saying that the disorder of motility was possibly an equivalent of onanism. It is part and parcel of the ego libidinal component (narcism), either desexualized, or better, an autoerotic act on its way to a sexualization. Indeed, the stereotyped movement is to be ascribed to another division of the libido entirely, and is related to the narcissic state. In fact a psychoneurosis of the transference type may exist side by side with the tic or the stammering and the former may be analyzed away without the latter being modified. This has occurred in several of my cases; in such instances one may know that the disorder of motility is not a remnant that has remained unanalyzed in the process of treatment but that it belongs to the ego libido complement which requires quite another method of analytic procedure, the detailment of which will be given in the clinical presentation to follow.

Moreover, the whole character makeup of individuals afflicted with stereotyped habit movements is invariably of the infantile type; they are libidinally fixated upon some part of their own body from which the more healthily developed part of the personality can with difficulty free itself (Ferenczi). It is also possible for us to accept Ferenczi's theory that in the upbuilding of memory systems the "ego memory system" continually registers the physical and mental process and thus makes for a fixation upon that organ system at the time of its endowment in the primary narcissism, and in this manner the hereditary predilection may be the determining agent instead of a specific or organic trauma in the individual's life as is so frequently alleged for habit movements occurring in adult life. Thus the narcissistic significance of the stereotyped movements may have an *organic memory causation* and in that sense may be partly organic and partly psychogenic (a pathoneurosis). But in balancing our pathogenicity upon these two attitudes of approach we find we have not the proof to push the organic factor to any clearer solution and continued speculation in this field is futile. In the mere act of doing so we may miss the present and investigative value of the habit as a disturbance and fixation of the ego libido independent of its surely present but as yet unknown organic or biologic substrate. That the habit has to do with a fixation at the primary narcissistic level is fairly well attested by the fact that the whole syndrome is really autoplasmic or an alteration within the organism itself and not the environment, which may be the case with tics and habit movements of later life. It is in the occurrence of the latter type with an admixture of a definite trauma and the presence of a sexual coloring to the morbid act that has added confusion to the essentially narcissistic patterns of habit movements which are our main concern in the present thesis. In other words, the habit movements which we are to study have only a vague sexual significance such as might be expected at the psychosexual developmental level where no sense of reality or adaptation to it is yet incorporated into the individual's pattern of response; it is therefore essentially at the primary narcissistic level that we must gain an interpretative understanding of how the habit movement comes about. The child in whom the habit occurs seemingly unconsciously employs it to put himself to sleep, and the child may sleep so soundly that when attempts are made to awaken him he behaves in a sleep drunken manner. The whole syndrome readily annexes itself to other imperfectly functioning organ systems as one of our case studies shows. In order to approximate an adult structure for the ego one must, according to Freud, continually separate it from the

primary narcissism and its fixations. In consequence of this struggle there results a series of incomplete separations from the primary narcissism; many compromises of partial fixations are often in evidence and in times of organismic stress and tension they come strikingly to the fore. While the major portion of the unattached ego obeys the conscious control, the deepest fixations continue to operate in an otherwise healthy organism. The unattached ego formulates itself not only into an ego ideal but, freed from the excess of primary narcissism, it is then capable of seeking new identifications and may thus advance the healthy growth of the ego stature.

In passing, we may comment briefly on some of the descriptive and scientific interpretations of tic movements.¹ Much pertinent analysis of the dynamic significance of these movements has been given in Ferenczi's² study of his own limited material and his critique of the extended data of Meige and Feindel.³ The predominance of the pleasure-principle (corresponding to narcissism) can be seen in these patients. In the case of "pathoneurotic tic" the injured or stimulated part of the body (or its psychic representative) is charged with excessive interest and libido. The quantity of energy required for this is drawn from the greatest libido reservoir, the genital sexuality, and this must of necessity be accompanied by a decrease of potency in the normal genital sensations. This results in a displacement of not only a certain quantity of energy from below upwards but also a displacement of quality (innervation-character), hence the "genitalisation" of the parts attacked by tic (excitability, tendency to rhythmical rubbing, in many cases definite orgasm). In cases of tic of "constitutional narcissists" the primacy of the genital zone generally appears to be not quite firmly established, so that even ordinary stimuli or unavoidable disturbances result in a similar displacement. Onanism would thus still be a half narcissistic sexual activity from which the transition to normal satisfaction in a foreign object would be just as possible as also the regression to autoerotism.

A matter seemingly unrelated but worthy of note in that we are dealing with habit movements, is the type of movements seen in the feeble-minded,⁴ consisting of frequent or constant repetition of

¹ L. Pierce Clark, "Remarks upon Mental Infantilism in the Tic Neurosis"; "Some Observations upon the Etiology of Mental Torticollis," and "A Further Study upon Mental Torticollis as a Psychoneurosis," *Medical Record*, Feb. 7, 28, and March 28, 1914.

² S. Ferenczi, "Psychoanalytical Observations on Tic," *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*, Vol. II, 1921.

³ H. Meige and E. Feindel, "Tics and Their Treatment," 1907.

⁴ Clark and Atwood, "A Study of the Significance of the Habit Movements in Mental Defectives," *Jour. A. M. A.*, March 23, 1912.

uncalled-for and exaggerated movements from which the patient seems to derive pleasure or satisfaction. These movements embrace pleasure-sucking; biting the lips and chewing the tongue; stroking the face; inserting objects in the mouth; thumb rubbing; pelvic swaying and rocking; and onanistic acts.

In many instances the phenomena of habit movements in children are benign and have been easily removed by various simple means, but not infrequently these habits defy all methods of correction and persist far along into puberty. Case II, which was studied by phantasy analysis,⁵ to be given in detail, is an instance in point. Such investigations give us not only an opportunity to see more deeply into the profound complexity of the functional derivation of muscular movements of all kinds—indeed, if only in a critical or highly speculative sense—but also shows in the still hypothetical initial primary narcissism the distribution of libido to the different systems of viable modes of response which are responsible for the beginnings of automatic (compulsive) movements. As vague and speculative as these remote origins seem to be the study cannot help but open a new field of analytic inquiry into all obscure perversions of motility.

An analytic approach to this problem has been of little use up to the present, owing to the fact that all these habit or automatic movements are exquisite somatic ego or narcissistic neuroses, and our little patients fail to become engrossed in the transference situation which has been employed in the analysis of the transference neuroses. Indeed, perhaps all the pregenital neuroses of childhood are of narcissistic origin and their resolution is due less to their "unripened" neurotic character formation than to the inbinding of libido to the ego in somatic and psychic forms of narcissism. By ordinary methods of analysis the libido, being duly objectivated, is capable of displacement and varying symbolization, and consequently is analyzable; but in the narcissistic state the motor restlessness is, as it were, already sublimated in activities which are unconsciously acceptable to the ego but are not socially adapted to conscious desires. There is, then, an ego cathexis of narcissistic satisfaction which prevents redirection or repression of these habits. To properly approach the problem one

⁵ The phantasy method, which I instituted three years ago, is described in detail in Part I of my article, "The Objective and Subjective Development of the Ego," *Archives of Psychoanalysis*, October, 1926. I used this method in the narcissistic neuroses where the subject is unable to establish the ordinary transference. In effect it is not unlike a form of day dreaming, or certain phases of psychogenic hallucinosis in which there are mild degrees of clouding of consciousness. The patient is requested to close his eyes and imagine the subjective sensations of incidents of infancy of which there is an absence of direct memory recall.

must under no circumstances agree even with the conscious desires of the child that he rid himself of his habit lest the conscious will be put into action, or it may incite new narcissistic resistances and thus render the disorder more unmanageable or cause the ego to seek more primitive levels of satisfaction. Rather should one furnish narcissistic libido to the patient to usurp the whole narcissistic formation without any expressed desire other than to discover how and why the habit has come into existence. This point in technique briefly alluded to here will become the more obvious as the analytic material unfolds, and is really the keynote in the type of analysis required in narcissistic states. For instance, it will be seen in our second case that the boy repeats over and over again his conscious desire to speak only of subjects that will immediately give him sufficient control over the head rolling, but both the analyst and the reader will be aware that the boy's statement that he wishes to get the habit under proper control is specious. The act is too satisfying to the unconscious although socially unacceptable to his conscious life. It is at such points that the analyst has to withhold acceptance of the patient's apparently excessive zeal for riddance of his habit, and rather direct the point of inquiry to the whole libido formation in order that the whole matter of the child's developmental difficulties may be brought under conscious control, to be disposed of in riddance or such unconscious sublimations as may be possible to the individual quite of his own volition.

I desire to make the general statement that in the majority of instances the habit movement is a benevolent excess of functioning which we do great harm to suppress, and, considered purely as a safety-mechanism, attempts to remove it should not be made until the real cause is discovered (through psychoanalysis); failing in this task, the habit should be allowed to continue. We should then strive to make the individual as comfortable as possible in the enjoyment of his excrescence of function. Every individual of this type comes in time to believe this doctrine, just as firmly as it is ordinarily denied by many physicians. It may be said as a sort of medical irony that the unconscious fights silently but effectively with the patient against all our usual efforts to abolish the autoerotic movements, and in consequence the habit temporarily eradicated or suppressed usually returns or endures in spite of all treatment. If one believes that these movements are not solely an excess of physiological habit but have a profound and intimate association with the full depth of the individual's psyche, and that the act is laid down or flows out of the deepest needs of that particular personality,

the importance of the continuance of the habit is obvious. One often sees individuals who think they have striven successfully in many instances to displace the original movement, only to find that innumerable other small ones in adjacent territories have taken their place.

It is both interesting and pathetic that the majority of patients are usually the last to recognize the abnormality of their autoerotic movements. The point is, however, not without parallel in other fields of the psychoneuroses, notably among those afflicted with lisping and other speech delinquencies as well as the simpler types of obsessive and compulsive acts that rarely attain the dignity of a distinct nervous disorder. That these peculiarities of manner and behavior are an integral part of the personality is seen in the ready defense their possessor makes when they are brought to his notice. The intensity of emotional affect and the quick animosity stirred by the discussion of these defects make it apparent that the individual's real psyche and personality have been ruthlessly handled, and the habit movement is a crude symbol which furnishes an important and deep-seated satisfaction.

ANALYTICAL DATA

We are constrained to give a verbatim account of our child analysis, especially as such analytical reports for the most part have failed to convince us that actual children are written about. In many of these analytic accounts the children never seem to be present, are never actually brought before us, are never given other than a body of imagination. There is no doubt that these children are real in the abstract, but it is hard to visualize them as real children. The double impression of creation and mere recounting is the real difficulty to overcome. Our account may cover considerable space but it will, we believe, reduce the unreality of the process to a minimum.

CASE I, James L., is that of a boy fourteen years of age when first seen, up to his age both physically and mentally. The family stock is negative and he is the younger child in a family of two. For a year and a half previous to coming under observation he had a habit of swaying his head and arms, grimacing and making clucking sounds. His habit movements ceased in sleep and were indulged in unconsciously during the waking state. The major movements were confined to the right arm and a rotating motion of the head. The right arm was raised in a flexed position to the level of the top of the head and then either moved towards the body or away from it in a slow wavelike motion. The head would rotate in the same

direction. The movements were rhythmic and slow. The mouth never opened but the muscles of the face and neck were tense and sometimes there was a puckering of the lips and a smacking sound was made. He had a rather sensitive makeup, has always been very much attached to his mother and was a very affectionate and sweet-tempered child. He did not make good social contact with boys his own age but preferred to play alone. His chief interests were making toy airplanes and boats. For two terms he was absent from school a great deal and dropped behind in his studies. He was sent to a boarding school in the Berkshires and was so displeased with the place that he walked twenty miles to get away.

When James arrived for observation he appeared quite restrained and formal for a boy of fourteen. On first acquaintance he was quietly polite, answering questions pleasantly but venturing few remarks of his own. He seemed to be under a tension of worry and uncertainty as to just what was going to happen. He was shy and retiring, preferring to melt into the background rather than commit himself to any definite attitude in the group. He joined the general work and seemed anxious to do what was expected of him, almost hasty in his desire to be like the others. It was as if he feared being left obviously alone as an exception or an outsider. He wanted to be accepted quickly and lose the painful consciousness of being a newcomer. There was a willingness in his attitude that made him instantly popular, although he actually handled little of the real work. He was especially eager to take on tasks that required climbing and wriggling to a position difficult of approach—not merely to win favor, but quite evidently because the climbing itself was a pleasure. It was not long before he dropped quietly out of the group work. It was plain that once he felt settled in the group it was safe to assert his preference for work by himself. Alone in his room, he practiced faithfully at the violin, as if the duty had been drilled into him, but his music lacked feeling and expression and seemed rigid and mechanical to his listeners. Yet he delighted in playing, with his head leaned lovingly against the violin while he drew the bow caressingly over the strings. One could hardly fail to note a similarity between this and the movements he went through generally—the slow stretching, sliding upward motion, as if softly clutching at something just beyond reach.

Socially, James' formal restraint stood out prominently. He seemed always to be on his "party behavior"; always quiet, always courteous, never freely active or boisterous. Like a boy who has been well drilled by his mother on the proper way to act in company,

he seemed hemmed in by rules, tied down by restrictions that made him hesitate to let loose, although he wanted to respond to energetic urging from the group. Sometimes he would be carried along on the tide of the group spirit, but even then he seemed stiff in his freedom, doubtful of its outcome. Each social contact was a duty, one to be performed in a certain predetermined way; naturalness and freedom were not for him. Above all, he had to be nice, at the expense of fun. People liked him and got along well with him. He was cheerful and apparently not very deeply concerned over his difficulties—someone else had thought it best for him to be treated, and he was willing.

Analysis was begun and the following material is given verbatim by the boy:

Description of difficulty. "I shake my head from side to side. I used to think that it hurt me and I would shake it to find out if it would stop. But that didn't stop it; it only made it hurt more. Then I thought there was something wrong with my eyes. I went to a doctor and he told me to look cross-eyed; I had to look at the point of a pencil twenty times a day. The muscles of my eyes became stronger, and my eyes improved. About a year ago last spring that queer feeling began in my head. It used to hurt me and then I'd shake it. That made it worse but I would do it again, to see if it were getting worse. Then I got into the habit of shaking it unconsciously. Then I stopped it—I don't know why. Then I began feeling that I had to put my hand on the window. I used to think I did that because I liked the cold feeling. I began to touch other things that were cold; then rough things; then everything. I felt compelled to touch things. I then got to touching things without noticing it. In reading I would repeat words. I got to thinking to myself that I will get over it—then I had a thought that if I got over it I might get something else.

Early memories: "I have an uncle I like very much—he is not really my uncle—I just call him that. He is thirty-nine years old. My father is away from home most of the time. Uncle Jim is a companion to me. He likes me very much. I like my mother best. I don't know dad so well, but I like him very much. I never do social things. I always loved to make boats and never had time for anything else. I like to be out on my uncle's farm—I liked to be with him. I hate school. I don't like lessons. Sitting there in school made me wish I could be at home. I didn't like to play with the boys—would rather play alone, or have one good friend. I don't know why I was that way—didn't like to work my brain, I guess. I

am glad to get away from it. Uncle taught me lots of things. My room looked out on the hills, and I had a fear of a light I saw shining from a house out there. I used to cry. My uncle used to come up and talk with me. First I thought there was a robber out there—the house looked so lonely. They all persuaded me it wasn't a robber. I believed them, but was afraid. Uncle's remarks helped—I knew it was all bosh and fiddlesticks, but as I think about it now I feel lonely. Uncle used to take me up to that house and have me look at it so I could get over the fear of it. Then he told me that every time I was afraid of that light that he was looking at it, too, and it couldn't hurt me. I remember going to a camp once—I had a good time there, but I just went for the experience. You see, other boys have to depend upon their friendships with others—I'm not that way—I don't need them; I am interested in antiques, and I like to be out with my uncle and have a good time with him. I have only one or two boy friends. I prefer grown-up people, especially men."

Associations of fear of the light. "My first thought is of robbers—it seemed so lonely there—loneliness means thieves, fear of the night—dark—away from everything—all blank around—big space—nothing you can see—lost—something might come and catch you. It's more lonely if you can't see something around you—I am never afraid of anything in the dark—that a man would get me or anything like that—but I am afraid of loneliness—feeling nothing about you—no trees. If I am by myself or reading I get a fear and like to go and do something with somebody. Now I think what mother said about the lonely spot in the skies—no stars—you look away up and see a spot that has no stars—it must be very lonely there. I might be in a room alone—I'd feel lonely—would turn on the light—would see the walls around me and then the fear would go away. If I were out in the woods all alone I wouldn't feel lonely, because I had trees around me. I feel happiest when I am in bed after a hard day's work—nothing to worry about—relaxed—under covers, warm and cosy. Sometimes when I was in bed and in the dark, objects would grow big—if I took hold of my finger it would feel enormous—then I'd turn on the light and it would go away. My uncle said he had it and his grandfather had it. Sometimes I have disagreeable thoughts. Someone might die—my uncle maybe—you see I like him—he amuses me a lot—we do things together—he used to be sick but he is well now. Often I wondered if Christ or God were really true—then I put that thought out of my mind—wondered if it were right to do that—then I thought that if people believed in

God and have love for Him they got along better. I wouldn't like to see the old farmhouse torn down."

Attitudes towards mother. "I love her but don't understand her as well as I do my uncle—I am closer to my uncle. Dad has always left things to mother, but she is not a man companion like Uncle. Uncle talks to me—talks about himself—his nervousness—he never liked to go to cities or to do social things. Dad and I liked to argue—both of us like arguing—we get fierce but don't get mad. I never liked to play with girls. I liked to be with grown-up men. I have gone to ball games with mother—I am ashamed of what she says—get embarrassed. Mother and dad argue—I get irritated—feel sympathetic first toward one and then toward the other. I dislike stories that have unhappy endings. I often have daydreams of the farm—making boats—having a good time all by myself—but I put those thoughts out of my mind—mostly in bed I do that—I'd get disagreeable thoughts when I would go to bed, too, about being blue and lonesome and downhearted. Now I don't think of anything that is not nice—I put it out of my mind—I don't want to get feeling spooky—have ideas that people might be under my bed—would feel I had to get up and look to prove that no one was there—then I would be all right. That's to protect me from something unpleasant—not that the man would do anything to me, but the thoughts were unpleasant."

Phantasy on unpleasant things. "I don't like to think about them—my room at home—in bed—unpleasant thoughts I had there—thoughts of loneliness—of being downhearted—thoughts of reading some unpleasant stories—didn't want to go to sleep. Then I'd drop off to sleep and would wake up quickly with a jump. I got into the habit of putting all disagreeable things out of my mind because I wanted to feel happy, and I couldn't feel happy if I allowed disagreeable thoughts to come into my mind."

Attempts to get this boy to give phantasy or free association are met with considerable resistance. If the analyst does not ask questions he is likely to lie still and say nothing. The majority of the above material was obtained in this way. He gives the impression of being rather cautious and that it is difficult for him to think. He has a feeling that he is rather sensitive and does not like to have people talk crossly to him. If they do he feels small and unhappy and has to get it settled before he is happy again. If anyone talks sharply to him he feels hurt, sorry, and hangs around until it is made right again.

He volunteered the following information one morning: "I got

to thinking about that light last night, and it was disagreeable to me and I put it out of my mind because I knew if I didn't think about it it wouldn't bother me. I used to think if I didn't say my prayers something would happen to me. Then I would say them twice—afraid somebody might die or something—something might happen to mother, uncle, or daddy—just those three, that is all. I am not religious but I have an idea that I had to say my prayers. I'd say them with my eyes closed. I used to think that if I opened my eyes before I had finished I would have to say them all over again. I don't say prayers now, unless thoughts come to me that something might happen, and then I say them. I never thought anything might happen to me, but that something might happen during the night—somebody might die."

Associations on death. "Some pain, maybe—mother gone—never coming back—away from me altogether—like someone going away and never writing to you—like something happening to mother, uncle or daddy—you see I like them best and would feel it worse if anything happened to them. It was because they would be away from me then."

Analysis on good and bad. "You shouldn't swear—I never liked to hear people swear—I don't play with boys that swear. I know it is bad and just keep away from them. I don't see any fun in that sort of thing—no one ever told me it was bad—just knew—probably was told not to swear by mother. I don't like to talk about girls and that stuff—just knew it wasn't right—had no interest or curiosity about it—my uncle explained all those things to me—all about men and women mating—and how children were born. I don't think I was very much interested. Uncle told me I shouldn't talk about it—that it wasn't proper—I was about nine years old then. I used to think the doctor brought them—I didn't believe it; mother probably told me—like Santa Claus I guess. I knew it wasn't so but was influenced by mother's looks, actions and words. I was easily made downhearted and blue—used to get that way often—would go and stand by mother until she said something that relieved the loneliness."

"I dreamt last night that Jim (a young man patient) and I were in the trenches, fighting in the war. The war was over and Jim and I returned to the battlefield—visited a peasant's house we had known during the war."

"If I did anything wrong I was easily discouraged—then I'd try to forget it—wished I hadn't done it—wished they wouldn't scold me—then would try to forget it. I didn't know enough to do some-

thing to forget that. Sometimes when I had disagreeable thoughts I would get mother to read to me—that would make me happy. I was eight when I met uncle—I liked him right from the start—I used to think that my folks liked my sister better than they did me—I'd show that by being downcast—hurt inwardly—but never said anything about it. I didn't think it would do any good. If I cried, of course someone would come and comfort me—my uncle, for instance, he would do it—he used to cheer me up when I was downhearted—so I guess I used to show it in my looks in order to have him with me. All through my life I got tired easily—not physically tired—just mentally tired—always looking for something to do to cheer me up.”

James showed considerable resistance when asked to tell about masturbation, but finally gave the following: “When I was about eleven or twelve, that thing down there began to bother me—it used to get in my way and I used to feel as if I wanted to touch it but knew I shouldn't. I knew it was wrong—might hurt it—well, my uncle said I'd get sick if I did it, that people went to insane asylums who did things like that. I don't think I was so frightened at that—you see I liked him and knew he was trying to do good for me, so I used to stop the thought of wanting to touch it for him—but it used to get the best of me at times. Then I'd sort of lose hold of myself and touch it. Then I began to have a very good feeling down there—there was the desire to have this good feeling continue, and the thought that I shouldn't touch it would come up, and that thought would win most of the time. About once a month or so I'd slip up, and pretty soon I noticed that a little something came—my uncle had told he to tell him whenever I slipped up—I always told him. Before telling him, I'd feel lonesome and blue and downhearted that I had failed to keep my promise. I wasn't afraid that anything would happen to me but felt bad because of what my uncle would think. I always felt better after talking to him, and then I would be free from the disagreeable thoughts.

“Thoughts that I put out of my mind are: thoughts of girls, or worries of when I am going to get this or that done, or when I am trying to go to sleep and I get to thinking of something interesting or something I've been doing; I try to put them out of my mind so I can go to sleep. Another thing is I don't like to think too much of interesting stories I've been reading; why this is so I don't know. I don't like to think of mysterious stories when I am in bed. I remember long ago of a dream I had that I was on a planet up in the sky and that my planet had a gun on it and an apparatus for moving it and that I had to try to shoot the other planets with my gun

and get out of the way of the other shots when they came from the the other planets; but the mechanism of my planet wouldn't work because it was rusty. A thing that used to bother me a lot was a light outside my window. I thought it looked so lonely with no other lights near it, but then I remembered another light not far from it, I think that always seemed to sort of cheer me that the light was all right. Sometimes when I am in bed my hands seem to get big and it would seem like I was having a nightmare and voices would seem low, ghostly and horrible, just like a nightmare. Sometimes when I go to sleep I'll wake up with a start and sometimes I will be dreaming that I am falling out of bed or something. I remember one time when I broke a mantle to a gas light and somebody scolded me and said I might have burned up the house. I went down to mother and felt very blue. When I stay alone reading too long at a time I get sort of lonely, and if I think too much about a book I am reading I get moody."

James is asked to give a phantasy of a baby, which he gives as follows:

"The baby is lying in the crib, a wire one, and it wishes that its mother would come—it is hot and hungry, so it kicks off the blankets and then cries because it is hungry and has nothing else to do. It has played all it wants to with its rattle and then its mother hears it crying and comes to comfort it and picks it up—the baby then forgets its hunger and is happy with its mother and laughs and plays with its mother's glasses. After awhile its mother puts it down and it is interested to play with the rattle its mother gave it. After awhile it begins to cry again so its mother comes and gives it its dinner—this is best of all, for it is near its mother and it is warm and then there is food—how nice the milk tastes and how warm. After a while it has had enough and stops so its mother lays it down and it goes to sleep."

Efforts to get the boy to recall his attitude towards right and wrong was met with resistance and it was necessary to keep at the subject, trying to present it to him from various phases before he could get started. Finally in a hesitating manner he began by saying that he supposed he learned from his mother what was right and what was wrong but could not recall any special instance to this effect. After a long wait he gave the following: "I knew it was not right to talk after going to bed—I should not read after going to bed—such things were bad for me. Once I had to move out of my sister's room in order to make room for a cousin who was visiting. I felt mad. They were talking and having a good time and I was all alone.

I took a book to bed and read—first because it was doing something that was wrong—getting square with my sister—was doing something she couldn't do—then mother came up to say good-night and caught me reading. I felt I had been doing something very wrong—not so much because mother had caught me but that my health would suffer. The hurt feeling continued—how could I make things right once more—here were things that had to be put out of my mind—they were so unpleasant—that is what I always do—put things out of my mind that I think are unpleasant—make me unhappy—lonesome—so I just forgot them. Another time I recall how a French teacher called me a fool—my feelings were hurt—I cried and later on forgot it because it was unpleasant and made me lonely. The boys asked me why I cried and I denied I had—tried to put them off in a joking way but all the time felt the unhappy feeling inside—began to try to justify my feelings but nothing helped until I made myself forget it. There are a few thoughts that I didn't like very much and one of these was fighting with a smaller boy—when I was going to baseball practice I saw a big boy fighting a smaller boy and asked him why he was fighting the smaller boy; he said why didn't I fight, and I said I didn't want to fight because there was no use fighting for the fun of it. Then he slapped me in the face and we went at it. After we had fought for awhile and I hadn't got very hard knocks but he had some bad ones—in the stomach—he asked me if I wanted to stop and I said I wanted him to know I wasn't beaten and he was not to say that he had beaten me. Then we stopped and that raised my standard with the boys for they weren't sure of me. My only thought afterwards was if I had hurt him internally some way."

The material just cited served for analysis. He was able to recall a lack of aggressiveness and said there was no reason for being that way but he would not be imposed upon. He recalled that most boys remained after school and played there together while a few returned to their homes and were interested in stamp collections and other occupations. He seemed to like one or two boys and did not enjoy being with the group; they had other interests and he felt better to have it that way. This brings to his attention that he gets along better with one person, preferably an older man, someone who will treat him as a pal.

Regarding masturbation he gives the following: "I didn't like to think about it—this was long before my uncle told me about it—I didn't enjoy such thoughts—didn't like the talk about it with my uncle—never liked to think of unpleasant things—an unpleasant story or anything. I remember now that a long time ago I was taking a

bath—was playing with some little ships in the tub and began to imagine that my penis was a lighthouse—didn't touch it though—considered it a lighthouse just as you would a rock or anything that might be there. (He blinks his eyes, is restless and muscular contractions are noted in both legs as he tries to recall memories.) I can't remember my first thoughts about such things, but there is a feeling I shouldn't or that it isn't right—not right to talk about it—guess my mother told me long ago—it was wrong to do anything mother told me not to do—I used to fight with my sister. If sister did anything wrong or something mother told her not to do I'd tell mother—I wanted to see her get scolded—I wanted to do the very thing she was doing but knew it was wrong and kept myself from doing it. I was always ashamed if I did anything I knew I shouldn't do—could not feel happy again until it was made right with mother or I was successful in putting it out of my mind—sometimes I'd feel worse if mother did not find out—I knew it myself—that was enough for me—I'd feel downcast—sad—unhappy—I had done something against mother's wishes—I was ungrateful. Mother advised me—did things for me—I loved her very much—[placing fingers in his mouth, eyes blinking, movements of arms and head increasing as he tries to go on. Here he was asked to give a phantasy of the mother and child. After a long wait in which the movements increased and the restlessness became more marked he finally continued.] Mother sitting down—baby in her lap—sucking—let me see—sucks and likes it—feels comfortable like anyone having dinner—likes it—could eat more if it had it—I keep going away from the picture—it goes out of my mind—it goes blank. [The boy actually has a blank expression for a few seconds.] I get the picture of the baby on the mother's lap and see it sucking at the mother's breast—now it goes to sleep—and the mother puts it in the crib.”

As James has considerable difficulty in giving the phantasy picture and shows great resistance he is asked to tell of other things. He tells of having dreams of airplanes falling and he goes to examine them; he feels important that he can be of some assistance. This brings up his tendency to day-dream in which he makes himself the hero.

In a following session he tells of early attitudes of getting into a temper. “When I was younger than I am now I think I was sulky when I was mad more than I am now. If somebody made me mad and then asked me if I was mad I would say, ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ as the case might be, but was rather abrupt and sulky. I don't ever remember thinking that if I said something abrupt it would make

others feel bad. When I get mad at somebody I can't hit them or anything like that because mother never let me get mad when I was small. If I hit anybody or anything she would put me to bed. I was inclined to get into tempers when I was very young, but mother always stopped me and so I got into the habit of making myself mad, instead of hitting the person as I was inclined to do until mother stopped me. I remember one time about six years ago I got mad at my sister and started to fight and mother put me to bed for the rest of the day. I used to get mad quite often and I got into tempers but I always calmed down very quickly and soon I stopped hitting people and showing that I was mad because mother wouldn't let me, but then I took to getting mad inwardly, and thinking I was very mad and trying to make myself madder."

He was now asked to give a phantasy of an angry baby. "The baby is lying in its crib crying and its mother comes in and picks it up and walks around with it. This soothes the baby, for it likes to be in its mother's arms and the motion of the walking is pleasant. When the mother puts the baby down it begins to cry again, but after a while it goes to sleep. After a while it wakes up again and wants something to eat so its mother gives it its bottle with some warm water in it—the baby drinks this for a while but after some time most of the water is gone and it can't get any more so it begins to cry, so the mother comes and gives it its dinner. This is very pleasant because it is held in its mother's arms and it is warm close to its mother and then the milk tastes nice and the milk soothes and makes it feel hungry. So the mother puts it down and it goes to sleep. After a while it wakes up and has a pain and so it cries and cries, then its mother comes into the room and picks it up and walks around with it. The pain goes away and the baby feels all right again, so the mother puts it down and it goes to sleep."

"Night before last I dreamed that I was up in a dirigible and the car was like a street car. We would float over mountains and lakes but not very high up. This dream was of the future and not of the present. I remember we would come to a town where we were to stop and we would come down on the cartracks and go through the city. I had an argument with my cousin—I think about cuts that the airship had to go through."

"Those quarrels I had with my sister that I told you about yesterday would not start a fight right then, but if I asked my sister if she wouldn't play with me for a while and she said that she just had played with me and wanted to play with my cousin for a while, I would get provoked and sort of wish I could hit my sister or get

back at her some way. Now if I wished to hit my sister, there must have been a time when instead of wishing I could hit my sister I did hit her because I didn't know I shouldn't. I can only remember one incident now of being punished for getting mad at my sister and hitting her, and that was the time mother put me to bed for the rest of the day. But I am sure I was punished for getting mad quite often."

The boy gave a good account of the emotional feeling experienced in the airship dreams, which indicated a strong intrauterine phantasy. He gave a great deal of information about the good feelings experienced while in motion on boats and trains. On boats, he likes the water to be rough so the waves will be high and the boat will rock. He has the feeling while on a train that the rocking motion is soothing and has no trouble in sleeping on trains. While on the train there is also a feeling of being driven through space at a terrific speed; this also gives a thrill; he shuts his eyes and imagines himself going much faster than the train is really going. He was asked to give free associations on this material, and with little difficulty soon began to relate what he supposed were the feelings of the child when rocked by the mother.

Attitude toward foods. "When I was young I never had a very big appetite and if something was set before me that I didn't especially dislike nor not especially like, I wouldn't take the trouble to eat it. Some of these things were potatoes, cooked tomatoes, bread, asparagus, and eggs, except when they were scrambled. I didn't like carrots, spinach, onions, salad, string beans and poached eggs. I used not to like steak or any tough meat because it was very hard for me to chew it. I used not to like cake or corn muffins or anything that was dry like that. Now I like everything except onions and salad dressing. I never feel that I am too lazy to eat anything now because I am always hungry.

From the above it would seem there was an inability to accept an adjustment toward the weaning from the breast. The foods that he liked gave the impression that he wished to continue soft foods at the nursing level.

Returning to his attitude toward the sister, he gave the following: "I often used to get mad at my sister when she tried to boss me, or when I thought she was trying to boss me. So when I had a chance to boss her I always took it. My sister would then think I was trying to boss her and she wouldn't let me. When my sister bossed me I always tried to do the opposite from what she told me to do but still I was never satisfied, and so when I tried to boss my sister and she would do the opposite from what I told her to do I

would forget I always did the same thing and I always got mad. Another thing that sometimes made me mad was for somebody to be doing something in a way that I thought was the wrong way to do it. When I got mad at my sister it wasn't right away, it was after we had had a fight with words first. I would go to any means to get her to do something but after a while I learned that it didn't do any good and that I only got scolded afterwards, but it always made me very mad not to be able to boss my sister when she bossed me easily.

"I don't wave my arms or touch things so much lately. Though if I think about it I seem to do it more.

"When mother would introduce me to people it was a bother, I think I was afraid when I was young. It is just a nuisance now. A lot of children when a visitor comes are very bold and try to show off, but I wasn't that way at all. When I would bump my head or cut my finger I didn't cry at all but didn't pay any attention to it, but if I think about how I did it, it is very disagreeable to me so I put it out of my mind. I don't think I was ever afraid of hurting myself but yet I can't do daring things as well as some people can. I don't mind great heights. When I was young I used to be afraid of a certain crowd of boys that stopped me once in a while; I didn't think these boys would hurt me by hitting me or anything, but I was afraid of them scaring me or taking my books or my bicycle or something. In fact I was just afraid of their doing something to me. I used to dodge these boys whenever I could. I never wished I could hit them or anything, but I just wished that they weren't there, that I could dodge them some way. Now I am good friends with them."

Analysis is continued of the baby as follows: "The baby is lying in its crib and playing with its fingers and its toes. It is happy and laughing. It plays this way for quite a while and then gets tired and stops to look around and gaze at things. Then after a while its mother comes in and sits down and takes the baby in its lap. The baby likes this very much because it has a new source of pleasure, playing with her beads and her glasses. Then after a while the mother puts it down and gives it its rattle. The baby doesn't like to play with its rattle nearly as well as it does with its mother's beads or glasses. It just loves to play with these. When the mother puts it down and gives it its rattle it doesn't play for long but goes to sleep—it lies there all curled up. Pretty soon it wakes up and the mother comes in and picks it up and starts rocking it back and forth; it likes this pretty well because it is being moved back and forth and because it is being held in the mother's arms. Then the mother gives

it to its father and he walks up and down and around the room; it likes this even better than being rocked because it is moved around and it sees things and it likes the motion better. Then when it is put back to bed it feels very sleepy and goes to sleep."

The boy had the following dream: "Mother and I were on our way to Syracuse to commit suicide. We got off at Troy and saw a company of movie actors there—they wanted us to jump off the waterfalls. We did, and then resumed our trip to Syracuse to commit suicide." Attempts to get him to give free associations on this dream proved futile. He became blocked and said he couldn't think of anything. By repeated urging he finally said that suicide was an unpleasant thought and he just put it out of his mind, like all other unpleasant thoughts. Death meant going away, possibly to heaven, but he never gave such things much thought, but put them out of his mind. Analysis of this material showed a desire for withdrawal from reality and the continued existence within the mother. He is beginning to do much better phantasy work, although he frequently finds his mind a blank, and it is necessary to ask a question to get him started once more. He is beginning to recognize that these blank states are a form of resistance against bringing up unpleasant thoughts.

During the fourth week of James' analysis he gave the following: "Sometimes when I am in bed at night with my eyes closed there comes a feeling for about five seconds that I am all alone in a big, white space like sand and that there is a little black speck beside me. I don't get this same picture every time but this is one I remember well because it was just a little while ago, while we were having analysis. I don't think I ever see the same picture twice. I feel the picture more than anything else and I have a feeling like I once had in a dream. When I see things get big it is very much like this that I describe, only much worse. When things get big, first I seem to feel tense and the noise seems intense and horrible. Then the thing I look at gets big and starey so that it seems terrible. After that the thing I touch my hand on seems big, as if I would like to take it up and throw it. It is always part of me that I touch and would like to throw. I have learned in the analysis that sometimes when I see big things that it comes from memories of when I was born. When I see these big things it is always at times when I am not busy, when I am in school and am not interested in the lesson, and am looking at the teacher but do not hear what she is saying. At these times my mind sort of floats around and doesn't stay at one thing very long but goes from one thing to another, not thinking about things but just recalling them. At these times it seems to me that I don't hear

the voices around me—all sounds seem horrible and quiet. And another thing, it always reminds me of somebody being sick and all the voices seem hushed as if they were consulting and didn't want to disturb the sick person. It also reminds me of a hospital with nurses and doctors around. When I see things big, if there is any light it seems like there was a great deal of it and all the objects in the room seem to stare at me and get big and tower above me, and the thing I touch seems so big, and the feeling of anything in my hand seems strange—just the feel of it I mean. If I shut my eyes I seem to see everything big still. Sometimes this feeling lasts for five or ten minutes—then everything seems to get to a roar around my ears and it is gone. I do not enjoy this feeling; in fact a long time ago I used to dread it.

"Today it seemed as though I couldn't think of anything. It seemed as though I had forgotten all that we got up yesterday and the day before. I seem to be at loose ends. I could answer your questions but could not think of anything myself. I say what I think but it doesn't seem to come from me—I don't feel it like I do other times. Last night I dreamed that I saw another boy that I know at home and for some funny reason I thought he was a girl—then he was going to urinate and I saw that he was not a girl. The boy that he reminded me of was a boy that I do not care for very well because he is not very nice to me and he is too sort of sly and foxy. I remember one time he asked himself up to my house to look at my stamps. The usual way to set a price on a stamp is to look up in a catalogue that gives the prices of all stamps, but I didn't know that then, so when he wants some stamps that I had I gave them to him because I didn't know what the price was and he teased me so much. I learned afterwards that he thought it a great joke the way he had skinned me. The whole lot of stamps was worth at least ten dollars. Another reason I never liked him was because he was always wanting to pick a scrap.

"Night before last I dreamed that I was at an open air dance and that I was going to ask Mary to dance and that I was too late because someone else had asked her first. About four nights ago I had a dream that I saw a picture of a naked woman with two things hanging down each leg, somewhat like a woman's breast." Analysis of this dream brought out the strong breast fixation and led to a projection from the breast to the penis.

James is asked to give a birth phantasy, and he gives the following: "Warm, in a sort of nest, all closed in—like a little house, very comfortable—wouldn't like anything better than to stay there—no troubles—no thoughts of one thing being better than another—like

being in bed at night—once you're in, you don't want to get out of bed, and all you desire is to stay there. I don't think they bother about anything at all—curled up—sometimes they move I guess—never feel uncomfortable—floating around there like in a feather-bed. Suddenly there comes a feeling of being forced out—don't like it—don't want to go—would like to get back—don't want to get out into so much space—and be cold—one mass—moves along—supposed to be asleep—seem frightened—to come into such enormous space—don't mind being alone, but hate to be in a place where the space is so large. The baby likes to have someone pick it up—very dark while it is being born—afraid of the lights—because the light makes things stare at it—makes distance seem so great—the light makes it cold—feels he has to shut his eyes and not look at things—frightening to see towering walls—because it is all alone—things seem immense—if it should see a fly, or a picture, it would have a feeling that they were staring at it."

He was able to connect up many of the subjective feelings described above, with his conscious knowledge of his fear of the big things—distance, space, and especially the light that used to bother him so much. During analysis James makes no involuntary movements whatever, and the same is true during the general talks. He says he does not have to touch things any more, and is becoming aware of the movement of his head to the right, and the movements of the right arm and right shoulder. In his last session with the analyst he gave the following: "A long time ago I used to hate all the girls I saw—that was last spring. Now I don't at all. I used to say this girl does this or she is so fat or looks funny. There were a few girls I knew very well that I didn't feel that way about. My sister and I used to get into scraps very often when we were young like all children do. When my sister was reading and I wanted her to play with me I used to get mad because she wouldn't so then I would ask mother if my sister wouldn't play with me and she would say she couldn't make her, so then I would sometimes get mad but I can't remember ever hitting my sister over that. I can remember one time long ago when we were at the lake. It was very hot and every afternoon my sister and I used to put on our bathing suits and take a plunge after lunch. One day my penis was stiff and my sister asked what it was and I remember I was sort of bashful, but mother had told me not to talk about it and so I didn't know what to say or what to call it so I didn't say anything. Mother meanwhile had heard what we had been saying so she called my sister and I always wondered what she said.

"When I was small I used to like mother because she was closer to me. She used to scold me and I was with her more. But daddy joked with me, played football and baseball with me and I dreamed all about aeroplanes and boats and locomotives and that sort of thing. But with mother when she was reading to me or telling about Wells or Shaw or Bolshevism or anything it always made me sort of bored and I wished she would stop but I never said anything. I never felt that way with daddy at all."

Unfortunately after a month's observation the analysis was abruptly discontinued just as the deeper levels were being tapped. The narcissistic attitude of the mother and her unwillingness to see the boy give up his infantile attachment to her and develop his own personality at a less infantile level, made the situation rather imperative that he return home.

On his departure, the boy stated that he felt a change, that he no longer felt compelled to touch different objects. He still unconsciously waved his arms, but there was a lessening of the force of these movements. During the last week of his observation period he appeared at ease with his companions and showed an increasing tendency to be able to stick at one task continuously. There was also a growing attachment to a young girl his own age; he liked to be near her, and dance with her, and began to take more care of his personal appearance. He mingled with the group and seemed pleased to be accepted as one of them. He read a good deal, wrote letters, but spent a good deal of his time in various outdoor activities, sawing wood, and enjoyed the companionship of the mixed group. There was a corresponding decrease in his attachment for the uncle and the latter was no longer the chief topic of his conversation as when he first came. From the material gained in the short analysis undertaken we find that the main factor was the boy's unsuccessful repression of the homosexual trend directed towards the uncle, which in turn was conditioned on his incomplete weaning from the breast. His slow head movement was found to be not dissimilar to the groping action of the infant seeking the breast. The ego continually regressed to different levels until it gained a respite from the homosexual conflict and in the process of analysis he shows all the different degrees and depths of regression. These were sublimated in the reverse order from what we ordinarily see, for as he goes back to the egoistic trends and makes a heterosexual projection he breaks away from his homosexual attachment to the uncle. There was also a corresponding ability to project his libido in the direction of an object choice. When he makes a definite transference to the analyst he gradually loses his movements.

A short report of the boy's progress recently received states that after leaving the institute, he returned to school and during the past year has been doing very well in his studies and is happy there. It will be seen from the initial report that he was unable to endure school and had run away from one of the academies in which he was placed. He is up to his grade and is doing creditable work in mathematics, history, and English. He mingles freely with boys, shows a liking for girls and sees a good deal of them. He no longer shows a preference to be with his mother. He is still much interested in antiques. When at home the boy still shakes his head, but this is the only nervous trick he has and the masters say they have never noticed him doing it in class so he apparently acts more normal in the latter environment than at home. The boy's general mood is cheerful and his parents feel that his short stay at the institute started him on the right track. He is now fifteen years old.

This may not be considered an inappropriate time and place to speak of some of the necessary parental relationships toward children and adolescents during analysis. Even transference neuroses are not free from the initial difficulty of parental protection of social espionage. It is an analytic opinion held in some quarters that every patient coming for analysis in order to overcome the deepest unconscious resistance should be economically and parentally or maritally independent. Supposing that the youthful neurotic is brought to the analyst by his parents; if he comes willingly a part of the difficulty is obviated. The resistance against the analysis is increased in proportion as his free-will and the selection of an analyst were encouraged by the parents. Again, back of the clinical neurosis always lies the infantile neurosis, and the youthful patient is inclined to think the latter is his real nature, either soundly or unhealthfully acquired, and that in either case nothing can be done about it. Only too frequently, especially in the narcissistic neuroses in the presence of narcissistic resistance, the youth appeals one way or another to the parent and analysis is discontinued. What is even more common, the patient's resistance to analysis is in part overcome by his partial transference, but not so with the parent who fosters the usual narcissistic protection toward the youth who is seriously handicapped both physically and mentally; this attitude is commonly felt by the parents toward all children. The narcissistic attitude of the parent takes on a sadistic attitude toward anyone who would usurp the familial position with the patient. The very nature of narcissistic neurotics with their enormously protected overlay of defenses against the inferiority due to an unadjusted castration, makes them easily panicked back to the shelter

of the parental roof. No sooner is the narcissistic analysis well begun, to sidetrack the symptom formation of which the youthful patient may either unwillingly or sincerely desire to rid himself, we at once plunge into an analysis of the youthful neurosis and the little patient soon rebels; he wants to go home and he must at this point be given more libido by the analyst. Thus the infantile neurosis becomes the deeper entrenched. The ego may even regress to the deepest levels of protection and satisfactions and carry the analyst with it, not unlike the angler's predicament of fishing with a small tackle and encountering a particularly large and refractory fish.

The answer to all these predicaments in analyzing narcissistic youths, especially as they apply to the disturbing influence of the parents, is a frank talk with the latter at the outset. It were better if the little patients were for the time being socially and economically independent of the parents, relatives or guardians, but in the absence of such an ideal position one can fully advise the parents in advance what is to be undertaken and request them to temporarily suspend a strict accountability of the child toward them as parents but let the analyst take over so much of the parental function as he may find necessary to carry on a successful analysis. This truce is more often observed in the breach than in the observance. Specious rationalizations for breaking into an analysis by parents are legion but they usually cluster about the "time and money" mechanism. Inasmuch as the infantile neurosis of the narcissist is the very integration of his personality or character, the ego strongly resents the process and the whole analysis often moves turgidly or halts altogether and may require years for its successful outcome. In no small degree the foregoing difficulties in handling narcissistic neurotics must have deterred many analysts from entering this field, but since the very roots of the neurotic character lie in the infantile neurosis, the latter must be painstakingly removed for radical cure.

CASE II. There is an abundant evidence in the analysis of our second case to show that this boy is of the neurotic type in which the endowment of primary narcissism of intrauterine life (impulsive movements) was initially at fault, and these defects or traumas were reinvoked again and again by the successive defects of life adaptations. In other words, the several castrations or weanings brought to light confirmed the continuance of the head rolling in spite of all training the parents could bring to bear. The profound organismic importance of these muscular (erotic) movements shows how absurd and superficial is the attempt to attribute their origin to imitation. These so-called habits are only invoked by these later day precipi-

tants and are not their real cause. It is interesting to see how in all probability the initial erotic fixation (or imperfect libido inbinding) prevents the normal development of these muscular activities to pass to their respective goals of later sublimation, or to be discharged off or out at their successive levels of organismic use. These fixations also entail widely remote handicaps of a psychic and social nature. The latter in turn make for compensatory or reaction formations against the castration effects of the handicaps that are very pressing in interpretation if one fails to consider the widely pervasive effect such a primitive error entails. It is also interesting to see that this boy's phantasies of erotic pleasure are born of the projection of the negative capacity of full free rhythmic movements denied him. Although the data obtained are inconclusive and insufficient, they steadily point to the wealth of material brought to light for continued study and the importance of our realizing that without a better knowledge of the as yet vague evolutions of mind in the infant we shall not be able to understand the neuroses of the pregenital period. The infantile neuroses, physiologic and psychologic, cannot be known until such data are more extensive. With the removal of the clinical neurosis (once a sought for psychoanalytic goal) we invariably discover an infantile neurosis too, and all thoroughgoing analysis is directed toward removing the latter. This study is a part contribution to this end.

Sam is the second in a family of four children born of normal educated American parents. He started to roll his head at the age of two and a half years. He learned the habit from his older brother John, two years his senior. He was nursed for ten months, sleeping from 6 p.m. until 6 a.m. until six months of age. At that time he demanded and received 10 o'clock nursing. He was gradually weaned, and was given one bottle a day occasionally from one month; his weaning was accomplished with no difficulty of any sort. He was removed from the mother's breast, because of her short illness when he was three months old. When he was seven months old he crawled under a mattress and was almost smothered. At the age of ten months he was slightly ill from exposure to the sun. He had influenza and mild pneumonia when one year and nine months. He had an infected heart from tonsilitis when he was three and was kept flat in bed for three months. He also had a bad head wound which would not heal at this time, and which he would allow only his mother to dress. He had already begun to roll his head, six months or more previous to this, and his mother made every effort to prevent his continuing the habit because of his wound. He would not roll if his mother

stayed in the room with him. He had to be carried prone during this time. He was very large for his age and exceedingly demanding of his mother's constant attention. He was two and a half when the next younger brother was born. Following tonsillectomy, his heart condition disappeared. He wet his bed until he was five years of age, but stopped wetting and soiling in the daytime so soon as training began, at about one year. He had a mild attack of measles at three. From his fifth year he had many infected small wounds, difficult to heal, necessitating weeks of dressing and special care, and keeping him out of school. He had a mild attack of whooping cough when he was seven. He fell from a high place and broke his pelvis when he was seven and a half, but made rapid recovery. Previous to this, his head rolling had greatly diminished, but following his fall it increased, and he had bad dreams. In six months these had decreased; but three months later, when he was eight and a half, he developed rigidity of the neck, which disappeared in three days; both legs dragged for some weeks and he had wild nights. He had slight fever, no stupor, and no eye symptoms. His dreams and head rolling greatly increased after this. He missed four months of school. During the next year various changes in conduct occurred. He became over-conscientious, fretted about getting to school on time, and worried because "perhaps he was not nice enough to his little brother," etc. He was so good in school that the teachers said, "We impose upon him." He was exceedingly affectionate, physically fearless, helpful, orderly, obedient, generous, considerate and responsible. Occasionally he had brief outbursts of fury because someone took something that belonged to him. He was much ashamed immediately. He admired his older brother, was very responsive and sweet to the two younger boys and was very congenial with his father.

In school he was excellent in his manual work and personal relations, was popular and somewhat the leader in his class. He repeated the first school grade because of long absence due to illness. His I.Q. and Leland Stanford achievement tests showed him mentally eight years, when chronologically eight. The other children in the class were all mentally above their chronological age. He was very strong and healthy, had an excellent appetite, regular habits, and a fine sense of balance.

Following his illness, he used to have unexplained bursts of crying before bedtime. He showed growing shyness and timidity, and a lack of self-confidence. His head rolling became so violent and continuous that he had to sleep on another floor away from his brothers as he woke them. When asleep, his face wore a tortured,

guilty expression, he moaned, and rolled violently, but was so deeply asleep that it was almost impossible to rouse him. If his mother touched him, he would stay quiet, but her voice did not reach him. It seemed inadvisable to let these sleeping disturbances continue, and he was taken out of school.

When the older brother, John, was eighteen months old he had for his companion the cook's child who was the same age, and they were playfellows for five months. They had a play space in the yard which was fenced in with chicken wire. For long periods both children, greatly contented, would sit and swing in the slack of the wire. The cook's child had tantrums and shortly after John began to rock his iron bed; he would bang his head on the bars during the night. Nine months after the rocking started, the family moved and John no longer had the wire fence and began to sit on the ground and rock against the brick house; he was always slapped for doing this. He would also bang his head against the car while driving. About six months later he began to bang the back of his head in bed, on the bed or against the headboard. This continued so persistently that he moved the bed and made a sore place on the back of his head which became infected and had to be opened, but this did not deter him from recommencing his banging before the bandage was off, although he understood the effect of the banging in keeping the sore open. Later he preferred to roll rather than bang, and after much urging discontinued the banging while in the car. He did all of his banging when awake, but rolled when both asleep and awake. At the time that his rolling was well established he shared the same room with Sam and consciously taught the latter to roll.

By the time John was four and Sam two, the habit was so established that every device of harness, corks sewed on nightdrawers, etc., to prevent them from lying on their backs had been tried in vain. Bribes and disabilities had also failed. A rhythmic noise accompanied the rolling. John had ceased bed wetting before he was two, but Sam still wet his bed until he was five. The third child also learned the rolling habit from his two older brothers. His never occurred while asleep. It was ruthlessly ended before he was four by a nurse who rolled his head violently each time he began to roll it. The habit had not started till he was three or more. The fourth child occasionally rolled to tease his nurse and his older brothers all threatened to teach him and urged him to roll. He never really started, being discouraged by the treatment of the third child.

The matter of a nap was a great problem, for the children if left to rest alone would roll for pleasure. John ceased the habit when he was eight and never rolled much when asleep. Sam continued to roll

and groan while very sound asleep, though usually when necessary to urinate, which he finds difficult to rouse himself to do.

This boy is a singular and outstanding recruit from a family apparently highly erotically endowed with the significance of muscular movements and this may in some measure pave the way for what will be given in the analysis as to the intensive significance of various forms of muscular movements. It is deeply rooted, as all such familial tendencies are, from their precipitation and subsequent continuation independent of repression in this boy in contrast to other children who maintain the same thing, and is probably due to fixations upon different libidinal distributions during the developmental organismic patterns at the very inception and viability of the child before birth.

The boy was placed under observation at the Psychoanalytic Institute for four months, when just nine years old.

Sam appeared to be a bright, wide-awake, rosy-cheeked boy who seemed in touch with things that held a sparkling wealth of satisfaction. He would impress you as a boy who had crowded thousands of adventures and experiences in his few years. He was quiet and rather bashful upon meeting strange people. Questions were met with a shy little smile, with head bent a little and eyes half looking, half downcast. He stayed close to his mother as much as possible, clinging to her arm or twisting uneasily against her when adult attention became too glaring. He answered remarks pleasantly enough but with only shy monosyllables, relieved when the pressure was withdrawn. It was as if he couldn't be sure of anyone, not certain enough of what was about to happen, even with the assurance of his mother's presence.

There was a little period of sadness and tears when he learned that his mother was going to leave him. He made her promise to stay over night and next day made a vigorous protest against the separation. In spite of his misgivings, however, he found there was plenty to do, many things to get interested in and he quickly went at it. The animals attracted him from the first. He got quickly and easily acquainted with the dogs, visited the chickens, cows, pigs, sheep—all with a lively interest in their activities and with much naïve guessing as to what their thoughts and feelings must be. He needed no guiding, no suggestions of something to do. Everything he saw was something to be investigated, to ask about, to get familiar with. Now under no feeling of restraint, he asked questions frankly and seriously, and as they were answered his eyes widened into a dreamy look of imagining, as if he were picturing the idea, formulating the new knowledge and fitting it into his scheme of things. Then out would come some further question or a bright, pertinent remark, and

so on, with no let-up, everything expressed naturally and spontaneously. His playing was connected with doing things. Games had to be vigorous, running, rugged games to appeal to him. He liked to be actively at work with the gardener, helping him and feeling a partnership of labor with him. He often roamed through the woods, absorbed in some imaginative game, alone or with other boys, tracking Indians, hunting, recognizing plants and trees. His interests were active, vigorous ones—a game of “cops and robbers” or something that meant fighting and daring and ruggedness. Even in talking indoors with older people, he loved to wrestle and pull against them, or be lifted and twisted through the air in some acrobatic stunt. His racing, boisterous activity needed more room. Even playing quietly on the floor, his games were exciting and active mentally if not physically. In imagination he was commanding, controlling, doing.

Of all of the boy's activities there were two that seemed to possess him absolutely. He took eager delight in climbing, struggling, wriggling to some high point or one difficult to attain. He clung desperately to little footholds, roughly overcame obstacles, apparently attempting, and sometimes accomplishing, the seemingly impossible. He jumped wildly and joyously from trees, roofs, fences, sheds—all were places to enjoy the restless thrill of “shinning up” or the rushing sensation of “dropping down.” If he hurt himself in the process it did not seem to dampen the fire of his zeal. But perfection was reached when he could climb to the top of a slender elastic tree, there to sway and swing happily to his heart's content. He climbed strongly and quickly, paused a moment at the top to feel the importance of his feat and to call attention to it boisterously before beginning the gay recklessness of his swinging. He swayed and rocked, sometimes slowly, with a gentle feeling of soothing motion; more often furiously, with a wild, rushing hurricane of passionate excitement; and with the wind whistling and whizzing against him he was at the height of ecstatic delight.

While he could handle himself exceptionally well in the rough vigor of activities that required mass strength and movement, he failed completely in the finer movements called for in most boys' sports. Even for his age, his ability in sports was slight. He could not time properly the regular movement of a ball nor bring his muscles into any sort of coördination to meet the nicety of action necessary. He seemed all one piece, with no smoothness nor rhythm of separate movements. He seemed to feel this lack rather strongly, yet admitted it quite frankly, explaining that he had not yet learned to do these things.

Everybody liked the boy, even those who did not share his liking for activity. With the boys he soon took the leadership; he was the one who knew what was good fun and how to do it. He knew stunts, games, and "make-believes" that needed only his vigorous enthusiasm to win over the other boys. Yet he could fit readily into another's game, submitting rather quietly to other leadership. He was shy with adults unless they got down to his level of interest with a sincerity and realness that impressed him. Somehow he could sense those who were simulating interest in boys' things; to them he was short, shy and bashful—evidently feeling a lack of understanding, a conscious difference. With those who were genuine and active with him, he was just a boy, understanding and feeling with them, on an equal footing, frank, naïve, open and free.

The first week's interviews will be given in detail as they seem to contain indications of the subject matter of much of the analysis. When asked to tell the analyst about his head rolling and fears, he said: "I don't know that I do it—I do it in my sleep—I want to get over it, because I can't go places with my father because I do it—once mother said she'd give me five dollars if I stopped it and I did for a week, but it started up again." He was asked what it was like, and he said: "Oh, it's like this [going through the motions]; you shake your head from side to side—a little at first, but soon rock faster and faster—once I did it when I was awake." He is asked to tell about his fears: "Oh, yes—I'm afraid of the dark—Boogie man—my brother scares me—calls out in a loud voice, 'Boogie man is going to catch you.' Gee! I get scared all over—thought something was going to catch me—got under the covers—couldn't get the thought out of my head—began to shake my head harder and harder—the harder you shake [roll] the less you can think of the scary thoughts. My older brother leaves it for me to get the blame—he says he doesn't do it, but he does. Oh, now I know—my older brother used to jump up and scare me stiff—shaky—afraid a robber would come in—cut my legs off. When my mother is in bed with me I'm all right."

The analyst says: "I wonder how a little baby feels when it's being born?" He is asking for information in a very confidential tone. The boy answers: "Gee, guess he'd be half cold and half hot—cold and afraid until someone holds him—likes to be in his mother's arms—against her breast. Doesn't know it is his mother, but feels she is the one to be near. He likes to nurse." The analyst asks, "I wonder what he does when mother starts to take nursing away from him?" Sam replies: "Gosh, I guess he'd be sad—yes—he'd be kind of sad—and mad—he'd be mad at his mother—

but he wouldn't know it was his mother—they'd give him a bottle—he wouldn't like the nipple—it's hard—has to work harder to get it—didn't have to work at mother's breast—it was soft and slippery. The nipple on the bottle is hard and tastes awful—say, has this anything to do with rolling?"

The analyst says, "I wonder why children are afraid?" Sam answers, "I don't know—my little brother is the same as us." Analyst: "I wonder when children are not afraid?" Sam: "Well—when everything is good—at a birthday party—with their mother—a little baby is with its mother all the time—there is nothing to be afraid of. The worst thing about rolling is that you can't go to places. Sometimes I try to say I won't do it—then when I go, mother says I do it all night."

Fears: "I have a fear of being shut in the closet, no latch on the inside—when I get scared I get hot and sweaty—can't sleep—think the house is going to burn; can't forget it—get hotter and hotter—then I kick off the covers—no better—get mad—turn from one side of the bed to the other—try hard to go to sleep—have my feet all curled up under me—try to straighten them out slowly—then feel it is cold down at the foot of the bed and get afraid and pull them back again. You see my daddy doesn't believe in having the door open or lights on. He puts the light out and closes the door—that's the time I begin to get hot—I begin to get scared—I look out of the window—see the tracks—see a flash as cars go by—whoo! whoo! the wind blows—I think the fire engines are coming—our house is burning up—I'll burn up with it—all the clothes will burn up, too—won't have anything to wear. The neighbor's house burned down—they have no money now. I begin to move from side to side—try to find a cool place—get hotter and more scared all the time. Afraid something is going to catch me—think I'm drawing in water—feel I can't swim any more—pirates will make me jump off the plank; if the lights were on, I'd feel all cool again. If the door is open and there is no light I'm just the same, the light means I can see what's coming. I can yell in time so daddy and mother could come and have no fears at all if they are around."

He was asked, "How about the little baby—I'd like to know some more about him?" Sam: "Well, he hasn't anything to be afraid of—his mother is in the room all the time." Analyst: "How would he feel if mother wasn't in the room with him?" Sam: "Probably be afraid—he'd hear someone talking—be awfully scared—wouldn't know anyone or what it was all about. He'd cry and get mad—until his mother came back to him."

"In the dark you feel you're alone—feel things can get you—if

someone is with you—like your mother—then I'm not afraid of the dark—don't know what made me that way. It just got into my head—try to force myself not to think of the scary things [the boy makes faces, frowns, and forcibly slams his hand down with determined expression; speaks in rough tones]. I shake my head so as not to think of the scary thoughts—try to make them out—if I stopped it made me more scary, then it seems I have to make my head go fast, and soon I'm doing it all over—the rolling is the scarieness in me—makes me forget about it—don't like it—but it does feel good—makes me feel best right in my head [presses right hand against the top of his head; there is a long pause. Here he looks at analyst]. I have so many things I want to talk to you about—but I forget them—I think about them at night when I'm going to bed.”

At the end of the third week, Sam gave the additional information: “I'll tell you something [here he gets confidential and leans toward the analyst]. I don't like to get up at night to go to the toilet—I like to hold it in—rolling helps to keep it in—if I stop rolling, oh, it pains awful—can hardly stand it—so I have to roll some more—like to hold water as long as I can—and I drink lots of water and milk before I go to bed—it feels nice to keep it in—feels good, too, when I let it out all at once. If I don't drink much, I don't think I roll—but I like to drink a lot of water and milk—because it makes it all soft and easy to swallow—like to get full of milk and liquids—like the feeling of being full—think if I didn't drink so much I wouldn't want to roll so much, but I like to drink a lot—what are we going to do about that?”

Early in the second month he gives the interpretation of rolling as a means of gaining power symbolically over the father and a sadistic reaction to threatened castration, and gives the following dream content: “Oh! I get in a fight or duel—with a man—always with a man—a big man—but I'm the size I am now—and I'm always fighting with him—we have swords—once I ran the sword in his eyes and it came out behind his ear—another time this man was smoking a cigar and I ran my sword through his mouth and it came out the back of his head—and after he dropped to the floor I shot him. Feel all excited when I'm fighting—feel myself moving fast—that's the time I roll—roll to make myself fight better—makes me feel I'm gaining power and am going to kill him—as I kill him I always wake up with a fright—that's the part I don't like—and that's why I don't like the movies—I like the cat comedies though. If mother is reading a pirate story, then I begin to get scary—think the same things will happen to me in the night—then I get scary—then—well—scared. Well, and then I try to forget about

it—but say, I don't know why I do it here—no one is reading to me here. Probably it's because I remember some of the stories mother has read to me—try to forget them—well—then I turn over—quickly—and get under the covers—well—thinking about how to forget it [said forcibly—makes believe he is under the covers]. Trying to forget what's happened in the story—turning to get in a cool place. When we are doing something rough—fighting with a sword—killing someone else—think I'm running after some bad person—I'm a cop—catching a pirate—rowing a boat—firing cannon—get their boat—I'm rolling back and forth now—makes it rougher—when I'm fighting—makes my fight rougher—[begins to show resistance and says he has been in the office for one whole hour]. Just get a cop—shoot him—kill another one by cutting off his head—catch another—tie him up—put him on a pole—stretch him—I get everyone killed—I kill them all—then, oh, gee—feel I have to get up and go to the toilet, and I forget all about my fighting and running—feel full—now—like it—try to hold it back and remember what I was doing—gee, but it's cold—don't want to get up—still holding it in—feels good—then a little pain comes and I turn over—just rolling back and forth—then get up—use the pot—jump back again—still I don't like to get up—it's fun—feels good—holding it in. Gee! I've told you a lot to-day, haven't I? Still I think the rolling has more to do with fighting—makes me feel safer—it's not like being rocked—but it might be—sometimes.”

Through phantasies of what a little boy likes to do he made a connection between his rolling and other mass movements.

“Well, a little boy likes candy—and gum—gives him something to do—something to make his jaw go up and down—does it for a long time—same as when he was chewing on the nipple or his bottle—that's probably what chewing gum is—same as sucking away at his mother—[makes sucking motions]—but he gets over it—when he's older—about twenty-five, I guess. If he is all alone, he feels he has to have something to do and that's best.” He is asked what else the boy likes. “Well, he likes to climb trees—I do—like to get away up high in a notch or fork—feel myself rock back and forth—makes me feel nice and cool and comfortable—it's like being in a cradle—being rocked back and forth—[he rolls from side to side as he tells this]—feels good—makes him feel comfortable.”

His attention is called to his physical restlessness. He is told to do what he likes, but to tell the analyst all about it. He moves his buttocks up and down and calls the analyst's attention to it. “That's the best movement, makes me feel tight—if I'm in a chair—babies do that in their carriage—bounce their carriage up and down—makes

them feel comfortable—that they have something to do when the mother is not with them.” Here he begins to tell how boys try to be brave; they like to whistle, sing, and move around so as to make themselves comfortable and keep fears away. “My movements now are all good to me—makes me have something to do—makes me keep from thinking. Now, when you read to me, I’m interested—I want to hear it; I don’t have to move, but when I have to tell you something, that’s different—quite a lot different—have me talking. It makes me uncomfortable when I have to talk—like squeezing water out of a nickel—squeeze them right out—as if I’m that big around [makes a small circle]. I don’t like all my talks all squeezed out—you might squeeze too much out—might get too many words out. Swaying in trees—makes me feel cool—all over—big—away up so high—can see all over—over people’s roofs—makes me happy—all roughed up—ready for games—good all over me—happy—like swimming. Oh, you know, we have a swimming pool [here with great enthusiasm he tells of games he plays in the water]—makes me feel happy and comfortable all over me—love to swim underneath the water—something about it makes me want to do it—[there is some resistance against telling this, and he tries to talk of other things but is told to continue]. Well, just keeps me cool. I like to climb a flagpole and slide down.” He gives details of climbing a flagpole. As the analyst tries to get him to tell about pleasurable feelings in swimming under water, swaying in trees, jumping from high places, etc., he becomes restless; his muscular movements increase, he looks cross, then he says: “Well, what has this to do with rolling anyway?” In reply he is asked to tell if he can see any similarity. After a time he gives the information that leads him to feel there is, and this seems to make him cross, for suddenly he says: “Well, you’re not going to make me stop all those things.” The analyst asks if he has thought he was trying to make him stop. He shyly answers in the affirmative, but presently says he wants to stop the rolling and feels the analysis will do it.

After repeated phantasies of the diaper period, in the middle of the fourth month he connects the movements of the buttocks in faeces with rolling. His first weaning from the diaper phantasy, given in the first month was as follows: The analyst becomes very confidential now, and says, “I wonder what the baby thinks about soiling his diapers?” He looks up at him rather quickly and says, “Just sits in it—can’t say anything about it—nothing unpleasant—it’s soft and mushy—glad when his mother changes him—probably wouldn’t mind it much—glad she is doing something for him—he doesn’t mind having it so much—don’t know much about it anyway.”

During the second month, in talking about the child's feelings about the stools, he said, "It's all goozly—all over—the baby feels warm—feels mad and cross when she comes to take it away—thinks she is not nice to him—he'd rather keep it—sure—well—because it feels warm and keeps him cozy—but if it was hard and bumpy he wouldn't like it then—but he likes it when it's soft and warm and goozly—well, he's just lying there—when he moves he feels it all over him and he tries to move—[here he moves from side to side and gives an imitation of the baby moving on soiled diapers. The movements are not unlike the rolling; they increase in force as he describes them—when asked what the baby is doing that for he continues]. Well, I don't know exactly."

When he is asked to give other phantasia impressions of this period he says, "I am in the carriage now—playing—like it—mother comes and takes me out of the carriage into the house, wheels my carriage into the house—I am crying—don't want to come in—mother is now trying to make me sit on the potty—I cry—try to wriggle away—well—I want to be out in my carriage. She looks mad at me—I think she is not treating me right—I don't want to do it—don't want to please mother—I want to keep it to myself—just probably want to keep it inside of me—she talks to me—sort of cross—I don't want to let it out—think it will hurt me if it comes out. She takes me out again in the carriage—now I am glad—she goes away and leaves me—then I am sad—want her with me but don't want to sit on the potty—then I do it in my pants—not afraid to let it out now—I want to have it with me, think if it goes in a potty or goes down in a pipe it will hurt me. Think I have to have it for awhile, when it comes out, and if mother comes too soon I get mad. It keeps warm. It's like mother having a baby. I think I have to have it with me—like mother has the baby for awhile when it comes out. When it comes out, it keeps my bottom warm—nice and soft—I ought to be able to keep it for four or five hours until it gets cool, and then it's all right to be taken away—then it's cold and dead—when it's hot, it's alive. When mother comes too soon, it's still alive—I try to hold on—mother thinks I don't want it—takes it away in my diapers—puts on clean ones—then I am so mad—mother washes me—I like the warm water—because probably it feels comfortable to me. You see the warm water feels like the warm stuff—makes me think she is putting back the same stuff—then the water gets cold, and then I think it's dead and I cry again. I feel awfully mad at her if she takes it away when it's alive. I'd like to stick out my tongue at her—make faces at her. She'll say, 'If you're

not nice, I'll put you to bed,' and then I'll be nice. I want to keep my very own—do not want to be disturbed—feel brave and protected when I have it—feel like fighting when it is taken away.”

The following are excerpts from birth phantasies:

“Crying probably—I was the kind of baby that couldn't breathe and I had to be slapped to make me cry—mother had to slap me to make me breathe—I fell out of bed and rolled on the floor and bumped into the caster on the bed. After awhile the nurse came and picked me up and put me in bed. Now I am coming home from the hospital with my mother—I am in her arms—I feel nice and warm and cozy—I like to be wrapped up nice and warm—quite a way to go—so I fall asleep—and wake up when I am in bed at home.”

Two months later he gives another phantasy: “Blame my mother—feel like punching her—I don't think I think when I am coming out—I feel the cold air—[long wait]—I am mad—try to stay in—keep a hold of her—hang on to her—it's getting light—wonder what is happening—feel my mother is being cut up to let me out—try to stay in—someone is pulling me out—I am mad—cry—they put me under the covers—and I think I am in again and I am glad—begin crying again—someone picks me up—puts me against her. It feels very light—this hurts my eyes—I close them—feel warm—I open my mouth—put something in it—I begin sucking—feel warm—do not have to have my eyes open now—milk feels warm and cozy—keep that up for a long time—mother puts me away—covers my head—and I think I am in again—get curious—look around—after a while want to know more about all the strange things I see around.”

He shows considerable resistance since returning from his last visit home. He says he can't think, that all the words are drained out; but then he says he must do more, must get rid of the rolling or he can't go to places like other boys.

In the fourth month he gives the following: “Mother can do anything. I am afraid I'd be taken away. I am afraid to be alone. When I am afraid I feel like curling all up until I am in a nice ball—all dark and safe there, but still thinking about the shadows—they are out there. I feel safer under the covers but don't feel right yet—roll over on my other side—stay there awhile. That helps, but in a little while roll back again—movements made me feel better.”

Sam's need for oneness with his mother is often shown in his phantasies.

“Oh! I just had something to say—ah! Now I know—mother puts me to bed—she has to lie beside me until I go to sleep and pretend she is going to sleep and then I'll go to sleep.”

The strongest affect is shown in his recall of the desire to sleep with his mother. His face beams as he tells of the extreme pleasure, the warmth, safety and security experienced while in her arms.

"You see, big people can take care of themselves, but little children can't. They feel they must have someone with them to protect them—like mother. When I get afraid I feel like moving and kicking because that makes me forget about being afraid—like the baby we were talking about a little while ago—and like I told you about the rolling—makes me feel I can fight better at night when I'm dreaming I'm fighting duels—makes me feel braver. When I'm in bed with mother she tells me I don't roll and I feel very safe with her—I feel I can play and have a good time with her and am never afraid when I am with her. Of course, I'm not afraid to be alone now—lots of times I like to be with mother and lots of times with the boys, but I guess I still like mother—like to be with her most of the time, because of the good feeling it gives me. I'm not afraid here any more—just know that nothing is going to hurt me—that analysis is going to take all the fears and the rolling away. I feel lonesome—feel sad—wish she wouldn't go—the ice cream don't taste good—I'm not hungry—I get to thinking, oh, I really don't care about anything—keep saying to myself, 'Oh, she'll be back soon again'—but the ice cream don't taste any good—just sit there—suppose I look sad—but say, what has this to do with rolling? No, nothing ever really happens—but something might happen—some time—I don't know what really might happen—keep saying, 'She'll be back soon'—[his restlessness continues to increase. He sits up and gets hold of the pillow with each hand and wraps it about his head like a bonnet. The analyst gets him to repress the muscular movements and asks him to put all his energy and attention into the subject during the hour of analysis. He has him return to the phantasy of the infant and the mother]. Well, I like to be near mother—the milk tastes good while she is there—really doesn't taste any better, but I think it does—I am not hungry when she is not with me. She makes things all right when she is around, and when she is not with me all is wrong." He now gets the connection between this phantasy picture and his present day reaction.

His phantasies of nursing show strong affect. "I begin to cry—probably want something I can't have—want something I can't say—want my mother to come—want something and don't know what it is. [More distraction in the form of physical restlessness. He moves up and down on the seat, touches things with his feet and moves up and down in a sliding motion. The analyst inquires why. He hesitates before making a reply, but finally tells him because it probably

feels good, but doesn't know why. He resumes.] It's hard work to think of things—well—mother comes in—and gives me some milk—pats me—then puts me in bed—gets in with me—I suck away—[says this with much force and in a sadistic tone of voice]—keeping me warm—I like it—don't know how it's done but like it—nice—and warm milk—nice taste—does the same every day. After mother thinks I have enough she puts me down—lies down beside me.”

In answer to a question about his retaining urine for pleasure, he gave the following bearing directly on nursing: “I like to feel full—and heavy—makes me feel lazy—like sleeping. Well—I am in my mother's arms—nice and cozy and warm—mother holding me—and oh! when I have to drink out of a bottle—I'm mad—well, I'm nice and cozy and warm now—I'm drinking from mother—the milk is nice and sweet and warm—and I'm getting a lot of it—lots and lots of it, until I'm full up—and mother lies down with me until I fall asleep.”

He is asked how he feels when he has had enough. He looks up quickly as if to say, “You don't know even that?” and then says, “Why, full, of course—full and nice and heavy down here,” pointing to the region of his stomach.

The phantasies of the weaning from the breast were given with strong sadistic feeling.

“Well, mother is not treating me right—going to be mad—hard old nipple [said with force and disturbed tone]—not treating me right [repeats this several times]—no more good milk—mother doesn't like me any more—feel hurt—act cross—when mother comes I get under the covers—cross—but after awhile I get over it—probably forget about it—[last said in more cheerful tone]—know I can't do anything about it—because I can't do anything against my mother—she's bigger—she says I have to learn some time—because if I don't I'll be a great bother to her—I say, I don't care, I want good milk [said with much force]; of course I couldn't say that, but I meant it—I'd be all mad and hurt—still love my mother and am mad at her—but don't like to have my milk taken away from me. Like my milk, I want milk out of mother and not out of bottles. In the daytime I am not afraid—but at night when it's getting dark—well—I—[voice changes to low tone; he gets restless; shows interest in articles in the room and asks questions about them. He is encouraged to resume the phantasy]. Well, I'd probably cry for mother—she'd come—stay with me until I got asleep—I'd wake up in the middle of the night—cry and cry again until she came to me—it all depends on what sort of a baby I was—if I cried a lot—I don't know what sort of a baby I was—but—well—[shows many distractions]—

well, scared of shadows—boogey man—if I were little I wouldn't know what I was afraid of. Some mothers get sick after the baby is born—some babies bite their mothers—[laughs and expression shows pleasure]—I just had my milk one week and had to stop—felt my mother was mean to me—I like to be rocked—back and forth [he rocks now]—mother does it for a long time—keeps me warm. Mother feeds me with a spoon—some soft stuff—I like it—cry for more—mother brings me more—take my milk out of a bottle—I am mad and don't take it because I want it out of her. She won't let me take it from her—and I want a drink—so I have to drink it out of the bottle—have to drink it some way—I am mad—I like to eat a lot—and be all nice and full. Well, I drink milk out of a cup or glass—don't want to—but ashamed now to use the nipple—mother shames me and I think I oughtn't to do it—wish I could have the nipple and would use it if I were alone—oh! I know—I use my thumb or fingers—I know a boy fifteen years old who sucks his thumb. Gee! I am mad now—because I am bigger and think more and more that my mother is mean to me, and I am mad, and say I won't drink out of a glass or cup [said with much force and with angry tones]. Oh! I know—if I had some sort of a cover—rubber cover over the bottle, I'd take it." This brings out his views of how the rubber should be shaped, and finally he gets to the mother's breast. His interest increases as he says, "They flop up and down when she runs." [Long wait, the analyst asks, "I wonder if the little boy would like to have breasts as big as mother's?" He looks at the analyst shyly, and his mouth puckers up in baby-like fashion, as he tries to form a reply.] "Oh! I know—he could have one breast—right in the center here [points to center of chest a little below chin]; he could have a place where he could push it back when he wasn't using it—take it out—suck away on it—until he had all he wanted and then put it back so it wouldn't get hurt [his interest shows a strong breast fixation]. It would be bad if it got hurt and bled." [Sad tone.] He shows intense interest in nursing in all phases; says he likes baby animals better than baby boys or girls; can handle them better—too heavy to handle human babies, and besides a real boy has to be with its mother all the time, "And I like to be the mother, but couldn't be the mother to the real baby."

In a general talk on preferences in diet he says that he does not like to chew anything, it is too much trouble. He washes everything down. He now goes into a lengthy talk about his likes and dislikes concerning food. We find he likes soft foods that do not require mastication. He likes steak, but says he swallows it whole, because he gets tired if he chews it—likes to suck on oranges—loves sweets—

likes to have something in his mouth. He now gives a phantasy of "sucking from mother." He gets some connection with his desire to suck oranges—washing everything down with milk or water—laughs and says, "Say, what do you think I am, eh?" but shows no resentment—rather as if he would like to be teased about it.

On the arrival of a younger brother, at first only by phantasy, since he seems to love the real younger brother very much, he expressed distress at the further loss of the mother's entire attention, but his hate feelings are transferred to the brother although his sadistic attitude toward his mother continues. In talking about his next younger brother, he says his mother knew he was coming and told him about it, told him not to jump on her, as he was in there. He said he wondered a lot about him and knew it would be a boy; he wanted a brother, but didn't want a liar teller or tattle tale [this was said with much feeling], but here he quickly said, "Oh, I guess I didn't mind his coming—I had my older brother to play with."

He continues: "Well, this boy has been creeping all around and he has learned to walk—when this other brother comes—he hates him—what right has he here anyway? Oh! I know, our little brother began walking the day mother came home—we were all afraid he would fall—he walked upstairs—wasn't that a nice treat for mother? [Said with much pride, as if he had something to do with it.] Well, I don't like him—and one day I see this baby moving about on the floor, and I think, 'Well, he's not going to use my carriage,' so I run to where the carriage is and take an old clock out of it—I have it hid there—and a little picture hid in the clock—I don't want that baby to have anything—I like to explore and look at the inside of things. Well—at last, mother puts the new baby in the carriage—I am sad—put a stick in the wheels so it won't go, mother doesn't know what's wrong—thinks it's the brake—pushes the brake, and finds the stick—takes it out, but the brake is then on—she looks cross, but I am glad. I am peeking around the corner—I am holding on to my clock—feel I have something of my own—my very own—would like to hide everything from the other baby—so the other baby wouldn't have anything to play with. Mother gets the carriage going and I see the little baby going away with mother—get madder and madder—get a chain and a lock, and at night when no one is looking, I tie the wheels all up with the chain and lock it, and hide the key. I then watch to see the baby get bumped when mother tries to take him out in it. Mother gets mad—tells father—he slaps me, but I don't care—say to myself, 'I'll only be in bed for a day—

I don't care'; I feel proud of myself because I have been able to do something to that baby."

In a phantasy of a little boy who saw his mother taken away by robbers, he says: "Well, it all depends on how I felt—if she was letting me do what I wanted, I'd be sorry, but if she was mean and too smart, I'd think she was getting fixed for what she did to me. [No amount of talking on this point could bring out any other view.] I wouldn't mind—she was getting what she deserved. All the trouble was started by my brother anyway—he made believe he was asleep and all the time he wanted to get in our conversation—and then he had to tattle on us."

The development of an anal erotic character is brought out in dreams and phantasies, and direct memory often drifts into phantasy. "Oh, you know my brothers don't like enemas—they tell mother they have been to the toilet, so they won't have to take an enema—I don't like them, but don't hate them as much as they do. I remember going to the toilet with my mother—sitting on a little potty—I used to grunt several times, then it would come. Rather not have to do it—rather be doing something else—it was a bother to have to go to the bathroom all the time—didn't even know what she meant by it—when I was very, very little, mother unbuttoned my pants—didn't even know what she was doing—well—I just couldn't do it—used to say, 'Why can't I do it?' Would say I *could*—would try—couldn't do it—get awfully mad—I wouldn't want to go—think mother kind of mean to make me stop playing—even if I were playing with a rattle—I might be mad at her—not look at her—have nothing to do with her—because she brought me in—made me sit down—I want to keep it in—keep it from going out—well—I probably think I need it inside of me and if it gets out, it might do something to me—have to go to a doctor if I got it out—[laughs and says he might have to go to the doctor if he didn't get it out]—don't know how that is—well—want to keep it in—but mother says, 'Well, you have to'—but I say, 'But I can't' [crying tone]. I know I can but don't want to—well, do you think that has anything to do with my rolling? Well, it might and it might not—it's just like a boy teasing something away from you—you have a good piece of candy and someone comes along and tries to coax it away from you—something inside wants to get out—but I don't want it to get out—think mother is mean to me—I act mad—I'd argue, I guess if I had my own way about it, I'd go out and play and do it in my pants. You see, I say to myself I am going to let it out, but I don't want to let mother be around when I do let it out. Well, I want to fool her—so I can have some-

thing to myself—don't want anyone around when I do it—I enjoy doing it all alone—when I was a little baby, I could do it in my diapers—it felt mushy—prickly—soft—and I'd try to move away from it."

Same also first learned about child magic by phantasying the tricks of childhood, and what he did to gain his way. "Well, sometimes I'd cry because I thought mother would come—cry hard as if there was something awful the matter with me, and when she comes I am all right. If mother doesn't come, I get mad—shake my rattle—try to break it—want to see what is inside of it—move my hand up and down—always have to have something to do or someone with me, or I'm not satisfied. When I have my legs up in the air, and holding on to them by the feet, it's like a little baby in his crib, or when he's in bed—he is always moving unless he is asleep. I want my own way—so I try to fool mother in many ways. I pretend I am sick when I don't want my lunch—talk in a crying, whining way—wriggle around in my carriage—pretend I am not feeling well—try to take my rattle apart, and hide it from mother. If I go to sleep, mother won't make me do things. Mother goes away, and I open my eyes—and now I cry hard—I don't want to eat my dinner, but want my mother with me—cry harder—[here he imitates the baby]—mother comes into the door and says, 'What's wrong—do you want your dinner?' Then I turn over and look cross—mother thinks I am sick—sends for the doctor—the doctor comes, and I turn away from him—but the doctor turns me around—I cry—they take my temperature—find there is nothing the matter with me—just bluffing—make me eat my dinner now. Now I think mother is being bad to me—I act mad—shut my mouth when the spoon is going in—it spills all over my clothes—mother has to clean it—and then I'm all clean—she's feeding me stew, and just as she tries to feed me again, I shut my mouth, and it spills all over again, and gee! then I'm glad because I made a lot of work for her, because she made me eat my lunch—made the doctor come. Well, mother may think I am sick—she is worried—may get the doctor again—doctor will say I am just bluffing—then mother knows. She's glad there is nothing the matter with me and goes away—washes everything off—then I cry for my lunch. You see I didn't want that lunch—mother brings it to me again—then I cry and turn away—then she gets ice cream—puts it beside my dinner—says roughly—'Boy, eat your dinner and you can have your ice cream.' I don't like that idea—say, 'Want ice team,' so I gobble the dinner up, but get sick and vomit it all up. I cry for

my ice cream—want it—am mad at mother for making me eat the dinner, and making me sick—think she's a pretty bad mother."

After some resistance, he then told of his own present "making a fuss" about things that he really knows are trivial, such as expressions of pain, hurt feelings, frowns, change in tone of voice, and many other tricks of magic which he recognizes as tricks to get his desire fulfilled. Of his own accord, he says, "Then I suppose you want to know more about my kicking and picking at things when we are doing our analysis—if I can only get over that twisting and turning and picking at things, I know I can do better."

Much of his phantasy affect is repeated in vivid dreams. "I was chasing a lady. She had been whipping me with a stick or hair brush. I got a stick and beat the big out of her—made her little, and put her in a banjo box cover. It was silver. Then I dug a hole, put the box in a hole, put a pipe through the banjo box cover and up to the top of the ground, so she could breath and I could feed her and then covered her up. After awhile I dug her up. She was mad—she grew big and began to whip me again, so I had to whip the big out of her—made her little again, and put her in the banjo case and buried her again. You see she could whip me when she was big, so I had to whip the big out of her so I could handle her. Well, I let her out again, and as soon as she grew up she was always whipping me, so I would always whip the big out of her, and then tied her with a rope, threw the rope over a line, and jounced her up and down to tease her—did that every day—made her eat worms—told her it was macaroni. She was so hungry she had to eat them. After awhile she got a cold and caught ammonia—and then I put her in the banjo cover again and covered her up until she was cured. I took her out. She got big and wanted to whip me again, and I had to make her small and bury her again. Then a snake crawled into the pipe and got down with her and crawled all over her. She was so scared, then I woke up and had to run to the bathroom."

The fairylike means by which Sam reduces his mother to impotence by altering her size and by the final rites of burial and yet the desire not to lose her control, are well shown in this dream. Also the significance of impregnation in the state of immolation is obviously seen in the snake phantasy (incest). The symbolization of the dream and the significance of it are sufficiently patent not to require analysis.

His recollection of dreams did not start till after three weeks of analysis, though he had always dreamed, usually painful dreams as

his history shows. No content of these dreams in which he moaned and groaned were ever obtained though many attempts to rouse him were made. The "bad dreams" ceased before he began to remember dreams. He then began to recall dreams, which throw much light on his intense craving for a continuance of the primary identification with the mother. There is considerable antagonism against the second youngest brother with sadistic thoughts and acts directed against this brother. The feeling and wish that he is his mother's favorite, his fear of being left alone by his mother, all brings to his consciousness painful memories that cause much resistance.

Dream: "I was down at the beach with the family playing—mother at a store—bought two cows in the shape of a goat—full grown, and they gave real milk—we milked our own cows—we didn't have any place to keep them. They had to run around the sand all night—made a barn for them next day. One day we found them on top of the roof—heard the noise they made—it was nice and mossy up there. We hoisted the barn on top of the roof, so then they were all right. They used to go in swimming with us—the dog would chase them. One day mine had a little calf and she kept it warm—I put some bags over the little calf—then ran and told mother and dad—they were pleased. It was a baby cow."

Associations: "Milk—like milk—would like to be inside of a cow to see how it's made—the milk—say, how does it look inside—why do they hold their milk sometimes—Oh! I know—keeping it for her calf—sure, I like milk."

Dream: "Mother was on top—she saw us dive down—dived down after us—we opened a cover in the street and let her in—the tip of your cigar gave light. We saw a lot of bones of the people who were burned up—little ships—black chips—all burned up—[laughs]—mother had two babies—girl and boy—she had them when we took her underneath the street. The whole world burned up—a whole new world had to be made again. We came out—everything black—rubbish like ashes around—stones had melted or gotten soft—had to cool them off until they got hard again. Had to wait until trees grew. Mother kept having babies until she died—then the children grew up and had children and the world grew and grew—you and I saved a lot of food and your cigar made fires to cook with—like starting a new world over again—dad's clothes all burned off him—had to make clothes for him out of yours. He was all burned—but your hair burned a lot though. So we started a new world—the only ones saved were you, and me—mother, and the doc-

tor, and daddy, my brothers were saved too, they had an underground hut."

Part of another dream was: "It was our own cow—we milked her every day. She gave one ton of milk every day—oh, no—twenty-five quarts I guess. Then she had a little baby calf—we gave it to mother for a penny—the cow had two calves at the same time—gave the other to my oldest brother. I kept the big cow—all my gold fish had little babies that night—put them in a basin—kept them a long time—two hundred eighty little fishes—then we sold each one for four dollars apiece. How much money did we get? Oh, gee we put our fishes in the swimming pool—each fish every year had two hundred eighty fishes—didn't know what to do with them—big job taking care of them."

Association on this dream brought up hatred of his younger brother.

"Well—they are playful when they are little—but I don't like real babies—like animal babies—they don't cry—oh, I mean they don't make so much noise—I hate that noise—awful racket—they make too much noise—my little brothers—both of them made the worst racket—my big brother says the same thing about me. It's too much noise to have about the place—why do they have to cry? What good does it get them? Suppose they want their mother—my little brother was the first baby I ever heard cry. I was taking a nap I guess—I didn't know it was he. Mother was in the sun parlor, I think—or do you have to go to a hospital? I don't know. Babies are the worst things in the world." There is a long wait, and the analyst asks him to give a phantasy of a little boy who has a new brother. He looks at him with a sly glance and is silent for a long times and becomes very restless. The analyst calls his attention to the restlessness and asks him to repress it and center his attention on the phantasy. He shows marked resistance. Finally by much coaxing, the analyst gets him to talk. He appears angry as he says, "Oh gee, when I went to see mother he was there—she couldn't see us—I'd think 'Why can't she get rid of him? What good would he do her? Why not throw him in the river? People drown their cats—why not the baby?' He's not good—he gets away with everything—gets mad if we only look at him—the maid likes him best—tells on us." [Q. Just why didn't you like him?] He hums to himself, looks up shyly from time to time and exhibits muscular movements. "Well, I didn't want him—the maid likes him so much—if he gets hurt, it's blamed on us—always wanting to play and when we let him he gets hurt and we are blamed—gets away with too

much—[much affect]—but he doesn't get away with as much as he did—my big brother hits him and so do I—a good hard one.”

His sadism and anal erotism are brought out in association with many dreams. “Oh, I remember a dream—great sickness going around—everybody died—mother—father—it was a grown-up sickness—just kids left and we had to go to an orphan asylum—just a few grown-ups left to take care of us—fifty to take care of a thousand—we didn't agree with the place—about thirty-four got up a war and killed them all—stuck daggers in them—shot them—then the fifty got mad at us—then killed all of them—then we ran and got out of the place—ran and killed four thousand soldiers on horseback—cut the horses' legs off—and three hundred policemen—then ran into the woods—then went home—then all slept in our house—not one of us were killed—all lived there for awhile—I was housekeeper—kept track of the bills—did it all well. All went to work—cutting gravestones up—made four thousand dollars that year—we got to New York, got all of mother's and dad's money out of the bank and made a bank for ourselves—then we planned a house of our own—grew older—nineteen or twenty—all lived in the big house—kept our money in the bank right back of our house—had a bedroom in the bank. I slept in it—took care of all the money—one of us had to stay up all night to guard the money—we had a big bell to ring if anything happened—double doors—iron bars—to guard the money—all grew up—lived there for a long time until we grew up. [The analyst asks him to tell about money.] I can buy things—like to have as much as I can of it—like to have nickels or quarters—a whole lot of them—afraid of tearing paper money—can you get another dollar if you tear one up? I like silver dollars—oh, that's what I like—I am going to try to get one—keep it—wouldn't break it—takes me a long time to break a dollar—I'm rich—like to keep it as long as I can—if I break it I haven't got the whole thing—have more of it if I don't break it—like to lend money to mother or our maid—but wouldn't lend it to anyone else—never get it back—if you lost it—oh—mad clean through—mad at myself for losing it—keep blaming everybody—might think they had taken it—know a boy who swiped a dollar from me and he hasn't owned up yet—don't like him any more. You see, the reason I don't want people with me is I feel they will want to help me—then if I let them help, they will want to use what I'm making and I can't refuse if I let them help me make it—but if I do it all alone, then I can say it's mine and I can be the whole boss of it.”

When asked to give some memories of the toilet, he was shy and looked at the analyst with side glances frequently. “I don't know

much about toilets—I want to tell you of the dandy dream I had—the big dream—about the gold—I love gold—it reminds me of nice, shiny things—gold locks—and you have a gold key—it's shiny and nice—worth a lot—you can buy a lot with it—a car—so I can drive it—if I get mad with anyone so I can get away—could run away—I get mad at my brothers sometimes—slap them—feel like running away from them—don't like to have them around when I'm doing something I don't want them to know about—don't mind having mother around—she lets us do most everything—but when I was home she got cross—I spilled the paint—she said I ought to have had my overalls on—she was right there. I like money—like to keep it—like to hold it until I get a dollar—like to keep it whole—hate to break it—makes me feel I can do things—get anything I want with it—gold is even better still.”

He woke one morning and said rather whimperingly, “Oh, I had such a horrid, dirty dream. Well, daddy took me to the toilet, I had a pain—I was in a hurry to go and he took me to a room where there wasn't any chain, or anything, and locked me in.” Later, he told another version of this dream: “I wanted to go to the toilet, and daddy took me somewhere and when I went in, there was a boy who had just changed [some embarrassment], well, he was taking up his trousers, and I looked around, and there wasn't any place, but I did it, and then when I went out, I couldn't find daddy anywhere.” The well known relationship of the qualities of gold and that of the feces is only too well known to require comment (anal erotism).

Another dream is as follows: “There was a castle where the king had kept all the gold at the very top, and anyone who could get to it could have it, and no one could get to it, but we went up one hundred flights of stairs, we climbed right up the walls, and then at the top was all the gold, and we got a mattress from our house, and covered the piles of gold, and took it home, and got lots and lots of safes, and had them in a row across the back yard, all full of gold.”

He dreams of his dog enjoying being covered with manure, and no matter how often he is washed always leaving a little on.

In his dreams are shown unconscious sadistic strivings against the mother. He gives the following dream: “In bed on our back porch, home—had a big bag of candy—the bag was on my head—every now and then a big candy would come down and I'd suck it—I ate them all, then got sick and vomited in the bag—then woke up. One of the patients then took the covers off my bed, telling me it was time to get up. You see the covers were the big bag. Oh! I know what that was—it was the rubber nipple—you see it was a rubber bag over my head—came down to a point—which was in my mouth and

I got the candies that way—sucked it, just like a rubber nipple.” Here he revived the nursing period again, and he saw clearly the relationship between the weaning phantasy and the dream symbol. He blushed and said he didn’t want that now. “It’s probably like the rolling—I don’t want to, but I do it just the same.”

His hatred of the mother, “the one who takes away his own things,” is shown in a dream of a woman seen in “the movies” with a very stern expression. His dislike of the father as a rival is not marked and is not obvious in dreams or phantasies but is partially disguised in the desire for a continuation of the identification with the mother and the castrations resulting from that identification, and the ultimate continuation of the identification symbolized in the autoerotic movements which are the evidence of the autoerotism passing over to the formation of a narcissistic protection of the ego. “When I am old enough to get in a carriage, father takes me out. I’d rather have mother—know I came out of mother and not out of father and like her better because father didn’t do anything to help me. Oh, yes, he does—he works to earn money to buy milk for me—Oh! I guess I like father, too. I never thought of telling dad—he’d be cross and sour and laugh at me—well—I’d just think he’d be that way—he always spoils our fun. He makes a mess of things—sometimes when he’s planning to do something with us, we say, ‘We won’t go,’ and his pleasure is spoiled. Once I hit him on the pants with some moss—[laughs]—got square with him after all—we do it when we don’t get our own way—mother lets us do anything.”

Many of his compensations have already been illustrated, as, for example, the compensation of warmth, of a breast of his own, of the equating of his penis to a breast, and his muscular erotic pleasures. “I think I know what started it—I used to turn in my bed to be more comfortable—wasn’t warm enough—turning makes it warmer—like a grindstone—you turn it and it makes what you have on it warm—I’m the grinding stone—and the bed is the tool that’s being sharpened—and when I go around, it makes the place warm—I like to be warm and nice and cozy.”

Further phantasy on the infancy period is as follows: “I am probably just lying around—keeping mother busy with me—well, I can’t really see myself—if there was only a picture around here I could—I feel warm, if I knew how to talk I’d say, ‘Oh, how nice and warm and cozy’—well, I am a pretty good-looking baby—I look quite little—I know what I’ll do—make my fingers into a baby and a mother—[folds hands together, crossing and recrossing fingers—

puts fingers in mouth]—well—I—[yawns; is restless]—never afraid in the daytime—with my mother.”

The technique used, the resistance shown, and the similarity to adult production need no further marking. The fact that curiosity about sex matters had been early satisfied may be a factor in the small amount of material of this sort. More important is the fact that his fixations are still so infantile and pregenital.

His own interpretation, “the rolling is the scariness in me,” increased in the last week of analysis. “There was a time when my brother and I rolled—we’d roll to see who could make the bed go the farthest—that was when I liked to roll—outside and inside—then I found I couldn’t go to places because I rolled, so I stopped rolling outside, the ‘know’ side. You see when I was afraid of shadows I’d get under the covers and I’d roll and growl and howl and think the shadows would hear and see me and think there was a big elephant or a lion under the covers and get scared and run away. I’d look out now and then to see if they were gone and if they weren’t all gone, I’d do it again—keep doing it, even in my sleep to make sure they couldn’t catch me.” [Here he showed how he rolled up in the fetal position, and rolled and growled and felt secure.] “You see the outside fellow doesn’t want to roll any more, but the inside fellow does—the outside fellow is not so afraid, so he doesn’t want to roll. The inside fellow is still afraid and has to roll. If I’m in bed with mother the outside fellow or the inside fellow is not afraid at all, and doesn’t have to roll. [Q.: How can we get this little inside fellow to understand and not be afraid?] Oh, I don’t know—that’s his own business—he’ll have to stop being afraid himself.” [Q.: I wonder how we can help him?] There is a long wait and he becomes very restless and asks the analyst if he ever smokes a pipe. The analyst repeats, “I wonder how we can help him?” “I can’t think of any way—but just stay calm—don’t let him see he can scare me—make him think he can’t make me afraid—then he’d get mad—find out he was getting stopped—try to make it pop out in another way—try his best to make me afraid—get mad as the dickens—just like he did when my brother took my carriage—but I could have tricks to make him see I wasn’t afraid. [Q.: How?] Well, when I’m at the soda fountain and mother leaves me and I get afraid I could ask someone to let me ‘phone home—or if I got lost I could ask a policeman, or if I got away from you downtown, I could come back in a taxi. I could have a lot of tricks and beat him because he only has one—rolling. Say, I’m going to think up a lot of tricks to fool him, but how can I try them out? I’m like that baby we were talking about—I didn’t want to come in, but mother made me—I’d like to

be out doing something else—but I want my analysis, too—and I want to stop rolling—and all these movements are the same—stop me from thinking—but they made me feel comfortable, because the thinking makes me uncomfortable—two things fighting against each other—things I want to do and things I don't want to do."

Two days later, of his own accord, he gives this account: "I am a small baby; I like to bounce up and down in the baby carriage—do that because mother is not with me—makes the uncomfortable feelings go away, and I have all the movements I have because I get uncomfortable during the analysis, and because I can't think of what to say, and the movements take the uncomfortable feeling away, and it's like rolling at night, because maybe I'm dreaming of pirates and kidnappers. I roll and have all the movements so I can forget better—makes me braver, and now I know I do it because it's like what the baby did in the baby carriage—bounce up and down to make my lonesomeness go away, and make me braver. Oh! I know—we like to do that now—bounce on the bed even now—ain't that funny?—now we are learning why I roll—ain't we? I twist and turn, and that hurts and I like the hurt feeling—makes me feel good, and the uncomfortable feeling goes away—that uncomfortable feeling is all over—[long wait]—say, the movmeents are hard to talk about because I don't know what they mean to me—I do a lot of it when I am doing analysis with you—and when I climb—but that's fun—all boys climb—yes, I guess climbing is movements, too—your hands and legs are going all the time." He was greatly impressed about wetting the bed and suddenly stopping it and then feeling the rolling began, or got worse. He says: "It looks like I gave up the wetting for the rolling. Now I have to give up the rolling—guess I'll have to play tennis and play ball. Sure I like analysis—[said with much force]—like to see how much I can talk—how many things I can talk over—like it best because—oh! let's see—well, it's taking away my rolling—that's one thing—know what the things are—that make me roll—so there won't be anything to roll about—don't exactly know what all the things are yet but guess it's learning about what the baby does and how I get out of doing things I don't want to do—making all those movements so I'll be brave—make me feel I'm safe. Mother said I didn't roll when I went home this time—guess that's on account of her—and analysis. Mother said I had one bad dream; I don't know what it was."

Summary. As a result of our analytic inquiry, we find that this boy has in greater part given up the intensive aspects of his head rolling habit but under conditions of stress, fatigue, insufficient sleep, and returning to the exciting family relations the symptom formation

of head rolling and extra physical activities returned. Secondly, the head rolling is analogous to the intrauterine movements which probably are part of the excessive primary narcissistic endowment in the functioning of the organism as a whole. These movements are reinvented at each level of successive periods of adaptation and are added to in proportion as there is an insufficiency of ego libido cathexis. The libido flows back and attaches itself to the primary inadequacy and fixation of impulsive movements of intrauterine inception. The necessity for a prolonged collateral investigation of the withdrawal of libidinal values out of every sort of childish objectification of interest is well shown in this boy.

However, this fails like all purely objective and descriptive phases, to give us a deeper and genetic instinctive value of the whole process which our incomplete and brief analysis here has shown to be rooted very deeply into the whole viability and the utility by which different kinds of voluntary and involuntary functions of the organism can be used for autoerotic purposes and it is to the further encouragement of similar types of analysis that this case study is directed and considered worth while.

In conclusion we may add that our study but indicates the remote teleological derivation of the viable modes of response of the organism. Speculative concern about such phenomena is perhaps at present too vaguely valuable to warrant one entering this fascinating field. More immediately the application of the libidinal theory to the primary endowment of the neuromuscular system makes this study an indirect contribution to the psychobiology of all organismic activity. Without Freud's implication of the motility of the organism as a part of the whole libidinal autoerotic functioning of the individual, one may gain no comprehension of the whole matter. The perversion of excessive or diminished endowments of the neuromuscular system makes the subject one of prime importance for analytic study. The paper as a whole is a clinical contribution to this end.

DAS BUCH VOM ES
(The Book of the It—*Continued*)

BY

Georg Groddeck
(Authorized translation furnished and revised by the author.)

LETTER III

So I haven't been clear, after all; my letter was horribly muddled and you wanted everything neatly arranged; above all you would like to have been given instructive, scientific, well established facts in place of ill founded theories, some of which—the story of the fat people who are said to be pregnant for example—one might almost call crack-brained!

Well, dearest of friends, if you want to be instructed, let me advise you to consult a textbook, as they do at the universities. But for my letters you shall have herewith the key; everything in them that sounds reasonable, or perhaps only a little strange, is derived from Professor Freud of Vienna and his colleagues; whatever is quite mad, I claim as my own spiritual property.

My view that mothers really understand very little about their children, you think far-fetched. Certainly, you say, the mother's heart can err, probably errs more often than mothers themselves can ever guess, but if there is anything in the world of emotion on which one can rely, it is on mother love, that deepest of all mysteries.

Shall we speak a little on this subject of mother love? I do not claim to be able to reveal its secret, the depth of which I too acknowledge; yet various things may be said about it which usually are left unsaid. We commonly invoke the voice of Nature in this connection, but the voice of Nature often utters very strange language. We need not discuss the phenomenon of abortions, which have been practised in every age, and which only conscience-racked brains can imagine will ever be banished from the earth; it is enough just to watch for a day a mother's dealings with her child, to see a certain amount of indifference, of weariness, of hatred. As well as her love for her child then, there exists in every mother an aversion for the child. Man lives under the law: Where love is, there is also hate; where respect, there is also contempt; where admiration there is also envy. The authority of this law is inviolable, and even mothers are no exceptions.

Did you know of this law? Or that it held good even for mothers? If you recognize mother love, do you also recognize mother hate?

I repeat my question: Whence comes it that mothers know so little of their children? Consciously know, that is, for the unconscious knows this feeling of hate, and whoever is able to interpret the unconscious will forsake the doctrine of the Allmightiness of love; he sees that hate is just as strong as love, and that between the two there is indifference which is the norm. And full of that astonishment which is the constant fate of anyone who ventures into the depths of the life of the Es, he follows up those tracks that branch off here and there from the trodden ways, and lose themselves in the mysterious gloom of the unconscious. Perhaps these tracks, so faint and so often overlooked, will lead on to the explanation why the mother knows nothing and wishes to know nothing of her hatred for her child, perhaps even why we forget all our first years of life.

But to begin with, my dear, I must tell you in what fashion this aversion, this mother hatred, reveals itself. For out of friendship alone, without further evidence, you will not accept it.

When the happy pair, in a romance composed according to popular rules, after many vicissitudes at length are united, there comes a day when she blushing nestles her head upon his manly breast, and whispers to him a holy secret. That is very sweet: but in real life, pregnancy announces itself, after being indicated by the absence of the period, in right evil fashion, by stomach-troubles and vomiting; not invariably, let me forestall possible objection by admitting,—and I should like to hope that in their married lives these authors have just as little experience of the vomiting of pregnancy as in their novels,—but you will allow that it is very commonly the case. And the indigestion arises out of the opposition of the Es against something which is within the organism; it expresses the wish to remove this unwelcome thing, and vomiting is the attempt to expel it. In this case, therefore, you have the desire for and the attempt at abortion. What have you to say about it?

At some later time, perhaps, I can tell you of my experience with cases of vomiting occurring outside normal pregnancy, and how in those cases also are to be found noteworthy symbolic connections, strange associations made by the Es. But here I should like to point out to you that in these digestive troubles, once again the idea is revealed that the germ of the child is received into the mouth of the woman, and there you have also the significance of the other sign of pregnancy, which is brought about by the woman's opposition against the child, that is to say, toothache.

In attacking the tooth the Es is saying, in the gentle but persistent

voice of the unconscious, "Do not chew; be cautious, spit out what you would like to eat." Certainly, in the case of expectant mothers, the poisoning has already been accomplished in the act of intercourse, but perhaps the unconscious hopes to be able to deal with the small dose if only it is not poisoned afresh. Indeed, precisely by the toothache it is already trying to kill the living poison of the conception, for—and here again the Es shows that utter lack of logic, which makes it so inferior to the thinking mind—the unconscious confuses child and tooth. For the unconscious, a tooth is a child. And now I come to think of it, I find it possible to regard this idea of the unconscious as not at all so stupid; it is no more absurd than was that thought of Newton's, who saw the universe in a falling apple. And for me it is even very much of a question whether this association, child equals tooth, made by the Es, was and is not more important, more fraught with scientific consequences, than were Newton's astronomical deductions. The tooth is the child of the mouth, the mouth is the womb in which it grows, just as the foetus grows within the mother's body. You must know how strongly rooted is this symbol in men's minds, for how else could they have arrived at the terms "*vulvæ*" (German: Schamlippen) and "*os uteri*"?

Toothache, then, is the unconscious desire that the germ of the child shall sicken, shall die. What is my evidence? Well, among other things—for there are many clues to such knowledge—this, that vomiting and toothache disappear when one brings the mother to realize her unconscious desire for the child's death. She is then able to understand how poorly these means serve her purpose; indeed often enough she abandons that purpose so condemned by law and custom, so soon as she sees it before her in all its nakedness.

Even the curious tastes and dislikes of expectant mothers arise in part from this hatred against the child. The former may be traced to the unconscious idea of poisoning the germ by means of particular foods; the latter are founded on some association or other which recalls the fact of pregnancy or conception. For so strong at times is her aversion—and this is true of every woman, and detracts nothing from her love for the coming child—that even the mere thought of her condition has to be repressed.

And so one might go on endlessly. Would you like more? I spoke before of abortion, an act disowned by moral folk with all possible contumely—in public. But the deliberate avoidance of conception, scientifically regarded, and in its result, is nevertheless the same, and you need no enlightenment from me as to how frequent that is, nor even any instruction as to how it is done. At most, it is worth calling your attention to the fact that remaining unmarried is

also one way of avoiding the hated child, and this may be quite frequently recognized as the motive of a single and a virtuous life. And even when marriage has once been contracted, one can still always try to keep the husband at arm's length. For that purpose it is enough always, in word and deed,—or much more, by lack of deed,—to emphasize the sacrifice which the wife is making to her husband. There are plenty of men who believe this silly nonsense, and gaze with shy reverence at these superior beings who so angelically tolerate the contamination of their bodies for the sake of the dear children and the dear husband. God's thoughts thereon cannot be understood by these noble people, but He ordains that the child shall be bred in a pool of filth, and one has therefore to submit. But if one is to show the husband how despicable this all is, one must show him also, otherwise he finds out for himself, how many substitutes there are for his love-making, substitutes which no one willingly gives up. And after one has trained a husband so well that he renounces the pleasure of committing onanism in the body of his wedded wife, one can ascribe to him in a thousand ways, the blame for every miserable mood, for the joyless childhood of the offspring, and for the unhappiness of the marriage.

And further, what purpose is served by disease? Especially diseases of the abdomen? In many ways these are disagreeable. There is first of all the possibility of avoiding childbirth. There is further the satisfaction of hearing from a doctor that one is suffering on the husband's account, through his wild bachelor-life, for one can never have enough weapons in married life. Above all,—if I become too intimate you must tell me so,—above all, there is the possibility of exhibiting oneself to a stranger. One can get the most thrilling sensations on the consulting-room couch, sensations so strong that they entice the Es to create many a form of illness.

Lately there ran across the road to me a little lady of sprightly wit. "Years ago," she said, "you told me once that people go to a woman's doctor because they want to feel the touch of another hand than their husband's, yes, that people even got ill for this purpose. Since then I have never again been examined, never again been ill." To hear something like that is both pleasing and instructive, and because it is instructive I pass it on to you. For the curious thing about it is this, that I uttered this cynical truth to this woman, not with the idea of giving her professional advice, but in order to provoke her to laughter or to indignation. But her Es made of it a means of healing, did something which neither I nor half a dozen other doctors had been able to accomplish. In the face of such facts,

what is one to say of the doctor's intent to help? One keeps a shamed silence and thinks after all everything happens for the best.

Everything essential happens, in gynecology, outside the consciousness. You may, with the conscious intelligence, select the doctor whom you wish to examine you. You may have an eye to your lingerie, whether it is sufficiently attractive; you may scrupulously cleanse yourself; yet already, by your manner of lying down, do you betray the absence of conscious control and the rule of the unconscious; and still more in the choice of the disease, and in the desire to become ill. That is solely the work of the Es, for it is the unknown Es, and not the conscious intelligence, which is responsible for disease. They do not invade us as enemies from the outside, but are purposeful creations of our microcosmos, our Es, just as purposeful as the structure of the nose and the eye, which indeed are also products of the Es—or do you find it impossible that a being which has produced from spermatozoon and egg, a man with a man's brain and a man's heart, can also bring forth cancer or pneumonia, or a dropping of the womb?

I must explain, by the way, that I do not suppose that women invent their abdominal pains out of anger or jealousy. That is not my meaning. But the Es, the unconscious, drives them into illness against their conscious will, because the Es is greedy, is malicious, and longs to have its rights. Remind me of that at some opportune moment, that I may tell you something about the way in which the Es secures its right to pleasure, whether in good or in evil.

No, my view of the power of the unconscious and the powerlessness of the conscious will is so comprehensive that I even take simulated diseases to be an expression of the unconscious, for to me the voluntary imitation of illness is a screen behind which are hidden wide, unsurveyed tracts of life's dark mysteries. From this point of view, it is a matter of indifference for a doctor whether he is told lies, or told the truth, if only he stays quiet and unbiased, noticing what the patient has to tell with his tongue, his gestures and his symptoms, and working on these with might and main, as best he may.

But I am forgetting that I wanted to tell you about the hatred of the mother against her child. And for that I must point out to you another of the curious ways of the unconscious. Remember, it is possible—and it often happens so—that a woman longs with all her heart to have a child, and yet remains unfruitful, not because her husband or she herself is sterile, but because there is a tide in the Es which refuses to turn; it is better that you should not bear a child. And this tide flows so mightily that when there is a possibility of

conception, when the seed is actually within the vagina, it prevents fertilization. Perhaps it constricts the os uteri, or it manufactures a poison which destroys the spermatozoa, or it kills the egg, or whatever else you like to think. In any case the result is, that no pregnancy is brought about, simply because the Es will not have it. One might almost say, because the uterus will not have it, so independent are these processes of the lofty thoughts of men. On that too I must find some opportunity to say a word. Briefly, the wife receives no child until the Es, by some means or other, possibly through treatment, becomes convinced of the fact that its aversion from pregnancy is some sort of relic of its childish thinking in the earliest years of life. You cannot imagine, my dear, what strange ideas come to light in the course of investigating such cases of denial of motherhood. I know one lady who is haunted by the thought that she will bear a double-headed child, through a mixing of early memories of a circus, and, more pressing, of scruples about troublous thoughts of two men at the same time.

I called this idea unconscious, but that is not altogether true, for these women who yearn to have a child, and do every mortal thing to attain the happiness of motherhood, who do not know, and who absolutely refuse to believe it when they are told, that they themselves refuse to bear a child, these women yet have an uneasy conscience—not, indeed, because they are childless and therefore seem to be despised, for to-day women are no longer despised for being childless—and this uneasy conscience is not relieved by pregnancy. It only disappears when one succeeds in tracking down and purifying the filthy swarm in the recesses of the soul, the poisonous swarm which corrupts the unconscious.

What a toilsome business it is to speak about the Es. One plucks a string at hazard, and there comes the response, not of a single note, but of many, confusedly mingling and dying away again, or else awakening new echoes, and ever new again, until such an ungoverned medley of sounds is raging that the stammer of speech is lost. Believe me, one cannot speak about the unconscious, one can only stammer, or rather, one can only point out this and that with caution, lest the hell-brood of the unconscious world should rush up out of the depths with their wild clangor.

Is it necessary for me to say that what is true of the woman in this matter of childlessness may also be alleged of the man; that on this account he may choose to remain a bachelor, a monk, or a devotee of chastity, or that he may infect himself somewhere with venereal disease in order to beget no children? Or that he renders his semen sterile, or permits no erection, or whatever else may be

done? In any case you are not to think that I want to cast all the responsibility on women. If it appears so, that is only because I am a man myself and therefore want to throw my own burden of guilt on the woman; for that also is a peculiarity of the Es, that every conceivable form of guilt is weighing on everyone, so that he has to say of the murderer, the thief, the hypocrite, the betrayer: "Such an one art thou thyself."

At the moment, however, I am dealing with the hatred of the woman against the child, and I must hasten if I am not to overburden this letter quite too heavily. Up till now I have been speaking of the prevention of conception, but now give your attention to the following: A lady who desired a child was visited by her husband while she was away, taking the baths. They had connection, and in mingled hope and fear she awaited her next period. It failed to come and on the second day the lady stumbled and fell over a stair, and quivered with the joyful thought, "Now I have got rid of the child again"—that woman kept her child, for the desire of her Es was stronger than its aversion. But how many thousand times has such a fall destroyed the scarce-fertilized germ? If you only speak of your own acquaintances you will in a few days have a veritable collection of such occurrences, and if you have, what is seldom freely given between people, but must first be won, the confidence of your women friends, you will hear: "I was pleased that it fell out." And if you penetrate deeper, you will discover that there were unanswerable reasons against pregnancy, and that the fall was intended, not by the conscious mind, be it understood, but by the unconscious. And so it is with lifting, with getting a push, with everything. Believe me or not, there has never been a miscarriage that has not been brought about by the Es on easily recognizable grounds. In its hatred, if this wins the mastery, the Es compels the woman for this purpose to dance, to ride, or to travel, or to go to people who employ the kindly needle or probe or poison, or to fall or get pushed or knocked about, or to fall ill. Yes, some comical cases occur in which the unconscious does not itself understand what it is doing. And so the pious lady who leads a lofty existence, far above the level of sex, takes care to have hot foot-baths in order to procure a guiltless abortion. But the hot bath is merely pleasant for the germ, it helps its growth—you see, now and again, the Es is laughing at itself.

Now at the end I can scarcely go farther than I have already done to-day in my bad, mad views, but still I will try. Listen: I am convinced that the child gets born through hatred. The mother has had enough of being swollen and carrying a burden of so many pounds, and so she casts the child out, with more than necessary roughness.

If this disgust is not present, the child stays inside the body and petrifies: that is seen.

To be just, I must add that the child also does not want to sit in that dark prison any longer, and for his part takes a share in the labor. But that is another story. Here it is sufficient to establish that there must be in mother and child a common desire for separation, for the birth to come about.

Enough for today.

Always your
Patrik Troll.

LETTER IV.

My dear, you are quite right: I wanted to write of mother love, and what I did write of was mother hate. But love and hate always exist side by side; they are mutually conditional, and since so much has been said about mother love and everyone thinks he knows all about it, I thought it just as well for once to cut the sausage at the other end. Moreover I am not at all sure that you have ever busied yourself with the subject of mother love otherwise than to feel it, and to express or to listen to some fine phrases about it, of lyrical or tragic import.

Mother love is axiomatic, it is implanted from the first in every mother, it is an instinctive and holy emotion of womanhood. That may very well be, but I should be very much astonished if Nature had left herself without any further effort, to this womanly emotion, or if indeed she had any use for feelings which we humans describe as holy. If one looks more closely, one may possibly discover some, though not all of the sources of this primitive emotion. They have, it seems, little to do with the oft quoted instinct of reproduction. Let yourself for once dismiss from your mind everything that has been said about mother love and see for yourself what goes on between these two beings, mother and child.

First there is the moment of conception, the conscious or unconscious remembrance of a blissful instant, for without this truly heavenly feeling—heavenly just because the belief in happiness and in the Kingdom of Heaven after death are equally dependent on this feeling—no conception would take place. You question that, and quote the numerous instances of detested bridals, of violations, of conception accomplished during unconsciousness. But all these cases only show that the conscious mind need take no part in this intoxication; of the Es, of the unconscious, they tell us nothing at all. If its feelings are to be confirmed you must turn to the bodily organs

through which it speaks, to the woman's means of voluptuous expression, and then you will be amazed to find how little these concern themselves with the conscious feeling of aversion. They answer to stimulation, to purposeful excitation, in their own way, quite irrespective of whether the sexual act is, or is not, agreeable to the conscious mind. Ask of women's doctors, of judges, or of criminals; you will find they confirm my statement. You can also hear the same thing from women who have conceived without pleasure, who have been violated or abused when unconscious, only you must know how to put your questions, or better, how to win their confidence. Only when people are convinced that the questioner has no thought of blame, but is seriously carrying out the commandment "Judge not," only then will they open a little the portals of their souls. Or listen to the dreams of these frigid sacrifices to man's lust: the dream is the speech of the unconscious, which allows something of itself to be read therein. The simplest test, however, is for you to take counsel with yourself, honestly as your custom is. Will it not yet have happened to you that the man you love is at times unable to bring about an erection? If he is thinking of you, his manhood rises so powerfully as to give pleasure, yet when he is near you, his highness sinks exhausted. That is a remarkable phenomenon; and it means that the man may be fully potent even under unusual conditions, but that in no circumstances can he receive an erection while in contact with a woman who desires to prevent it. It is one of woman's most secret weapons, a weapon which she uses without hesitation when she wishes to humble a man, or rather, the woman's unconscious makes use of this weapon, as I think, since I would not willingly believe a woman to be capable of consciously perpetrating such villainy, and since it seems to me more probable that unconscious processes in the organism of the woman are responsible for the diversion of the fluid which weakens the man. However that may be, it is in any case quite impossible for a man to take possession of a woman if she is not, in some way or other, consenting. In this connection you will be well advised to doubt the wife's frigidity, and to believe rather in her quest for revenge, and her unimaginably malicious intentions.

Have you never had the phantasy of being violated? You immediately say no, but I don't believe you. Perhaps you do not feel the terror experienced by so many women, more especially by those who feign coldness, of being alone in a wood or on a dark night; I said to you before that anxiety betokens a wish; whoever fears violation, desires it. Probably, so far as I know you, you also are not in the habit of searching under the beds and in the wardrobe; but how many

women do this! Always with the fear and the wish to discover the man who is strong enough to have no terror of the law. You have heard before now of the story of the lady, who, when she saw a man under her bed, broke out with the words, "At last! For twenty years I've been waiting for it"—and how significant it is, that this man is phantasied with a shining knife, a knife which is to be thrust into the body. Now you are superior to all this, but once upon a time you were younger; go back to that. You will discover a moment—do I say a moment? No, you will remember a whole series of moments when you went cold all over, because you thought you heard a step behind you; when you woke up suddenly in the night in a strange hotel with the thought, have I locked the door; when you crept shivering under the bedclothes, shivering because you had to cool your inward heat lest you be scorched? Have you never struggled with your husband, playing at a violation? No? Alas, what a little fool you are to deprive yourself of the joys of love, and what a little fool, to think that I believe you! I only believe in your poor memory, and your cowardly wilting before self-knowledge. For that a woman should not desire this highest proof, one might say this unique proof of love, is out of the question. To be so beautiful, so alluring, that the man forgets all else and simply loves, that is what every woman wants, and whoever denies it is in error, or wilfully lying. And if I may presume to advise, do you seek to revive this phantasy within you! It is not good to play by oneself with hidden things? What will you wager? Shut your eyes and dream freely, without prejudice or forethought. In a few seconds you will be held by the fetters of phantasy, so transported that you hardly dare to go on thinking, to go on breathing. You hear the snap of the branches. There is a sudden spring and a clutch on your throat, you are thrown down, your clothes blindly torn, and then your mad terror! Is he tall or short, dark or fair, bearded or smooth shaven? The wizard's name! Oh, I could see that you already know him! You saw him yesterday, or the day before, or many years ago, in the street, at the station, or hunting on horseback, or at a dance. And the name which flashed into your mind made you tremble, for you never would have believed that it would be just that man who roused your passion! You were indifferent to him? You shunned him? He was loathsome? Yet listen: your Es is laughing at you! Now, don't get up, don't bother with your watch or your keys, but dream and dream again. Of martyrdom, of disgrace, of the babe in your body, of the court, of meeting the criminal again in the presence of the stern judge, and of the torment of knowing all the time that you wanted him to do the deed for which he is now to pay the penalty. Terrible, inconceivable,

but gripping you tight! Or another picture, how the child is born, how you work and stab your fingers with the needle, how the little one plays carelessly at your feet, and you do not know where to get it food—poverty, distress, destitution. And then comes the prince, the noble hero who loves you, whom you love and whom you renounce. Just hark, how the Es makes merry over that fine gesture! Or another picture still: How the child grows in your body, and with it your terror, how it is born and you strangle it and throw it into a pond, and how you yourself are haled as a murderess before the threatening judge. Suddenly the scene changes, the scaffolding is erected, the child-killer stands upon it, chained to a stake, and the flames lick round her feet. Hark again, the Es is whispering the meaning of the stake and the tongues of fire, and is telling you whose feet those are which your deepest being brings to the flames. Is it not your mother? The unconscious is full of mysteries, and in the tracks between flame, and shame, and name, there lie sleeping the forces of heaven and hell.

And now for the people in an unconscious condition. If you get an opportunity of doing so, watch an attack of hysterical cramp. It will prove to you how many people bring about a loss of consciousness in order to get voluptuous pleasure; certainly it is a stupid thing to do, but then all hypocrisy is stupid. Or go to a surgical clinic and watch a dozen people under chloroform; there you will be able both to see and to hear how much pleasure a man can feel even when he is unconscious. And I say it again, take notice of dreams: the dreams of men are marvellous interpreters of the soul.

Once more then, I take it that one of the roots of mother love is to be found in the pleasure of conception. I will pass over, without thereby wishing to minimize their importance, a whole group of feelings connected with that, such for instance as the love for the husband, which is transferred to the child, and the gratification of success,—and how strange it seems even to our far-seeing intellect that people should be at all vain about things which, like pregnancy, are controlled entirely by the Es, and have as little to do with what we are accustomed to recognize for a noble deed, as have beauty and inherited riches and great gifts. I will not speak of how the admiration and envy of her neighbors encourages the growth of mother love, or how the feeling that she is exclusively responsible for another living being—for in that exclusive responsibility the mother likes to believe when all goes smoothly, though she accepts it unwillingly and only for very shame when things go wrong—how this feeling heightens her love toward the coming child, gives her a consciousness of greater importance which is fostered by herself as well as by

others; or how the thought of protecting a helpless baby, of nourishing it with her own blood—a much loved phrase often used against the children later, in which the woman pretends to believe though she feels it to be false—how this thought gives the mother a kind of divinity and imbues her with pious sentiment towards the mother of the Heavenly Child.

I should like rather to direct your attention to something quite simple and apparently without significance, namely, that the feminine body contains a hollow empty space which in the course of pregnancy is filled up by the child. When you realize how disturbing is the sensation of emptiness, and how we are made “another man” by being filled, you will partly guess what, in this respect, pregnancy means to a woman. Partly, not entirely, for in the case of a woman’s organism there is more than anything else the feeling of incompleteness which persists from childhood onwards, and which, in greater or less degree at different times lowers her self respect. At one time or another, always quite early in life, whether through observation or in some other way, the little maiden learns that something is lacking in her, which the boy and the man possess. And, *à propos*, is it not strange that no one knows when and how a child learns to recognize difference of sex, although this discovery might be said to be the most significant experience in man’s life? This tiny mite, I say, notices that this portion of the human body is lacking to her, and takes it to be the fault of her own nature. Peculiar trains of thought arise from that, which we can take an opportunity some time of discussing, all of which bear the stamp of shame and of guilt. At first the hope that the defect will be made good as the child grows up in some measure counterbalances the feeling of inferiority, but this hope is unfulfilled, and there remain only the sense of guilt, the origin of which grows more and more obscure, and a vague yearning, both of which gain in emotional force what they lose in clarity. Through long years this constant pain afflicts the hidden life of the woman, and then comes the moment of conception, the glory of fulfillment, the disappearance of a void, of consuming envy and of shame. And then hope springs anew, the hope that in her body there is growing a new portion of her being, the child, who will not have this defect, who will be a little boy. No proof is surely needed that the mother wishes to give birth to a boy. If anyone investigates a case where a girl is desired, he will certainly learn some of the secrets of this particular mother, but the general rule that the wife wishes to bring a son into the world will be confirmed. If I tell you nevertheless of a personal experience of my own, I do so because an illustration characteristically comes into my mind, which, perhaps, will succeed

in reducing you to laughter, to that happy, god-like laughter with which we greet a great truth in comic form. One day I asked the childless girls and women of my acquaintance, naturally they were not very many, perhaps from fifteen to twenty in number, whether they would like to have a boy or a girl. They answered, one and all, a boy. But now came the strange thing. I asked further, how old they were imagining this boy to be, and what they pictured him as doing. All except three gave the same answer: he would be two years old, and would be lying on the baby's table, unconcernedly spouting a fountain out into the world. Of the three exceptions, the first gave him as taking his first step, the second as playing with a lamb, while the third said he was three years old, and was standing up, making "wee-wee."

Do you really understand that, my lady? There is an opportunity to peer into the depths of the soul, for one short moment in the midst of your laughter, to discover what stirs mankind. Do not forget it, I beg. And consider whether there is not a possibility here of making further enquiry.

The conception of the child and its growth in bulk and weight within the mother's body are of importance to woman's mind in yet another way, they link themselves with strongly rooted habits, and, in order to bind the mother to her child, make use of the desires which from the deep-buried levels of the unconscious rule the hearts and destinies of men. You will have observed that a little child who is sitting on the chamber does not immediately release what the grown-up—who finds little pleasure in the affair—at first with gentleness but with gradually ever-increasing urgency, requires of him. If you are interested in following up this strange inclination for voluntary constipation, from which not seldom arises a life-long habit, and truly that would be a curious sort of interest, I will bid you remember that in the abdomen, close to the rectum and the bladder, there run delicate and sensitive nerves whose excitation arouses agreeable feelings. Then you will also reflect how often children will fidget about on their chairs while they are at work or at play—perhaps you did it yourself in the days of your innocent childhood—sprawling and rocking up and down, until the significant order is heard from their mother: "Hans, or Liesel, go to the lavatory." Why is that? Is it really that the little one has lost himself in his playing, as mamma, with recollections of her own long-repressed inclinations, calls it, or that he is too absorbed in his school tasks? Ah no, it is the voluptuous pleasure brought about by the delay, a unique form of self-excitation practiced from childhood onwards until it finds complete fulfilment in constipation; only

then, unfortunately, the organism no longer responds with the feeling of pleasure, but conscious of the guilt of onanism, it only creates headaches or dizziness or body pains, or whatever else you may call the many other results of the habit of continuously maintaining pressure upon the genital nerves. Yes, and then you will recall other people still who make a practice of leaving the house before going to the lavatory; when they are out of doors they suddenly have urgent need and go through agonies, not knowing how sweet these are. But, struck by the frequency of this entirely unnecessary procedure, one gradually comes to the conclusion that in this case the unconscious is committing onanism uncondemned. Now, most noble lady, pregnancy is another example of such guiltless onanism, not merely guiltless indeed, for there the sin is sanctified; yet all the sanctification of motherhood does not prevent the pregnant womb from stimulating the nerves and producing sensuous pleasure.

You think there can be no pleasure without its conscious realization? That is false! I mean, of course, you can hold this opinion, but you must forgive me if it makes me smile.

And while we are occupied with the forbidden subject of sensuous pleasure, pleasure secret, unknown, never honestly named, may I take the opportunity of pointing out what the movements of the child mean for the mother? This experience also is glorified in romance, made roseate and delicately perfumed. In reality, however, if one removes the halo, the sensation is the same as was felt before, when something was moved to and fro inside the body. It is the same as the wife experiences with the husband, only devoid now of any sense of shame, commended instead of blamed.

Are you not ashamed, you will ask. No, most gracious lady, I am not ashamed; so far am I from being ashamed that I will challenge you with the same question. Is there no shame in you, are you not overcome by sorrow and shame that human nature has so bemired the highest gift of life, the union of man and woman? Only ponder for a moment or two on what this mutual pleasure means to the world, how it has created marriage, the family, the state, how it has been the foundation of homes and of courts, how it has called forth knowledge, art, religion, out of the void; how it has created everything, absolutely everything that you revere, and then dare to say still that it is abominable to compare the act of begetting with the movements of the child within the womb.

But no, you are much too wise to resent my words, so horrifying to virtuous housemaids, once you have had time to reflect, and then you will readily follow me still further, to a conclusion even more outrageous to sensitive and cultured minds, that more than anything

else is the delivery itself an act of the very highest pleasure, the memory of which lives on as love for the child, as mother love.

Or does your willingness not extend so far as to credit me in that? It is contrary to all experience of all time? No, there is one experience which it does not contradict, and that I believe to be the fundamental fact from which one must proceed, the experience, namely, that new children are always and forever being born, that not all the sorrow and pain which has been talked about since pre-historic times are so great but that they are outweighed by the pleasure, at least by some feeling of pleasure.

Have you ever yet watched a delivery? It is a remarkable thing. The mother groans and cries, but her face glows with feverish excitement, and her eyes have that wonderful light which no man ever forgets if he has once brought it into a woman's eyes. Here are the strange eyes, the strangely veiled eyes, which speak of bliss! And what is there wonderful, incredible, in the fact that pain can be the highest pleasure? It is only those who sneer at perversion and unnatural feeling, who do not know, or make out that they do not know, that great pleasure longs after pain. Shake yourself free of the impression you have gathered from the cries of the mother, or the stupid stories of envious old women, and try to be honest. The hen also cackles when she has laid an egg, but the cock shows no more concern about that than to pay his addresses anew to his little wife, whose dread of the pain of egg-laying reveals itself so strangely in that delightful dip before the lord of the fowl-yard.

The woman's vagina is a Moloch, never to be satisfied. Where is there the woman who will be content with a member which is only a finger thick, if once she is able to have something as great as a child's arm? The woman's phantasy plays with mighty weapons, and so it was and ever will be.

The larger the member, the greater is the pleasure, but the child is working about with its thick head, during birth, in the vagina, the seat of pleasure, exactly as the husband's member works back and forth, from side to side, just as hard and powerfully. Certainly it gives her pain, this supreme, unforgettable, and always again-to-be-desired experience, but it is nevertheless the uttermost peak of all womanly delight.

But why then, if giving birth is really a sensuous pleasure, have the pains of birth been misrepresented as never to be forgotten woe? I cannot answer that question; you must ask it of women. I can only tell you that now and again I have met a mother who has said to me, "The birth of my child, in spite of all the pain, or rather because of it, was the most beautiful experience I have ever had."

Perhaps one might say just one thing, that woman, being always forced to dissimulate, can never be quite sincere about her feelings, because it is her destiny through life to have to abominate sin. But how people came to connect sex-pleasure with sin will never be fully explained.

There are other lines of thought which might lead us through the maze of these difficult problems. Thus, it seems to me natural that anyone who has been taught all her life, even in the exercise of her religion, that birth-giving is horrible, painful and dangerous, believes it herself even against her own experience. It is clear to me that many of these alarming stories were invented in order to scare unmarried girls from unconsecrated sexuality. The envy of those who have not given birth, even more, the mother's envy of her own daughter, who now receives what she herself lost long ago, must also be reckoned with. The wish to frighten the husband, who must be made to realize what pain he gives to his dearest, what a sacrifice she is making for him, what a heroine she is, and the experience that he in fact allows himself to be so intimidated, and for the time being, at least, changes from a grumbling tyrant into a grateful father, these all urge in the same direction. And above all, that inner drive to see herself as the great and noble mother, forces her to exaggerate, to lie. And lying is a sin. Finally there rises from the gloom of the unconscious, the mother imago; for every desire and every pleasure is drenched with the yearning to come once again into the mother's body, is fostered and poisoned by the desire for union with the mother. Incest, blood, shame. Are they not enough to make one feel sinful?

But how do these mysterious motives concern us just now? I wanted to convince you that Nature did not trust herself to the noble feelings of the mother, that she does not believe that every woman, just because she is a mother, will become that self-sacrificing, beloved being whose like we shall never know again, who can never be restored to us, and whom it makes us happy even to name. I wanted to convince you that Nature uses a thousand means to stir up that fire which gives us life-long warmth, that she does anything and everything—for I have told you only a very few of the roots from which mother love grows—does anything and everything to deprive the mother of all excuse for turning away from her child.

Have I been successful? That would indeed make me happy.

Your old friend,

Patrik Troll.

LETTER V.

Then I did not deceive myself, my dear, when I thought that little by little you would get interested in the unconscious. You gibe at my weakness for exaggeration; that I am used to, but why do you specially take exception to my "labor-pleasures"? For in that I am right!

You said recently that you approved of the little stories which I threw in here and there. "They give life to the argument," you said, "and one is almost tempted to believe you when you bring forward sheer fact." Now, you know, I might very well invent these, or at least embroider them; that is done in learned circles as well as outside. Good, you shall have your story.

Some years ago, after long waiting, a woman gave birth to a little girl. The birth was a breech presentation; the mother went to a nursing home, was skilfully delivered by a well known accoucheur, with the help of two assistant physicians and two nurses. Two years later, she was again expecting a child, and since in the meantime I had gained more influence with her, it was agreed that nothing should be done in connection with the birth, without my knowledge. Unlike the first, this pregnancy ran its normal course without any difficulty. It was decided that the birth should take place at home, and that only one nurse should be called in. Shortly before the time, at the wish of the nurse I was summoned to the lady, who was living in a different town. "The child is lying in breech presentation, and what is now to be done?" When I arrived the child was in fact in that position; the labor pains had not yet started. The mother was extremely nervous, and wanted to be taken to a hospital. I set myself to inquire into her repressed complexes, of which I already knew a fair amount, and finally painted for her in glowing colors—I think you may judge if I was at all successful—the pleasure of giving birth. Frau X. was satisfied, and a peculiar look in her eyes showed that the spark was burning. Then I tried to make out why the child should have again come into this position. "The birth is easier so," she told me, "the little bottom is soft and stretches the channel more gently and accommodately than the hard, thick head." Then I told her, very much in the manner I recently wrote to you, about the thick and thin, the hard and flabby instrument in the vagina. That made an impression but still some little dissatisfaction remained. Finally she said that she would very much like to believe me, but that all the others had told her such dreadful things about the pains of labor, that she would still prefer to be under an anesthetic; and if the child were in breech presentation

she would receive an anesthetic, that she knew from experience. So this was another reason for preferring that position. On that, I told her that if she were truly so silly as to want to miss the very highest pleasure of her life, there was nothing to stop her. I should have nothing against it, if she arranged to have an anesthetic when she could hold out no longer. For that, however, it was not necessary to have the wrong presentation. "You have my permission to have an anesthetic even if the head shows first. You are to decide about it yourself, whether you shall have the anesthetic or not." With that I left her, and on the very next day received news that half an hour after my departure, the child was lying with the head underneath. The birth then went forward smoothly. The mother sent me a pretty account of the event in a letter. "You are absolutely right, Herr Doktor, it really was a great pleasure. Since the ether bottle stood near me on the table and I had your permission to be given an anesthetic, I hadn't the slightest anxiety, and could watch everything that happened and get its full value without worry. At one moment the pain which till then had been delightfully exciting, became too great and I shrieked "Ether!" but immediately got the reply, "There is no longer any need; the child already cries." If I have anything to regret, it is that my husband, whom I have for a year been tormenting with my stupid anxiety, can never experience the same wonderful delight."

If you are sceptical, it is open to you to say that this was a lucky suggestion of mine, and proves nothing. That seems to me immaterial. I am convinced that when you have another child, you also will be able to watch "without any worry," you will give up your pre-conceived idea, and you will learn something from which, up till now, stupidity has scared you away.

You show some cowardice, my dear, in the way you have taken up that never-to-be mentioned topic of masturbation; you declare how much you despise secret lust, you give expression to your displeasure at my horrifying theory of the guiltless onanism of a child sitting on the chamber, of constipated people, and of expectant mothers, and finally you think my views about the springs of mother love are cynical. "In this fashion one can carry everything back to onanism," say you. Certainly, and you are not far wrong in supposing that, if not everything, at least I derive a very great deal from onanism. The way in which I have been led to adopt this view is perhaps more interesting than the view itself, and so I will tell you something about it here.

I have often had the opportunity, both as a doctor and in other capacities, of being present when little children are given a bath,

and from your own experience you will be able to confirm my statement, that this proceeding is not always carried through without the child howling. But probably you do not know—such trifling details in the behavior of little children are not worth the trouble of observing—that this howling starts at a particular stage in the ceremony and ceases at another. The child who was still shrieking while his face was being washed—if you want to know why he shrieks get someone you are fond of to wash your own face with a cloth or a sponge, so big that it covers up at the same time mouth, nose and eyes—this child, I say, suddenly becomes quiet if the soft sponge is passed to and fro between his little legs. Yes, he even gets an almost ecstatic look on his face and stays absolutely quiet. And the mother, who shortly before was obliged to help the baby over this unpleasant business of washing by encouraging or consoling it, now at once has a tender, I might almost say an amorous tone in her voice; she too for the moment is lost in ecstasy, and her movements are different, more caressing. She does not know that she is giving the child sexual pleasure, that she is teaching it onanism, but her Es feels it and knows it. The erotic action brings forth that blissful expression in mother and child.

This is how it happens then. The mother herself gives the child instruction in onanism, is obliged to do so, since nature has piled up the dirt, which must be washed away, in just the place where are to be found the organs of sensual pleasure. She is obliged to do so, she cannot do otherwise. And believe me, much that goes on in the name of cleanliness, the zealous use of the bidet, the cleansing after defaecation, the douche, is nothing more than a repetition, directed by the unconscious, of this pleasurable lesson from the mother.

This trifling matter of observation, the accuracy of which you can verify whenever you like, at once disposes altogether of that dreadful bogey which men have made of onanism. For how should one describe as a lust a habit which has been imposed by the mother? In teaching which, nature has made use of the mother's hand? Or how may it be possible to cleanse a child without exciting pleasure? Is a necessity under which every man labors from his first breath, unnatural? By what justification is the term "secret lust" applied to a practice whose prototype is imprinted openly, without embarrassment, by the mother, several times a day, upon the child? And how can anyone dare to call onanism shameful, when it is obvious and unavoidable in the life of mankind? Just as well could one call walking lustful, or eating unnatural, or hold that the man who blows his nose must inevitably die therefrom. That unavoidable

"must" with which life compels man to onanism, since it places the dirt and the smell of urine and feces in the region of sexual pleasure, proves that the Divine Purpose has, for definite ends, given this despised act of so-called lust to man as a part of his destiny. And if you would like me to do so, when opportunity offers, I will describe some of those ends to you, and show you that, in large measure, our human world, our culture, was certainly founded upon onanism.

How has it then come about, you will ask, that this natural and necessary business has got the reputation of being an abominable vice, dangerous alike to body and to mind, a reputation that clings to it everywhere? You would do better to turn to more learned people for an answer, but something I can tell you. Firstly, it is not true that people are universally convinced of the sinfulness of onanism. Of my own experience I have no acquaintance with exotic customs, but I have read, from time to time, what has given me the contrary opinion. And then it has sometimes happened on my walks that I have seen a peasant standing behind his plough, indulging himself in solitude and without shame; this also one can see with country wenches, if one has not been made blind and kept blind by the prohibition enforced in childhood. Under certain conditions such a prohibition operates for years, perhaps for a whole lifetime, and it is sometimes amusing to note everything that men miss seeing, because Mama forbade it. But you need not go first to peasants: your own memories will tell you enough. Or does onanism lose its shamefulness because it is the beloved, the husband, who plays in those charming places so favored by him? It is quite unnecessary to consider the thousand possibilities of hidden guiltless onanism, of riding, swinging, dancing, retaining the stools; caresses, whose deepest intention is onanism, are also fairly common!

That is not onanism, you say. Perhaps not, perhaps so; it depends upon how one looks at it. According to my view, it makes no great difference whether one's own hand or another's is tender, indeed, in the last resort no hand at all is needed; the thought itself suffices, and above all, the dream. There you have it again, this unwelcome revealer of hidden secrets. No, my dear, if you knew all—at least with some appearance of right—that we physicians accounted as onanism, you really would not speak of its shamefulness any more.

And have you ever yet known anyone who was injured by it? By masturbation itself, not by anxiety as to the results, this is truly harmful? And just because it is so harmful, a few people at least should try to free themselves from it. And how do you yourself think that the damage is done? Is it through the loss of a small amount of

semen in the case of the man, or of the secretion with the woman? That, you do not yourself believe, at least you would believe it no longer, if you opened one of the textbooks of physiology used in the universities and read it up. Nature has seen to it that the supply is rich, inexhaustible, and besides misuse is in its very nature impossible; with the man or the boy, a period of recovery is enforced by the cessation of erection and ejaculation; with the woman, there is also a lassitude which lasts several hours or days. It is with sex-appetite as with eating. Just as no one bursts his stomach by eating too much, so no one exhausts his potency by masturbation. By masturbation, be it understood: I am not speaking of masturbation-anxiety, which is something different, which undermines health; it is for that reason I want to make clear what criminals these people are, who talk of "secret vice," and drive men into anxiety. Since everyone, consciously or unconsciously, commits onanism and feels even the unconscious pleasure as such, this is a crime against the whole human race, a gigantic crime. And an idiotic one too, just as much so as if one were to say there was something injurious to health in walking upright.

No, it is not the material loss, you say. Yes, but many people believe that it is, even now believe the secretion comes from the spine, that the spinal marrow is dried up by this famous "self abuse," and that finally the brain dries up too, and so people become feeble-minded.

Even the adoption of the term onanism shows that it is the thought of the loss of semen that terrifies men. Do you know the story of Onan? Curiously enough it has nothing whatever to do with masturbation. Among the Jews there was a decree that a brother-in-law, if his brother died without issue, should have intercourse with the widow, and that the child so conceived should be the dead man's successor. Not altogether a stupid law, since it made for the maintenance of tradition and for the continuance of the family, even if the method by which it operated seems a little curious to us moderns. Our forefathers had a similar idea, and up to shortly before the time of the Reformation, a like decree held good in Verden. Well then, Onan came into this situation through the death of his brother, but as he could not bear his sister-in-law he contrived that the semen should fall to the ground instead of impregnating her, and for this disobedience to the law he was struck dead by Jehovah. The unconscious of the masses has taken out of this story only the spilling of the semen upon the ground, and branded every similar act with the name of onanism, where the idea of death from masturbation found decisive confirmation.

Good, you do not believe that. But the phantasies of the sensual imagination, those are the essential evil things? Alas, dearest lady, have you then no sensual fancies whilst you are embraced? And not earlier, either? Perhaps you drive them away, you "repress" them to use the technical expression; I shall be speaking of that idea of repression presently. But the phantasies are there still; they come, and must come, because you are a human being and cannot just get rid of the middle part of your body. There come to my mind those people who think they never have had voluptuous thoughts, they are always of the type who carry cleanliness so far that they not merely wash, but give themselves a rectal douche every day. Harmless little folk are they not? They never remember that above the small portion of the bowel which they are able to cleanse, there are yards more of it, just as dirty. And to get to the point at once, they use their clysters unwittingly as an action symbolic of intercourse; the cult of cleanliness is but the screen by means of which the unconscious deceives the intellect, the lie which makes it possible to be nominally obedient to the mother's bidding. It is always thus when erotic phantasies are repressed. Pursue your enquiries, and the erotic is revealed in every shape and form.

Have you ever seen a gentle, ethereal, perfectly innocent girl become mentally deranged? No? That is a pity! For the rest of your life you would be cured of your belief in what people call "clean," and for this cleanliness and innocence you would find the honorable word, hypocrisy. Therein lies no reproach. The Es has need of even hypocrisy for its own purposes, and indeed in this despised and yet so common practice its purpose is not far to seek.

Perhaps we shall come nearer to the question why onanism is condemned by parents, teachers, and other people whose position gives them authority, if we examine the history of this condemnation. I am not very well versed in that, but it would appear to have been towards the end of the 18th century that the cry against onanism was first loosed. In the correspondence between Lavater and Goethe both of them speak of spiritual onanism just as carelessly as they would talk about going for a walk. Now this was also the time when people began to develop an interest in madmen, and the mentally deranged, above all, imbeciles, are strongly addicted to onanism. It is quite conceivable that cause and effect were interchanged, that people believed that because the idiot masturbated, he therefore became an idiot through this act.

But in the last resort we must seek elsewhere yet another ground for this remarkable condemnation by mankind of something to which they have been guided by the mother from their earliest days of

infancy. May I postpone the answer? I have already so much more left to say, and besides, this letter is quite long enough. But in all brevity I should like to call attention to a strange distortion of the facts of which even men otherwise sensible are found guilty. They call masturbation a substitute for the normal sexual act. Ah, what might not be written about that word "normal" sexual act! But here I am dealing only with the idea of "substitute." How may these people have arrived at such a stupidity? In one form or another onanism accompanies man throughout his life, while normal sex activity only begins at a particular age, and often ceases at a time when onanism takes on again the childish form of a conscious playing with the sexual organs. How can the one process be regarded as a substitute for another which only starts fifteen to twenty years later? It would be more profitable to make sure for once how often the normal sexual act is nothing but a conscious act of onanism, the vagina or the penis of the partner merely replating the hand or finger as the instrument of stimulation. On that subject I have been led to remarkable conclusions, and I do not doubt that the same will occur to you if you go into the matter.

Well, and mother love, what has it to do with all this? Something at any rate. I was saying a little while back that the mother is strangely altered while she is washing the child's sexual parts. She is herself not aware of that, but it is just this common, mutual enjoyment which is the strongest of ties, and in giving any form of pleasure to a child the love of the adult is awakened. Even more truly than with lovers is it with mother and child more blessed sometimes to give than to receive.

I have still one other point to make about the influence of onanism, and you will shake your head when I raise it. However, I cannot spare you, for it is important and gives you once again an opportunity to peer into the recesses of the unconscious. The Es, the unconscious, thinks in symbols, and among others it has a symbol by which child and sex-part are identified, are used interchangeably. The clitoris is for the Es the little thing, the girl, baby daughter or sister, little friend, while the penis is the boy-baby, the little brother or son. That sounds impossibly strange, but so it is. And now I must ask you once and for all to recognize clearly, without false shame or stupid prudery, what a high regard every one has for his sex-organ, and must have, because in the last resort he derives from it all pleasure and all life. And this regard which you cannot estimate too highly is transferred by the Es to the child, for transference is also one of its properties; it exchanges, so to speak, sex-organ and child.

A goodly portion of mother love springs from the mother's love for her own organ, and from memories of onanism.

Was that so very dreadful? I have for to-day only one little thing left to say, which will serve, perhaps, to explain partly why women are generally more fond of children than men. Do you remember what I said to you about the stimulation of the sexual parts in washing, and how I brought the pleasure arising therefrom into unconscious symbolization? Can you imagine that this stimulation during washing gives as much pleasure to the little boy as it does to the little girl? I cannot.

Ever your most obedient

PATRIK TROLL.

(To be continued)

INHIBITION, SYMPTOM AND ANXIETY *

(*Hemmung, Symptom. und Angst*)

BY

BY SIGMUND FREUD

Preface

Only long persuasion on the part of Dr. Clark has influenced me as to the fitness of writing a preface to this fundamental work by Freud. I am unfamiliar with American customs, and with us in Europe this sort of formal introduction is not required for the scholar may represent the master before the public; but other countries have other customs. However, more mature deliberation has finally led me to find this task both pleasant and sensible,—pleasant because it gives me the opportunity to express publicly my gratitude for a new and valuable performance, and sensible because this grateful pupil is not so badly adapted to direct the attention of the circle of scientific readers to a work, the study of which helps so much to enlarge and deepen proper theoretic understanding to master so many practical aspects of psychoanalytic activity.

This little work, seemingly so modest, is in reality an attempt by Freud to bring his views on the mechanisms of the neurotic symptom-formation in harmony with the peak of his now successfully established metapsychology. On this occasion and with unsparing rectitude he has revised all of his leading expressions as to the sources of energy of the more recent symptoms and the wherefore of their makeup; his critical spirit does not rest until it has disposed of all possible counter-arguments and when it is unsuccessful he candidly admits the temporary insolubility of the problems. This justifies my opinion, elsewhere expressed, that Freud is actually not a strict Freudian and refutes the views expressed by hostile critics as to his "orthodoxy." It may be foreseen that the same opponents can gain more important positions by assertions as to inconsequence and omission, without withdrawing their complaints as to orthodoxy. In reality the entire fabric of Freud's psychology of the neuroses, even after the strictest revision, stands essentially in

* Authorized translation supervised by L. Pierce Clark.

full stability for only on occasion are the foundation pillars exchanged or shifted to more favorable positions.

Moreover, the other assertion, that the finer makeup of the ego psychology has destroyed the libido theory formerly erected by Freud, is absolutely false. From the beginning Freud knew how to value the importance of the ego impulses as suppressors of energy although it is only in the present work that he has succeeded in elaborating this view in detail.

I will forego any attempt to anticipate the contents of this thesis and will be content to assure the reader that the time expended in reading it will be richly repaid and will awaken the impression that the master has again presented us with a work which may be placed side by side in value with the publications of his earlier years.

New York, January, 1927.

S. FERENCZI (Budapest) '

INHIBITION, SYMPTOM AND ANXIETY

SIGMUND FREUD

I

Our usage of speech permits us, in the description of pathological phenomena, to differentiate between symptoms and inhibitions, but not much value is attributed to this distinction. If cases of illness did not come to us of whom we must say that they show only inhibitions and no symptoms, and if we did not know how they came about, we should hardly be interested in discriminating between inhibition and symptom.

These two do not flourish on the same soil. Inhibition has a special relationship to function and does not necessarily indicate something pathological, for one may call the restrictions of a function inhibition of the same. Symptoms, on the other hand, signify indications of disease processes. So also may inhibition be a symptom of disease. The usage of language, then, is such that it speaks of inhibition where there is an unusual variation of the same or a new performance. In many cases it is left to one's discretion to emphasize the positive or negative side of a pathological process, and designate the result as a symptom or an inhibition. This, in all truth, is not interesting and the question with which we begin this thesis is shown to bear little fruit.

As inhibition is evidently so intimately connected with function, one may arrive at the idea of studying the different ego functions, in respect to which forms of disturbance of the same are expressed in the individual neurotic functions. For this comparative study we choose: the sexual function, eating, locomotion and occupation.

(a) The sexual function is subject to very manifold disturbances, the majority of which show the character of simple inhibitions. These may be comprehended under the head of psychic impotence. The status of normal sexual function presupposes a very complicated course, and disturbance may come about in every part. The principal stations for inhibition in men are: the turning aside of the libido at the beginning of the process (psychic frigidity); the absence of physical preparation (erection); the shortening of the act (precocious ejaculation—which may equally be described as a positive symptom); the holding back of the same (lack of ejaculation); and the absence of the psychic effect (pleasure in the orgasm). Other disturbances result from the association of the function with special conditions of perverse or fetichistic nature.

One cannot long escape the recognition of a relationship between inhibition and *angst*.* Many inhibitions are palpably a renunciation of function because in the exercise of the latter fear is developed. Direct fear of the sexual function is frequent in women. We associate it with hysteria, and also with the defensive symptom of nausea, which set in originally as a supplementary reaction to the passively experienced sexual act and appear later at the mental image of the same. A great number of compulsive behaviors are also shown as precautions and assurance against sexual experience and are therefore of phobic nature.

One does not get far in the comprehension of these matters and at most one remarks only that very different procedures are applied in the disturbance of the functions: (1) The mere absence of libido, which seems the soonest to manifest itself, which we call a pure inhibition. (2) The impairment in the execution of the function. (3) The aggravation of the same by special conditions and the modification by deviation to other objectives. (4) The prevention by safety measures. (5) The interruption through development of fear so far as its addition cannot be hindered, and finally (6), a supplementary one which protests against the disturbance and would make what has happened undone if the function could be carried out.

(b) The most common disturbance of the nutritive function is anorexia through withdrawal of the libido. Also aggravation of the appetite is often seen—a compulsion to eat motivated by fear of starving has been but little studied. As a hysterical refusal of food is the symptom of vomiting, refusal of food through fear belongs to psychotic states (delusion of poisoning).

(c) Locomotion is inhibited in many neurotic conditions through disinclination to walk and weakness on walking, while hysterical inhibition is manifested by motor palsy of the locomotor apparatus or

* Contrary to ordinary usage the German word *angst* in this article is in many instances rendered *fear* in place of *anxiety*, the last being the equivalent given in psychoanalytic glossaries. The reader can himself substitute the word *anxiety* for *fear* whenever the latter occurs in the text. The reason for preferring *fear* to *anxiety* is that the latter is too mild a term, suggesting little more than worry or solicitude to the casual reader. The German word *angst* has no exact equivalent in English, for it can denote any affective state between anxiety and the most extreme terror, as in the term *todeasangst* for *mortal fear*. That the affective state implied is fear is shown in several ways, as the Greek *phobia*, which connotes fear, is equivalent in sense and is rendered by *angstzustand* or fear state. The word *anxiety* would not serve as an equivalent for *phobia*, which may indicate a condition of extreme fear. It has been suggested that the German word *angst* be left untranslated in the English text, much as the word *anlage* is left untranslated as having no exact English equivalent. This idea meets with our approval but until this is done we prefer to make use of *fear* as well as *anxiety*. The idea of rendering *angst* as *fear* or *anxiety* at the option of the translator, according to the context, has been tested but is not entirely satisfactory. [Editor.]

else by some special abolition of function like abasia. Especially characteristic are difficulties of locomotion through the interposition of definite conditions, through the non-fulfilment of which fear arises (phobias).

(d) Inhibition of one's occupational activities, which comes so often to treatment as an isolated symptom, shows diminished desire for work or poor execution or reaction phenomena, as exhaustion (vertigo, vomiting) when continuation of the occupation is forced. Hysteria forces the cessation of labor through engendering organ and functional paralyses, the existence of which cannot be conjoined with execution. The compulsive neuroses disturb work through continuous diversion and through loss of time in the interpolated delays and repetitions.

We could extend this survey over other functions but could not expect to attain more thereby. We have not gone beyond the surface phenomena. Hence we resolve to take a view which makes the conception of an inhibition no longer very enigmatical. Inhibition is the expression of a functional limitation of the ego, which can come about from very different causes.

Many of the mechanisms of this renunciation of function and a general tendency to the same are well known to us. It is easy to recognize this tendency in the specialized inhibitions. If piano playing, writing and even walking are subject to neurotic inhibitions, analysis shows us the reason for the same in an over-strong erotisation of the organs involved—the fingers and the feet. We have gained the view in general that the ego function of an organ is injured if its erogeneity, its sexual significance, increases. It then behaves—if one dare make a scurrilous comparison—like a cook who will no longer work at the fireside because the man of the house enters into love relations with her. If writing which consists in letting ink flow from a tube on a piece of white paper, has assumed the symbolic significance of coitus; or when walking has become a symbolic substitute for stamping on Mother Earth, then both writing and walking will be prohibitive because it is as if one would carry out some forbidden sexual transaction. The ego renounces this function proper to it in order not to be compelled to undertake a new repression, in order to avoid a conflict with the It.

Other inhibitions follow obviously in the service of self-punishment—frequently in connection with professional activities. The ego dare not do certain things because it will use them in a manner disapproved of by the more strict super-ego. In turn the ego renounces these functions in order not to engage in a conflict with the super-ego.

The general inhibitions of the ego follow another and simple mechanism. When the ego is claimed by a psychic task of particular difficulty,—through an affliction, a grand affect-suppression, through the necessity of holding down a constantly increasing sexual fancy,—it is so deprived of disposable energy that it must retrench its supply in many directions like a speculator who has tied up his money in his enterprises. An instructive example of such an intensive general inhibition of brief duration was observed by me in a compulsive patient who fell into a paralyzing weariness of one or several days' duration on occasions which should obviously have led to an outbreak of rage. Beginning here there must be found a way to the comprehension of general inhibition through which the depressive states and the most severe of these, melancholy, characterize themselves.

In conclusion, one may say of the inhibitions that they are restrictions of the ego functions either from prudence or impoverishment of energy. It is easy to recognize now wherein *inhibition* differs from *symptom*; for *symptom* can be nothing more than a process within or connected with the ego.

II

The main features of symptom formation have long been studied and have been expressed, it is to be hoped, in an impregnable manner. The symptom is a sign and substitute of a suppressed impulse-gratification, the result of a repressive process. The repression proceeds from the ego, which, perchance in the service of the super-ego, will not coöperate in an instinct investment incited by the It. The ego through the repression makes it possible for the idea, which was the carrier of the unamiable striving, to become shut off from consciousness. Analysis often demonstrates that it remains as an unconscious formation. Thus far it is clear, but presently the unsolved difficulties begin.

Our previous descriptions of the process in repression have emphasized the result of the shutting off from consciousness, but in other respects we have left matters open to doubt. The question arises, what is the fate of the impulse activated in the It which aims at gratification? The answer is an indirect one and runs as follows: through the process of repression the anticipated desire for gratification is changed to pain. One would then confront the problem of how pain could be the result of the instinct gratification. We hope to explain the situation by the definite statement that the intentional course of the stimulus in the It fails to take place because of repres-

sion, while the ego succeeds in inhibiting or diverting the same. Then the riddle unfolds of affect-transformation by repression. We have, however, confessed to the ego that it can express so far reaching an influence on the processes in the It and we should learn to understand in what way this astounding unfolding of power becomes possible.

I believe that this influence belongs to the ego as a result of its intimate associations with the perceptive system, which indeed constitutes its very nature and is the basis of its differentiation from the It. The function of this system, which we have called the perceptive-conscious, is bound up with the phenomenon of consciousness; it receives excitations not only from without but also from within and by means of pleasure-pain sensations which it attains therefrom it attempts to direct all of the courses of the psychic happenings in accordance with the pleasure principle. We imagine the ego as good as powerless against the It, but when it strives against an instinctive process in the It, it needs only to give the signal of pain in order to attain its objective through the almost omnipotent factor of the pleasure principle. When we contemplate this situation by itself for the moment we may illustrate it by an example from another sphere of activity. A certain clique resists a measure which meets with the inclinations of the mass of the people. This minority then usurps the press, manipulates through it the sovereign "public opinion" and pushes matters in such a way that the planned measure does not go through.

Other questions now arise. Where does the energy originate which brings about the pain signal? Here an idea shows us the way the defence of an unwished for process within may follow the pattern of a defence against an external irritant, where the ego takes the same path against internal as it does against external danger. If the danger is from without, the organized being takes flight and then first of all withdraws from the perception of danger; later it is recognized that a more efficacious means is to effectuate such muscular actions that the perception of danger becomes impossible, even when it is not denied; in other words, to withdraw from the region of danger. One such effort at flight is equivalent to repression. The ego withdraws the (preconscious) investment from the instinct representation to be repressed and applies it for the disengagement of displeasure (anxiety). The problem of how anxiety arises from repression may be no simple one and in any case one has the right to hold fast to the idea that the ego is the chief place of anxiety and to reject the earlier notion that the investment energy of fixation of the repressed incitation becomes automatically changed to anxiety.

If I formerly so expressed myself I was giving it a phenomenological and not a metapsychological presentation.

From what has been said a new question comes up. How is it economically possible that a mere withdrawal and conducting off—as in the retreat of a preconscious ego-investment—could engender disinclination or fear, which according to our presuppositions can result only from enhanced investment? My reply is that this causation is not to be explained economically. Anxiety is not newly engendered in repression but is reproduced as an affective state after a present memory picture. With a further inquiry as to the origin of this anxiety—as of affects in general—we abandon the undisputed psychological territory and enter the borderland of physiology. Affective states are incorporated into the soul life as precipitates of archaic traumatic experiences and are awakened in like situations as memory symbols. I mean that I am not in error in making them equivalent to the late and isolated hysterical attacks, and to be regarded as their normal prototypes. In mankind and the creatures related to him the act of parturition appears to be the first individual anxiety experienced to give the characteristic traits of the expression of an anxiety affect. We are not, however, to overestimate this connection and in its recognition are not to overlook the fact that an affect symbol is a biological necessity for a situation of peril and at all events must be obtained. I also hold that it is unjustified to assume that in every outbreak of anxiety something occurs in the soul life which reproduces the birth situation. It is not at all certain whether the hysterical attacks which are originally such traumatic reproductions maintain this character permanently.

Elsewhere I have deduced that most repressions with which we have to do therapeutically are cases of after-repression, which presuppose the existence of archaic repressions exerting their attractive influence on a newer situation. Of this background and forestage of repression too little is known. One comes easily into the danger of overestimating the rôle of the super-ego in repression.

At present we are unable to judge whether the appearance of the super-ego creates the border between primeval repression and late repression. The first—very intensive—outbursts of anxiety do at any rate follow upon the differentiation of the super-ego. It is plausible throughout that quantitative factors, such as the excessive strength of the excitation and the breach in the stimulus protection, are the first occasions of the primary repression.

Mention of protection from excitation reminds us like a catchword that repressions appear in two different situations—first, when an unpleasant instinctive stimulus is awakened by an external percep-

tion, and second, when the latter occurs from internal provocation. We will return later to this difference. Stimulus protection is afforded only against external irritation, not from internal instinctive demands.

As long as we study the attempt at flight of the ego we remain far from symptom formation. The symptom arises from the instinct stimulus which is encroached on by the repression. When the ego attains its objective, through the pain signal, of keeping under the instinct stimulus, we learn nothing as to how this is brought about. We only learn from cases which are to be termed more or less unsuccessful repressions.

In general, then, it is so presented that despite the repression the instinct stimulus has found a substitute, but this is strongly blighted, displaced and inhibited. It is no longer recognizable as a satisfaction. When it consummated, no feeling of pleasure accompanies it. For this reason the consummation has assumed the character of a compulsion. But in this lowering of the course of satisfaction to the symptom, the repression shows its power in another respect. The substitution process is withheld from removal by the motor actions and even when this is unsuccessful it must exhaust itself in the alteration of its own body and cannot encroach on the outer world; it is forbidden it to transform itself into activity. We understand that in suppression the ego works under the influence of external reality and on that account shuts off the result of the process of substitution from this reality.

The ego dominates the access to consciousness as also the transition to action against the external world; in repression its power is employed in both directions. The instinct object is adapted to sense one side, and the impulse prompting to the other side of its expression of force. It is now permissible to ask how this recognition of the power of the ego coincides with the description outlined of the position of the same ego in my study "The Ego and the It." We have therein depicted the dependence of the ego on the It and the super-ego and unmasked its weakness and readiness to anxiety toward both and its superiority, which has been built up laboriously. This judgment has since found a strong echo in psychoanalytic literature. Numerous voices emphasize urgently the weakness of the ego against the It, of the rational against the demoniacal in us, and are ready to make this proposition into a foundation for a psychoanalytic view of the universe. Should not the insight into the mode of action of repression be the very thing to hold the analyst back from so extreme a partisan designation?

I am not at all for the fabrication of world contemplations. One may leave such to philosophers who by their own confession cannot

make life's journey practicable without such a Baedeker, which gives information about all things. Let us humbly take upon ourselves the contumely with which the philosophers look down upon us from the standpoint of their indigence. Since we, too, cannot deny our narcissistic pride, we will seek our comfort in the venture that all of these life pilots soon age, that it is just our shortsighted restricted work in miniature which makes necessary their new editions, and that even the most modern of these Baedekers are essays to replace old catechism, so convenient and complete. We know exactly how little light science has hitherto diffused over the riddle of this world; all the noise of the philosophers can change nothing, only a patient continuation of the work which subordinates everything to one demand for certainty, can effect slowly the transformation. If the wanderer sings in the dark, he denies his anxiety but this does not make him see more clearly.

III

To return to the problem of the ego: the appearance of contradiction is due to the fact that we take abstractions too rigidly and out of a complicated state of affairs look at first one, then another side alone. The separation of the ego from the It seems justified. It is forced on us by definite conditions. But on the other hand, the ego and It are identical, the ego is only a differentiated part of the same It. If in thought we place this fragment against the whole, or if there is a true dissension between the two, the weakness of this ego is manifest. But if the ego remains bound to the It and cannot be divided from it, its strength is manifest. The relation between the ego and super-ego is similar; in many situations the two flow together; mostly we can only distinguish between them when there is tension, a conflict, between them. For the case of repression this fact will be decisive, that the ego is an organization, the It is not. The ego is the organized part of the It. It would be quite unjustified if one should imagine that the ego and It are two unlike camps of warriors; in repression the ego seeks to repress a fragment of the It. but the remainder of the It comes to the rescue and measures its strength with that of the ego. This may often happen although it is certainly not the initial situation of repression; as a rule the instinct to be repressed is isolated. If the act of repression has shown us the strength of the ego, it bears witness of its weakness and for the fact that the individual instincts of the It cannot be influenced. For the process which has become a symptom through repression maintains its existence outside of the ego organization

and independently of it. And not only this alone but all of its offshoots enjoy the same right, one may say the extraterritoriality. And where it comes together associatively with the portions of the ego organization, it may be asked whether these did not draw it to themselves and gain ground with this addition at the expense of the ego. A comparison long a favorite with us regards the symptom as a foreign body which ceaselessly maintains phenomena of irritation and reaction in the tissues in which it has embedded itself. It does indeed happen that the defensive battle against the unpleasant instinct is shut off through the symptom formation; as far as we can see this is possible in hysterical conversion, but usually the course is different—after the first act of repression there follows a tedious or never ending after-play; the fight against the instinct finds its continuation in the fight against the symptom.

This secondary defensive fight shows us two faces with contradictory expressions. On one hand the ego is notified through its nature to undertake something which we must estimate as an attempt at restoration or expiation. The ego is an organization, it rests upon free intercourse and the possibility of reciprocally influencing among all of its components. Its desexualized energy announces its origin in the effort towards union and unification and this urge to synthesis always increases with the strength which the ego develops. It therefore becomes intelligible that the ego also tries to abolish the strangeness and isolation of the symptom, using for this purpose all possibilities to bind it to itself and by such bands to incorporate it into its organization. We know that such an effort already influences the act to symptom formation. A classical example thereof is furnished by those hysterical symptoms which become transparent to us as a compromise between the requirement for gratification and the requirement for punishment. As fulfillment of a demand of the super-ego such symptoms have from the first a part in the ego while on the other hand they indicate positions of the repressed and breaches in the ego organization; they are, so to speak, border stations with mixed investments. Whether all primary hysterical symptoms are so constructed demands careful investigation. In further course the ego so behaves as if conducted by deliberation. The symptom is once there and cannot be removed. It must make friends with the situation and draw the greatest amount of benefit from it. An adaptation takes place with the ego-foreign fragment of the inner world which is represented through the symptom, as otherwise normally the ego brings to pass in the real outer world. There is never a lack of occasions. The existence of symptoms may bring with itself a certain inhibition of function with which one may soothe a demand of

the super-ego or refuse a claim of the external world. The symptom is gradually entrusted with the representation of more important interests, it receives a value for self assertion, adheres more intimately to the ego and becomes more indispensable to it. Only in quite rare cases can the process be likened to the presence of a foreign body after a wound has healed. One may also exaggerate the importance of this secondary adaptation to the symptom in saying that the ego has created the symptom in order to derive benefit from it. This is just as true or false as when one presents the opinion that war-injured soldiers have allowed their legs to be shot off in order to live without work on their invalid pensions.

Other symptom formations, such as compulsion neurosis and paranoia, gain a high value for the ego, not because they are of advantage to it but because they bring a narcissistic gratification which is indispensable. The system formations of the compulsive neurotic flatter his self love through the delusion that he is specially pure and conscientious and is better than other human beings. The delusional formations of paranoia open to the acumen and phantasy of these patients a field of activity which is not readily replaced. From all of these mentioned relations there results what is known as the (secondary) disease gain of the neurosis. There ensues the effort of the ego to incorporate the symptom into itself and strengthen the fixation of the latter. If we then make the attempt to furnish aid of analysis to the ego in its fight against the symptom, we find that these placable connections between the ego and symptom efficacious on the part of the resistance. It is not made easy for us to solve these. Both procedures which the ego applies against the symptom stand actually in opposition to each other.

The other procedure has a less friendly aspect and continues the direction of the repression. It seems, however, that we should not burden the ego with the reproach of futility. The ego is ready to be peaceable and would like to incorporate the symptom and take it into its ensemble. The disturbance proceeds from the symptom, which is the proper substitute and derivative of the repressed prompting. The latter rôle is played further, in that the urge for gratification is constantly renewed and so prompts the ego to again give the pain signal and come to its defense. The secondary defensive fight against the symptom is many sided and plays itself on different stages, serving itself with manifold means. We will state little if we do not take the individual cases of symptom formation as an object of investigation. By so doing we shall find occasion to go into the problem of anxiety which we have long spied lurking in the background. It would seem desirable to start out with the symptoms created by the

hysterical neuroses, for we are not yet prepared for the presuppositions of symptom formation in the compulsive neuroses, paranoia, and other neuroses.

IV

Our first consideration will be that of infantile hysterical animal fear; for example, the typical case of horse fear of the five year old "Little Hans" (in Volume VIII of my collected papers published in German). Even the first glimpse allows us to recognize that the relations of a genuine case of neurotic disease are much more complicated than would be anticipated in our imagination as long as we work with abstractions. Some work must be devoted to orientation—which suppressed prompting, what symptom equivalent, what motive for suppression becomes recognizable.

The boy refused to go out in the street because of his fear of horses. This is the raw material. What is the symptom? Development of anxiety, selection of a feared object, renunciation of free mobility, or several such in combination? What gratification is given up? Why must he go without it? The case is not enigmatical. The incomprehensible fear of the horse is a symptom of incapacity for walking in the street, a phenomenon of inhibition, a limitation which is enjoined on the ego in order not to awaken the fear symptom. One sees straightway the correctness of the explanation of the last point and will leave this inhibition out of consideration in further discussion. But the first fugacious acquaintance with the case does not teach us to recognize the actual expression of the suppositious symptoms. As shown by further inquiry it had to do not with an indefinite fear of a horse, but a definite anxious expectation that the horse would bite him. It is true that this content sought to withdraw itself from consciousness and to replace it with an indefinite phobia in which only the fear and the object remain. Is this content the nucleus of the symptom?

We get no further so long as we do not draw the entire psychic situation of the child into consideration as is revealed with analytical work in general. In the Oedipus situation to the father we find jealousy and enmity although the boy loved him heartily aside from conditions in which the mother came into consideration. In other words there was an ambivalence conflict—well founded love with not less justified hate, both directed against the same person. His phobia must result from an effort to solve this conflict. Such ambivalence conflicts are very common and we know another typical ending. In this one of the two instincts which strive together,

usually the tender one, greatly strengthened, causes the other to disappear. Only the excess and the compulsive character of the tenderness betray it, as this situation is not the only one present, and it is constantly on its guard to hold its opponent in subjugation and allows us to construe a procedure which we describe as repression through reaction formation in the ego. Cases like that of little Hans show nothing of such reaction formation; evidently there are different ways which lead out of an ambivalence conflict.

In the meantime we have learned something with certainty. The instinct stimulus which lies beneath the repression is a hostile impulse against the father. The analysis gives us the proofs, because it traces the origin of the idea of the biting horse. Hans had seen a horse fall, and had also seen a playmate fall and hurt himself when they were playing horse. This gave us the right to construe a wish impulse of Hans's which meant that the father might fall and injure himself. References to an observed departure allowed us to assume that the wish for the removal of the father had found a less timid expression. Such a wish, however, is equivalent to the intention to remove him himself, with the murderous stimulus of the Oedipus complex.

From this repressed instinct stimulus there leads up to now no way to a substitute for what we suppose to be hippophobia. Suppose we simplify the situation of the boy by clearing away the infantile factor and ambivalence. There is, perhaps, a young man servant who is enamored of the mistress and who rejoices in certain kindnesses on that account on her part. Suppose that he hates the stronger master of the house and would like to have him removed. The most natural consequence of this situation would be that he fears the revenge of the master, so that there develops a sense of fear—quite analogous to the phobia of the little boy for the horse. That is to say, we cannot designate the fear in this phobia as symptom; if the boy who loves his mother would show fear of his father we should have no right to impute to him a neurosis, a phobia. We have here a quite comprehensible affective reaction. That which would make a neurosis out of this is another trait and this only, the substitution of the horse for the father. This displacement produces something which has claim to the name of symptom. It is that other mechanism which permits the solution of the ambivalence conflict without the aid of a reaction formation. It is made possible or easier through the circumstance that the inborn traces of totemistic modes of thinking in this tender age are still readily animated. The cleft between human and animal is not yet recognized, certainly less emphasized than later. The adult, admired yet feared, still

stands in a series with the larger animal, which man envies in many ways and of which he must be warned because the beast can be a source of danger. The ambivalence conflict is not decided on the same person but is as if circumvented, as one palms off one of his own promptings as that of a substitute man. Thus far we see clearly, but in another point analysis of the phobia of the boy has brought a complete disillusionment. The disguise in which the symptom formation exists is not at all undertaken as the representative (ideational content) of the instinct prompting to be repressed, but is quite different therefrom, which corresponds only to a reaction on the essentially unpleasant. Our anticipation would find a gratification sooner if the small Hans had developed in place of a phobia an inclination to mistreat the horse, to beat it, or had announced the wish to see it fall and hurt itself, perhaps to die in convulsions (making a riot with its legs). Something of the sort did develop during the analysis but it did not stand long prominent in the neurosis. Something there is not in order, either in our comprehension of the repression or in our definition of a symptom. One thing strikes us naturally at once: if little Hans had really shown this demeanor toward the horse, the character of the shocking, aggressive instinct stimulus would not be at all altered by the repression, only the object would be changed.

It is quite certain that there are cases of repression which do not perform more than this; but in the genesis of the phobia in little Hans more happened. As to how much more may be divined in another fragment of the analysis.

We have already heard that little Hans gave as the content of his phobia the idea of being bitten by the horse. Later we have had a glimpse into the genesis of another case* of animal phobia in which a wolf was the animal feared with likewise the significance of a father substitute. At the conclusion of a dream which made the analysis transparent there developed in this boy the fear of being devoured by a wolf like one of the seven kids in the fable. That the father of little Hans demonstrably had played horse with him had certainly been a determinant for the choice of the animal to be feared. Likewise, it was at least made probable that the father of my Russian (who was not analyzed until the third decade of his life) had also in play imitated a wolf and jokingly threatened to eat the boy. Since then I have found a third case in a young American in whom indeed no zoöphobia had developed but this very omission aids

* See History of an Infantile Neurosis (Vol. VIII of Collected Papers in German).

in clearing up the other cases. His sexual excitation had been kindled by a child's fanciful history which was read to him, about an Arabian chief who pursued a man consisting of an edible substance (the gingerbread man) in order to devour him. He identified himself with this edible man while the chieftain was readily recognizable as a substitute for the father and this fancy was the first substratum of his autoerotic activity. The idea of being devoured by his father is typical archaic child property; the analogies from mythology (Chronos) and from animal life are well known.

Despite these explanations the content of this idea is so strange to us that we could impute it to the child only with incredulity. We do not even know whether he really meant what he seemed to be saying and do not understand how he can be the subject of a phobia. Analytic experience, however, gives the requisite information and teaches us that the notion of being eaten by the father is the regressive degraded expression of a passive tender excitation which wishes to be loved by the father as an object in the sense of genital eroticism. The follow-up history of the case leaves no doubt as to the correctness of this interpretation. The genital striving does indeed betray nothing more of its tender intention if expressed in the speech of the vanquished transition phase of the oral to the sadistic libido organization. Does it have to do further with nothing more than a substitution of the representative through a regressive expression, or is there a genuine regressive degradation of the genitally directed striving in the It? It is not so easy to decide. The clinical history of the Russian wolf man speaks quite decidedly for the last named possibility for he himself behaved badly after the deciding dream—vexatiously and sadistically—and soon after developed a proper compulsion neurosis. In any case we gain the insight that the suppression is not the sole means which stands at the command of the ego for the rejection of an unpleasant impulse prompting. When he succeeds in bringing the impulse to regression he has injured it fundamentally with greater energy than was possible through its repression. Indeed, it often happens that the regression originally forced follows the repression.

The subject matter with the wolf man, and that somewhat simpler in the case of little Hans incite various other considerations but already we gain two unexpected glimpses. There is no doubt that in these phobias the repressed instinct is hostile to the father. One may say this was repressed through the process of transformation into the opposite; in place of aggression toward the father, the aggression—revenge—of the father is directed toward one's own person.

As without this, such an aggression is rooted in the sadistic libido phase, it needs only to be degraded to the oral stage, indicated by Hans through the fear of being bitten, in the Russian carried out crudely by the fear of being devoured. Moreover the analysis established beyond all doubt that at the same time another instinct yielded to repression, the opposite of a tender passive excitation for the father, which had already reached the level of the genital (phallic) libido organization. The latter indeed seems more important for the end result of the process of repression; it experiences a further reaching regression and maintains the determining influence on the content of the phobia. Where we have investigated only a repression of impulse, we must recognize the coincidence of two such processes; both of the promptings—sadistic aggression against the father and a tender passive situation to him—form a contrasting pair. Still more: when we properly evaluate the history of little Hans we recognize that through the formation of his phobia the tender object-investment of the mother is also abolished, the content of phobia betraying nothing of this. In the case of Hans—it is much less distinct in the Russian—there is only a process of repression, which concerns almost all of the components of the Oedipus complex, the hostile as well as the tender incitation toward the father and the tender incitation toward the mother.

These complications are not wished for by us who desire to study only simple cases of symptom formation and with this intention we have applied ourselves only to the earliest and apparently most transparent neuroses of childhood. In place of a single repression we found a cumulation of such and in addition had to do with a regression. Perhaps we have increased the confusion when we treat our two disposable cases of zoöphobia alike—that of little Hans and the wolf man. Now certain differences occur to us. Only in the case of little Hans can we say with precision that through his phobia he disposed of both chief excitations of the Oedipus complex, the aggressive attitude against the father and the over tender one toward the mother; the tender feeling for the father is certainly obvious and plays its rôle in the repression of its opposite, but it is neither demonstrable that it was strong enough to provoke the repression nor that it was afterwards abolished. Hans seems to have been a normal child with a so-called positive Oedipus complex. It is possible that the elements which we missed were also coöperative but we could not point them out, the material even of our most thorough analyses is defective and our documentation imperfect. In the Russian the defect is in another place; its relation to the female object is disturbed by a precocious seduction; the pas-

sive, feminine side is strongly cultivated in him and the analysis of the wolf dream reveals little of intentional aggression against the father. Therefore the proofs are undoubted that the repression concerns the passive, tender situation to the father. Here also other factors may have actively participated, but such do not appear. If despite this distinction in the two cases, which almost approximates an antithesis, the end result of the phobia is almost the same, the explanation must come to us from another side; it comes from the second result of our little comparative study. We believe the motif for repression in both cases is known and we see its rôle corroborated through the course which was taken by the development of the two children. In both cases it is the same, the fear of threatened castration. Out of castration fear little Hans gave up his aggression toward the father; his fear that the horse would bite him can easily be completed—the horse would bite off his genitals, castrate him. But out of castration fear the little Russian renounced the wish to be loved by the father as a sexual object, for he had understood that such a relation had the presupposition that his genitals would be sacrificed—the organs which distinguished him from woman. Both forms of the Oedipus complex, the normal and active like the inverted, are shattered at the castration complex. The fear idea of the Russian, that of being devoured by the wolf, does not contain any hint of castration; it had through oral regression removed itself too far from the phallic phase, but the analysis of the dream makes every other proof superfluous. It is a complete triumph of suppression that in the text of the phobia there is no further hint of castration.

Here we have unexpected results. In both cases the motif of repression is the fear of castration; the content of the fear of being bitten by the horse and of being devoured by the wolf are substitutions, disguised, for the content of being castrated by the father. In the Russian it was the expression of a wish which could not exist if manhood were rebelled against; in Hans it was the expression of a reaction which aggression transformed to the opposite. But the fear affect of the phobia which makes up its nature, does not originate in the process of repression, nor from the libidinous fixations of the suppressed impulses but from that which is repressed. The fear in the zoöphobia is the untransformed castration fear, hence a true fear, fear of an actually threatened or actually judged danger. Here the fear makes the repression, not, as I once thought, the reverse.

It is not pleasant to think thus but it does not help to deny it. I have often represented the proposition that through repression

the representative of the impulse is disguised, displaced, etc., the libido of the prompting being transformed into fear. Investigation of the phobias which before all should be called on to prove this proposition, not only did not confirm but seemed rather to contradict directly. The fear of the zoöphobias is the castration fear of the ego, that of the less fundamentally studied agoraphobia seems to be fear of temptation, which must cohere genetically with castration fear. Most phobias as far as we can see to-day go back to fear of the ego of the claims of the It. Here the fear situation of the ego is the primary one and the incentive to repression. The fear never comes forth from the libido. If I formerly pleased to say, after the repression appears a mass of fear in place of the expected expression of the libido, I have nothing to take back to-day. The description is correct and between the force of the prompting to be repressed and the intensity of the resulting fear the correspondence which I asserted doubtless exists. But I confess that I believe I gave more than a mere description, in assuming that I had recognized the metapsychological process of a direct transformation of the libido into fear. This I cannot to-day maintain. Nor was I formerly able to explain how this came to pass.

Whence did I draw the idea of this transformation? At a time when it was still not possible for us to distinguish between processes of the ego and processes of the It—from the study of actual neuroses—I found that definite sexual practices such as coitus interruptus, frustrated excitation, enforced abstinence, generated outbreaks of fear and a general predisposition to fears—always therefore when the course of sexual gratification was inhibited, delayed or diverted. As sexual excitement is the expression of libidinous promptings it does not seem venturesome to assume that libido is changed to fear through the influence of such disturbances. Now this observation holds good to-day. On the other hand it cannot be denied that the libido of the It processes experiences a disturbance through the incitement of the repression; it may be still better to say that fear arises in the repression from the libido investment of the instinct stimulus. But how may we harmonize this result with the other, that the fear of the phobias is an ego fear—originating in the ego, not produced by repression but producing the repression? This seems a contradiction and is not readily solved. The reduction of both origins of fear to one single fear is not readily carried through. One may try it with the assumption that the ego in the situation of the disturbed coitus, the interrupted excitement, the abstinence, scents danger, to which it reacts with fear. But nothing can be done

with this. On the other hand the analysis of the phobias which we have undertaken seems not to admit of a justification. It is not clear.

V

We will study the symptom formation and the secondary combat of the ego against the symptom but we have frankly made no fortunate selection among the phobias. The fear which dominates in the picture of this affection appears to us now as a complication which veils the subject matter. There are neuroses in abundance in which no fear is shown. The genuine conversion hysteria is of this sort, and its severest symptoms are found with no admixture of fear. This fact must warn us that we must not adhere too closely to the relations between fear and symptom formation. Otherwise conversion hysteria stands so close to the phobias that I have held myself justified in grouping the latter with "fear hysterias." But no one has as yet been able to give the condition which differentiates between them or whether a case assumes the form of a conversion hysteria or a phobia. Nor has any one explored the reasons for development of fear in hysteria.

The commonest symptoms of conversion hysteria—a motor paralysis, contracture, involuntary action or discharge, a pain, a hallucination—are either permanently established or intermittent investment processes, the explanation of which prepares new difficulties. One really knows but little of such symptoms. Through analysis one may learn what disturbed course of excitement they replace. Mostly it results that they themselves have a part in these, as if the total energy had been concentrated on a fragment. Pain was present in the situation in which the repression fell; hallucination was at the time a perception; motor palsy was a defense against action which should have been carried out in that situation but was inhibited; contracture is usually a displacement for a muscular innervation intended at the time at another place; the convulsive attack an expression of an affective outbreak which has withdrawn itself from the normal control of the ego. Changeable in a striking manner is the feeling of disinclination which accompanies the appearance of the symptoms. In the permanent symptoms displaced as to motility, as palsies and contractures, this is mostly absent; the ego behaves against these as if non-participating. In the intermittent cases and in symptoms of the sensory sphere, these sensations of pain are as a rule distinct and in the case of pain the symptoms may increase to an excessive degree. It is very difficult in this manifoldness to find the factor which makes such differences possible and which can

explain them in unit fashion. Even the battle of the ego against the once formed symptom is but little in evidence in conversion hysteria. Only when the sensitiveness to pain in some region of the body has become a symptom will this be placed in position to play a double rôle. The pain symptom appears just as certainly when this locality is touched from without, as when the pathogenic situation which represents it is associatively activated from within, and the ego grasps precautionary rules in order to hold back the awakening of symptoms through external perception. Whence originates the special opaqueness of symptom formation in conversion hysteria we cannot guess, but it gives us a motive to leave promptly a field so unfertile.

We turn now to compulsion neurosis in the expectation that here we can learn more about symptom formation. The symptoms of compulsion neurosis are in general of two kinds and of opposite tendencies. They are either prohibitions, precautions, expiations—hence negative in nature—or, contrariwise, they are substitute gratifications, very often in symbolic clothing. Of these two groups the negative, defensive, punitive, is the older and with the duration of the disease the gratifications which mock at all defense take the upper hand. It is a triumph of symptom formation when it succeeds in fusing the prohibition with gratification; so that the originally defensive command or prohibition obtains the significance of a gratification; whereby often very artificial methods of combination are claimed. In this performance an inclination to synthesis shows itself which we have already conceded to the ego. In extreme cases the patient effects that most of his symptoms have acquired the exact opposite of their original significance, a testimony of the power of ambivalence, which, we know not why, plays so great a rôle in compulsive neuroses. In the crudest cases the symptom is two stage—that is, upon the action which executes a certain instruction there follows immediately a second, which abolishes the first or makes it regressive if it does not dare to carry out the opposite.

Two impressions are at once derived from this fugacious survey of compulsive symptoms. The first, which is maintained in constant warfare against the repressed which applies itself more and more to the disfavor of the repressing forces, and the second, that the ego and super-ego play a specially large part in the symptom formation.

The compulsive neurosis is probably the most interesting and most gratifying object of analytical investigation although as yet it is an unconquered problem. If we will penetrate deeply into its nature we must confess that uncertain assumptions and unproved surmises cannot yet be dispensed with. The exit situation of the compulsive

neurosis is probably no other than that of hysteria, the necessary defense against the libidinous claims of the Oedipus complex. In every compulsive neurosis we seem to find a lower stratum of precociously formed hysterical symptoms. Then, however, the further formation is decidedly altered by a constitutional factor. The genital organization of the libido shows itself as weakly and too little resistant. When the ego begins its defensive striving its first result is that the genital organization (phallic phase) regresses wholly or in part to an earlier sadistic-anal stage. This fact of regression remains a determinant of all that follows. One may draw yet another possibility into consideration. Perhaps the regression is not the consequence of a constitutional but a time factor. Hence it is not endowed with power because the genital organization of the libido is weak, but because the effort of the ego is premature, set in during the bloom of the sadistic phase. I do not trust myself to make a final decision upon this point, but analytical observation is not favorable to this supposition. Rather does it show that in the turn to compulsive neurosis the phallic stage has already been reached. The time of life for the outbreak of this neurosis is also later than for hysteria (the second childhood period after the termination of the latent period) and in a case of very late development of this affection which I could cite, it was clearly shown that a real depreciation of the hitherto intact genital life created the condition for the regression and the origin of the compulsive neurosis.*

The metapsychologic explanation of the regression is to be sought in a mixture of impulses, in the separation of an erotic component which appeared at the onset of the genital phase in the destructive investments of the sadistic phase.

The conquest of the regression signifies the first result of the ego in the defensive fight against the libido claims. We distinguish here the general tendency of the defense from the repression, which is only one of the defensive mechanisms. Perhaps still more clearly than in normal and hysterical cases one recognizes in the compulsive neurosis the castration complex as the motive of defense. We now find ourselves at the beginning of the latency period, which is characterized by the fall of the Oedipus complex, the creation or consolidation of the super-ego, and the erection of an ethical and esthetic shrine in the ego. These processes in compulsive neuroses go over the normal measure. For the destruction of the Oedipus complex the regressive degradation of the libido is added, the super-ego is especially rigid and unamiable, and the ego develops in obedience

* See Disposition to Compulsive Neurosis, Collected Papers in German, Vol. V.

to the super-ego reaction pictures of conscience, sympathy and purity. With inexorable and not always successful rigidity, the temptation to the continuation of early infantile onanism is tabooed; it now leans upon regressive sadistic-anal ideas but represents the unconquered portion of the phallic organization. There is here an internal contradiction, so that in the very interest of preservation of manhood (castration fear) every activity of manhood is hindered but even this contradiction is only exaggerated in the compulsive neurosis and adheres already to the normal mode of removing the Oedipus complex. As every excess carries in itself the germ to a self-uplift, this holds good also in compulsion neuroses since the very repressed onanism forces itself in the form of compulsive actions to an ever-increasing approximation to gratification.

The reaction formations in the ego of the compulsive neurotic, which we recognize as exaggerations of the normal character, we may class as a new mechanism of defense along with repression and regression. In hysteria it seems to be absent or far weaker. Retrospectively, we gain the presumption that it is distinguished as a defense process of hysteria. It seems that it limits itself to suppression as the ego turns away from the unpleasant prompting, leaving it to its course in the unconscious and takes no further part in its fate. This cannot be entirely or exclusively correct, for we know the case where the hysterical symptom simultaneously signified the fulfilment of a demand for punishment from the super-ego; but it may describe a general character of the behavior of the ego in hysteria.

One may simply receive it as a fact that in the compulsive neuroses so strict a super-ego is formed that the fundamental trait of this affection is libido regression; and one may seek to associate it with the character of the super-ego. In fact the super-ego which springs from the It cannot withdraw itself from the regression and mixture of impulses which proceeds from the latter. It would not be surprising if it were not on its own part harder, more punitive and less amiable than when the development is normal.

During the period of latency the defense of the attempt at onanism seems to be treated as the chief task. This combat generates a series of symptoms which recur in typical fashion in the most dissimilar kinds of people and bear in general the character of a ceremonial. It is to be much lamented that these have not yet been collected and systematically analyzed; as the earliest performances of the neurosis they would shed light over the mechanism here involved in symptom formation. They already show the traits which will appear so fatally in the later severe affection; the disposal of the behaviors which later

will be carried out as if automatically—going to sleep, washing, dressing, walking, the tendency to repetition and waste of time. Why this happens so is still not at all intelligible but the sublimation of anal erotic components plays a distinct rôle thereby.

Puberty makes a decisive section in the development of a compulsion neurosis. The genital organization broken up in childhood now sets in with great energy. We know, moreover, that the sexual development of childhood also prescribes the direction in the beginning of the puberty years. Hence on the one hand the aggressive promptings of the early period are again awakened, on the other hand there is a more or less large share of new libidinous stirrings—in bad cases the whole of them—which strike out paths prescribed by regression, and appear as aggressive and destructive purposes. As a result of this disguise of the erotic strivings and the strong reaction-formations in the ego, the warfare against sexuality is carried further under the ethical flag. The ego, amazed, strives against cruel and violent demands sent up by the It into the consciousness and has no inkling that it is fighting erotic wishes, among them such that otherwise would escape its own criticism. The over strict super-ego persists the more energetically in the repression of sexuality which has assumed—to it—such repulsive forms. Thus the conflict in compulsive neurosis becomes intensified in two directions—the defender is intolerant and the defended has become unendurable; both through the influence of one factor, libido regression.

One could find a contradiction against many of our presuppositions in the fact that the unpleasant compulsive idea is conscious. But there is no doubt that previously it has gone through the process of repression. In the majority the actual text of the aggressive instinct is not known to the ego. A large block of analytic labor is required to make it conscious. What gets through to consciousness is in most cases only a disguised substitute, either of a blurred, dreamy vagueness or is made unrecognizable through an absurd disguise. If the repression has not gnawed at the content of the aggressive prompting it has certainly removed the concomitant affect character. So the aggression does not appear to the ego as an impulse but, as the patient says, as a bare thought content that should leave one cold. The noteworthy fact is, however, that this is not the case.

The affect spared by the perception of the compulsive thought comes especially to view at another place. The super-ego behaves as if no suppression had taken place, as if the aggressive prompting were known to it in its proper text and with full affect character; and it treats the ego on a basis of this presupposition. The ego,

which knows itself to be blameless, must feel a sense of guilt and bear a responsibility which it knows not how to explain. The riddle herewith given to us is, however, not so great as it at first seems. The behavior of the super-ego is intelligible throughout, the contradiction in the ego shows us only that it has, by means of repression, closed itself against the It while it remains accessible to the influence of the super-ego.* The further question, why the ego does not seek to withdraw from the tormenting criticism of the super-ego, disposes of the fact that this really does happen in a large series of cases. There are compulsive neuroses entirely without sense of guilt; as far as we understand, the ego has spared itself the perception of the same through a new series of symptoms, expiations and restrictions to self-punishment. These symptoms signify, however, simultaneous gratifications of masochistic promptings which have likewise drawn strength through regression.

The manifold phenomena of compulsive neurosis are so great that even by much effort we have failed to give a coherent synthesis of all their variations. We have striven to make prominent the typical relations, always with the concern to survey irregularities of no less importance.

I have already described the general tendency of symptom formation in compulsive neuroses. It is to procure more room for substitute-gratifications at the expense of renunciation. The same symptoms which indicate the original limitations of the ego assume later—thanks to the indication of the ego to synthesis—those of gratification, and it is obvious that the last significance gradually becomes the more practicable. An extremely restricted ego which has shown that its gratifications are sought in the symptoms becomes the result of these processes, which approaches more and more the complete failure of the initial defensive striving. The displacement of the relations of the energy in favor of gratification can lead to the dreaded end of paralysis of will on the part of the ego, which for each decision finds almost as strong an impulse on one side as on the other. The hyper-acute conflict between the it and the super-ego which dominates the affection at the beginning and after may so spread itself that none of the arrangements of the ego, incapable of communication, can avoid being drawn into this conflict.

VI

During this conflict one may observe two symptom-forming activities of the ego which deserve particular interest because they are

* Compare Reik, *Impulse to Confess and Punishment Need*, 1925.

evidently substitutes for repression and therefore their technic and tendency can already be elucidated. Perhaps we should also understand this auxiliary and substitute technic as a proof that the carrying through of correct suppression will meet with difficulties. If we consider that in compulsive neuroses the ego is so much more the scene of symptom formation than in hysteria; that this ego holds fast tenaciously to its relationship to reality and consciousness and thereby summons all of its intellectual resources; and that the thought activity seems overfixed and erotised, such variations of suppression are perhaps brought nearer.

The two suggested technics are the undoing and the isolation. The former has a large field of application and extends far back. It is negative magic, so to speak; it does not will the consequences of an event (impression, experience) through motor symbolism but itself "blows this away." With the choice of this last expression it is indicated what rôle this technic plays not only in the neurosis, but also in magic actions, folk customs and religious ceremonials. In the compulsion neurosis one encounters the undoing first in the two-stage symptoms where the second action abolishes the first as if it had not happened, where in reality both stages occurred. The compulsive-neurotic ceremonial has its second root in the intention of the undoing. The first is the prevention, the foresight that something definite shall not happen, not repeat itself. This distinction is easy to grasp; the precautionary measures are rational, the abolitions through undoing are irrational, magical in nature. Naturally one must suppose that this second root is the older, originating in the animistic situation to the external world. Its shading into the normal finds the attempt at undoing in the resolution to treat an event as if it had not yet happened, but then one undertakes nothing against it or bothers either with the event or its consequences; while in the neurosis one even abolishes the past and seeks to repress motivistically. The same tendency may also give the explanation of the so frequent compulsion to repetition in the neurosis, in the execution of which many intentions are found together which reciprocally antagonize one another. What does not happen in this fashion, as it should have happened in accord with the wish, is made undone in another way through repetition, where all the motives appear to tarry in these repetitions. In the further course of the neurosis the tendency is often unveiled to make a traumatic experience undone, as a symptom-forming motive of the first rank. We receive so unexpected a glimpse into a new motor technic of defense, or as we might say with a little inexactness, of repression.

The other sort of new technic to be described is that of isolation which is peculiar to compulsive neuroses. It is likewise in relation to the motor sphere and consists as follows: after an unpleasant event and also after any personal activity significant in the sense of a neurosis, a pause is interpolated in which nothing is to happen, no perception made nor action carried out. This at first strange behavior soon betrays to us its relation to repression. We know that it is possible in hysteria to allow a traumatic impression to fall into amnesia. In compulsive neurosis this does not often succeed; the experience is not forgotten but is laid bare by its affect and its associative relations are repressed or interrupted; so that it stands as if isolated and is not reproduced in the course of thought activity. The effect of this isolation is the same as in repression with amnesia. This technic is therefore reproduced in the isolation of compulsive neurosis but is also strengthened motor wise in the magic intention. What is thus held apart is exactly that which associatively belongs to it, the motor isolation is to give a guarantee for the interruption of the connection in thought. A pretext for this procedure of the neurosis is given by the normal process of concentration. What seems significant to us as an impression, as a task, is not to be disturbed through the simultaneous claims of other thought achievements or activities. But even in the normal the concentration is applied not only to the indifferent and not pertinent but before all to hold aloof the unsuitable opposite. As the most disturbing is felt what had originally belonged to it but had been torn asunder in the development of progress—for example, the expressions of ambivalence of the father complex in the relationship to God or the promptings of the excretory organs in the excitement of love. Hence normally the ego has a great task of isolation to perform in the direction of the course of thought and we know that in the exercise of the analytic technic, we must educate the ego to renounce at times this otherwise justifiable function.

We have all had the experience that it is especially difficult for the compulsive neurotic to follow the psychoanalytic principle. Probably as a result of the high tension of the conflict between the super-ego and the It the ego is more watchful, more seriously aware of its isolations. During the labor of thinking it has too much to defend, the mixture of unconscious fancies, the expression of ambivalent strivings. It dare not let itself go, and it finds itself constantly in readiness to fight. It supports this compulsion to concentration and isolation through magical acts of isolation, which as symptoms become so striking and practically so significant, but are naturally worthless per se and have the character of ceremonials.

As, however, it seeks to hinder associations, combination in thought, it follows one of the oldest and most fundamental commands of compulsion neurosis, the tabu of contact. If one puts to himself the question why the avoidance of contact and infection plays so great a rôle in the neurosis and brings such complicated systems into content, one finds the answer that contact, bodily contact, is the nearest goal both as to aggressive and tender object fixation. The Eros wishes the contact, for it strives for union and abolition of the distance between the ego and the love object. But also destruction—which before the invention of weapons used at a distance could only come from near by—must presuppose bodily contact, the application of the hand. To touch a woman is in speech usage a euphemism for her utilization as a sex object. Not to touch the penis is the text of the prohibition against autoerotic satisfaction. As the compulsive neurosis at the beginning follows the erotic contact and then after regression the contact is masked as aggression, there is nothing else to be forbidden in so high a degree, nothing so suited to become the central point of a system of prohibition. Isolation is abolition of the possibility of contact, a thing to withdraw from every contact and if the neurotic isolates even an impression or an activity through a pause, he gives us to understand symbolically that he will not allow the thoughts of it to come into associative contact with other thoughts.

So far our investigations extend into the subject of symptom formation. It hardly repays us to resume them. They are poor in result and remain unfinished; they have in fact brought us little that we did not know before. Symptom formation in other affections besides phobias, conversion hysteria and compulsion neurosis for the sake of comparison, promises nothing—too little is known of them. Even from the comparison of these three neuroses there arises a difficult task which cannot be put off. In all three the destruction of the Oedipus complex is the exit; in all, we assume, castration fear is the motif of the ego striving. But only in the phobias does such fear come to the surface, is admitted. What becomes of the fear in the two other affections, how has the ego spared itself this fear? The problem becomes more difficult when we think of the above mentioned possibility that the fear emerges in the course of disturbed libido investment by a sort of agitation. Further, does it stand fast that castration fear is the sole motif of repression (or defense)? If one thinks of the neuroses of women, one must doubt it, for as surely the castration complex may be found in them, one can hardly speak of castration fear in the proper sense if castration is already completed.

VII

Let us return to the infantile zoöphobias, for we understand them better than all of the others. Here the ego must intercede against a libidinous object investment of the It (that of the positive or negative Oedipus complex) because it has understood that to yield brings with it the danger of castration. This we have already discussed and still find occasion to clear up a doubt which remains from the first discussion. Are we to assume with little Hans (hence in the case of a positive Oedipus complex), that it is the tender emotion toward the mother, or the aggressive one against the father which produces the defense of the ego? Practically this seems indifferent, especially as the two promptings condition each other, but a theoretic interest associates itself in the question because only a tender current toward the mother can count as purely erotic. The aggressive is essentially dependent on the destructive impulse and we have always believed that in the neurosis the ego defends itself against the claims of the libido, not of the other impulses. We see in fact that in the formation of the phobia the tender mother association has vanished and is radically removed through repression, while the symptom (substitute) formation has completed itself with the aggressive prompting. In the case of the wolf man the matter is more simple, the repressed prompting is actually an erotic one, the feminine situation to the father, and with this completes itself in the symptom formation.

It is to be deplored that after so much work we find still further difficulties in the comprehension of the fundamental relations, but we have undertaken to simplify nothing and to conceal nothing. If we could not see clearly we would at least see keenly the obscurities. That which stands in our way here is evidently a lack of symmetry in the development of our knowledge of the impulses. First, we had the organization of the libido from the oral past, the sadistic-anal to the genital, and hereby ranked these components of the sex impulse equally. Later it appears to us that sadism is the representative of another, the impulse opposite to Eros. The new comprehension of the two groups of impulses seems to rupture the former construction of the successive phases of libido organization. But we do not need to discover anew the helpful information from these difficulties, for these have long been tendered us and mean that we hardly ever have to do with pure impulses but always with the alloys of both impulses in varying proportions. The sadistic object investment also has a claim to be treated as libidinous; the organization of the libido does not need to be revised, the aggressive prompting against the father can with the same claim be the object of repression as the

tender one for the mother. In any case we place the material for later discussion of this possibility to one side, for repression is a process which has a particular relation to the genital organization of the libido. The ego grasps after other modes of defense when it must defend itself against the libido at other stages of organization, and we proceed. A case like that of little Hans permits us no decision; here an aggressive prompting is removed by repression but only after the genital organization has already been reached.

This time we will not allow the relation to fear to escape our attention. We said that as the ego recognizes the danger of castration it gives the fear signal and by means of the pleasure-pain principle inhibits in a manner not understood the threatening investment process in the It. Simultaneously the phobia formation is completed. The castration fear receives another object and a disguised expression (bitten by a horse, devoured by a wolf in place of being castrated by the father). The substitute formation has two manifest advantages, first, that it evades an ambivalent conflict, for the father is at the same time an object of love; and second, that it permits the ego to stop the development of fear. The fear in the phobia is especially a facultative one and appears only when its object is the subject of perception. This is entirely feasible, for only then is the fear situation at hand. From an absent father one need not fear even castration. Now when one cannot get the father out of the way the fear always shows itself and when it will. If the father is replaced by an animal, he needs only a glimpse, can keep out of the animal's way and thus be free from danger and fear. Little Hans contracted his ego and produced an inhibition; he would not go out in order not to see horses. The little Russian had it still more convenient. It was hardly any self denial for him to avoid taking up a certain picture-book. If his bad sister did not hold up before him this image of the wolf he could feel secure from this fear.

I have formerly ascribed to fear the character of a projection, as I replaced an internal prompting of danger by an external perceptive danger. This brings the advantage that man can protect himself against external danger by flight and by avoidance of the perception, while flight cannot protect from an internal danger. My observation was not faulty but it remains superficial. The impulse is not a danger in itself but only because it brings with it a true external danger, that of castration. So at the basis of a phobia one external danger is replaced by another. That the ego in a phobia can withdraw the fear by flight or inhibition agrees very well with the notion that fear is an affect signal only and that the economic situation is not really changed.

The fear in a zoöphobia is also an affective reaction of the ego to danger; the danger which is signalled being that of castration. There is no other difference from ordinary fear which the ego expresses in danger situations save that the content remains unknown and is made conscious only by disguising it.

The same comprehension will, I believe, hold good for the fears of adults even if the material which the neurosis elaborates is much more abundant and there are additional factors in symptom formation. At bottom it is the same thing. The agoraphobe lays a limitation on his ego in order to escape a danger from impulse. The danger lies in the temptation to yield to his erotic desires, as a result of which he again as in childhood, conjures up the fear of castration or something analogous. As an example I cite the case of a young man who became an agoraphobe because he feared he would yield to the attractions of prostitutes and catch syphilis as a punishment.

I well know that many cases show a complicated structure and that many others can empty repressed promptings into a phobia, but these are only auxiliary and have for the most part set themselves at a later period in association with the nucleus of the neurosis. The symptoms of agoraphobia become complicated thereby, so that the ego does not content itself with renouncing something; instead it adds something to deprive the situation of danger. This addendum is usually a regression into child years (in extreme cases into the uterus, into the time in which it was protected from the dangers which now menace it) and appears as a condition under which renunciation can be omitted. Hence the agoraphobe can walk the streets when, like a little child, he is accompanied by some one in whom he confides. The same regard may also permit him to go out alone when he does not exceed a certain distance from his home and does not go into neighborhoods which are unfamiliar to him and where he is unknown to people. In the choice of these determinants he shows the influence of infantile factors which dominate him through his neurosis. Quite unequivocal but without the element of infantile regression is the fear of being alone, which is founded on the fear that one will yield to the temptation of solitary onanism. The condition of infantile regression is naturally the chronological removal from childhood.

The phobia as a rule originates when under certain circumstances—on the street, on the railway, when alone—a first attack of fear is experienced. Fear is then banished but invariably asserts itself when conditions of protection cannot be controlled. The mechanism of the phobia does good service as a means of defense and shows a great inclination to stability. A continuation of the defensive

fight, which is now directed against the symptom, often but not necessarily enters.

What we have learned about fears in connection with phobias remains of utility in the compulsive neuroses. It is not difficult to reduce the situation of the compulsive neurosis to that of a phobia. The motif of all later symptom formation is evidently the fear of the ego of its super-ego. The hostility of the super-ego is the danger situation from which the ego must withdraw itself. Here there is no sign of a projection, the danger is throughout interiorized. But if we ask ourselves what the ego fears from its super-ego, the notion is forced upon us that the punishment of the latter is a continuation of the castration punishment. As the super-ego is really the father who has been depersonalized, so the fear of the threatened castration by the father becomes transformed into indefinite social fears, of fear of conscience. But this fear is hidden, the ego withdraws itself from it while at the same time it carries out the commands, precautions and expiations laid upon it. When it is prevented there develops an extremely penible discomfort which to the patient is the equivalent of fear. Hence our result runs as follows: Fear is a reaction to the danger situation and is spared if the ego does something to avoid the situation or withdraw from it. One might say that the symptoms are created in order to avoid dangerous situations which are signalized by fear development. This danger in the cases hitherto discussed was the danger of castration or of something derived from it.

If fear is the reaction of the ego to danger, we come nearer to comprehending the traumatic neurosis which so often follows an experience with danger to life as a direct consequence of life-fear or death-fear with setting aside of the dependencies of the ego and of castration. This has happened in connection with most of the observers of traumatic neuroses during the last war, and it was triumphantly announced that now we have proofs that imperilling the impulse to self-preservation can cause a neurosis without any participation of sexuality and without regard to the complicated assumptions of psycho-analysis. It is, in fact, extremely unfortunate that there is not a single utilizable example of an analysis of a traumatic neurosis. Not because of the contradiction of the etiological significance of sexuality—for this has long ago been abolished by the introduction of narcissism which brings the libidinous fixation of the ego in a series with the object investments and emphasizes the libidinous nature of self-preservation—but because through the absence of these analyses we have neglected a most valuable opportunity to draw decisive conclusions over the relation between fear

and symptom formation. From all that we know of the structure of the simpler neuroses of daily life it is highly improbable that a neurosis can occur only through the objective fact of peril without participation of the deeper unconscious strata of the psychic apparatus. In the unconscious, moreover, there is nothing at hand which can give content to our conception of the destruction of life. Castration can be visualized through the daily experience of parting with the intestinal contents and through the loss of the maternal breast through weaning; but anything like death has never been experienced, or if so, like a swoon, has left no trace behind which could be demonstrated. Therefore I hold fast to the supposition that death-fear is to be comprehended as an analogue of castration fear and that the situation upon which the ego reacts is the abandonment by the protecting super-ego—the power of fate—whereby the assurance against all danger has an end. Besides, there comes into consideration that in the experiences which lead to traumatic neurosis external protection from irritation is broken through and over-large quantities of excitation appear in the psychic apparatus; so that the second possibility is present that not only does fear fail to signalize the affect but the situation is newly generated from the economic conditions.

Through the last remark that the ego through its regularly repeated loss of objects is prepared for castration, we have obtained a new conception of fear. Having regarded it hitherto as the affect signal of danger, it now appears to us often in connection with castration danger as the reaction to a loss, a separation. While many things may speak against this conclusion, as is at once apparent, a very noteworthy agreement must strike us. The first fear experience of mankind is birth, and this signifies objectively separation from the mother, which may be likened to castration of the mother (according to the equation child equals penis). Now it would be very gratifying if fear should be repeated at every subsequent separation as a symbol of separation; but unfortunately another valuation of this agreement stands in the way, for subjectively birth is not experienced as a separation from the mother, for to the narcissistic fetus the mother is quite unknown as a separate object. Another consideration will be that the affect reaction to a separation is known and that we feel pain and grief but not anxiety or fear. Indeed, we recall that we have not understood why grief should be so painful.

VIII

It is time to reflect. We seek obviously for insight into the nature of fear, for an "either—or" which will separate truth from error.

This, however, is difficult, for fear itself is not easily comprehended. Hitherto we have attained nothing but contradictions between which no choice is possible. I now propose something different. Without bias we will assemble everything which may be said of fear and at the same time give up the expectation of a close synthesis.

Fear or anxiety in the first place is something felt and we call it an affective state, although we do not know what an affect is. As a feeling it obviously is of the painful type but this does not exhaust its quality. Not every painful sensation is fear, for there are others (tensions, pain, grief), so that as a painful quality fear must have something special. We may ask: Is it possible to comprehend differences between these various painful affects? From the sensation of fear we can always deduce something. Its pain has a special note and while we cannot prove this it is probable and would not be striking. From this peculiar quality so difficult to isolate we note the fear of certain somatic sensations which we refer to different organs. We are not interested here in the physiology of fear and will be satisfied to isolate individual representatives of this sensation and the most frequent and evident have to do with the respiratory organs and the heart. They are to us proofs that the motor innervation (discharge processes) take part in the totality of fear. Hence the analysis of the fear stage gives us (1) a specific pain character; (2) a discharge reaction; and (3) perception of the same. Points 2 and 3 at once give us a distinction between fear on the one hand and grief and pain.

In the two latter there is no motor expression; where they are at hand they separate themselves distinctly not as constituents of the whole but as consequents or reactions. Fear is then a special state of pain with discharge reactions along definite paths. According to our general views we shall believe that fear is based on increased excitation which on the one hand gives it its character of pain and on the other relieves itself through discharge. But this purely physiological comprehension will hardly suffice. We are tempted to assume the existence of a historical factor which unites the sensations with the innervations. In other words, the state of fear is the reproduction of an experience which contains the conditions of an increase of irritation and leads off along certain paths whereby the pain of fear receives its specific character. As such a visualized experience birth in mankind presents itself, and therefore we are inclined to see in a fear state a reproduction of the birth trauma.

At the same time we have not maintained that fear is an exception in this respect as compared with other affective states. We believe that other affects are also reproductions of old experiences which

are important to life and perhaps preindividual, and we adduce them as general, typical, congenital hysterical attacks in comparison with late and individually acquired attacks of hysterical neurosis, the genesis and importance of which have through analysis become distinct. Naturally it would be very desirable to be able to carry this notion out for a series of other affects in a demonstrable fashion but at present we are far removed from this prospect.

Reference of fear back to the birth trauma must defend itself against objections which are close at hand. Fear is probably a reaction experienced by all animals although only the mammals experience labor and it is questionable whether the latter is a trauma with them. There is therefore fear without the prototype of birth. But this objection is outside the limits between biology and psychology. Just because fear has a biologically indispensable function to fulfil, as a reaction to the condition of danger it may be arranged in different fashions for different creatures. We do not therefore know whether in the creatures far removed from man there is the same content in sensations and innervations as in mankind. This does not, however, prevent fear from being a prototype of the birth process in man. If this be the structure and origin of fear, a further question is, What is its function? Under what circumstances is it reproduced? The answer seems near at hand and convincing. Fear is a reaction to a state of danger and is reproduced regularly when such a state reappears.

There is something else to note. The innervation of the original fear state was probably characterized by feeling and was purposeful, quite as with the muscle actions of the first hysterical attack. If one would explain the hysterical attack one need only to seek the situation in which the movements concerned were part of an authorized action. So probably during labor the direction of the innervation upon the respiratory organs prepares the activity of the lungs, the acceleration of the heart-beat works against the poisoning of the blood. This efficiency naturally fails in the later reproduction of the fear state as an affect, as it is also missed in the repeated hysterical seizure. If, then, the individual engages in a new situation of danger it can readily become unsuitable to answer by a fear state, the reaction to a former danger, in place of that of the now adequate reaction. The utility again appears when the danger situation is recognized as approaching and as signalized by the outbreak of fear. The fear can then be disposed of through suitable measures. Hence two possibilities separate themselves in the appearance of fear: one, unsuitable, in a new situation of danger, and the other suitable for signalling and preventing danger.

But what is a danger? In the act of birth there exists an objective danger to the preservation of life; we know what it imports in reality, but psychologically it tells us nothing. The danger from birth has as yet no psychic content. We certainly may not presuppose that the fetus has any kind of knowledge that it is in danger of annihilation. The fetus can do no more than perceive a wholesale disturbance in the economy of its narcissistic libido. Large quantities of excitations penetrate to it and generate a new series of unpleasant situations; many organs are forced to heightened fixations constituting a prelude to the soon to begin object-investments. What among these find evaluation as a characteristic of a danger situation?

Unfortunately we know far too little of the psychic comprehension of the new-born to answer this question directly. I cannot even concede the utility of the above depiction. It is easy to say that the new-born will repeat the fear affect in all situations which recall to it the event of birth. However, the decisive point remains, what is recalled, and how.

Hardly anything remains but to study the occasions in which the nursling or older child shows itself to be prepared for fear. In his book on the birth trauma, Rank* makes an energetic effort to demonstrate the relations of the earliest phobias of the child to the impression of the event of birth, but I do not regard this as fortunate.

One may make two objections to this view: First, that it rests on a presupposition that the infant has definite sense impressions, especially those of a visual nature, received during birth and renewed in memory of the birth trauma, thus producing the fear reaction. This assumption is fully unproved and devoid of probability, and it is not credible that the child at birth has anything beyond tactile and general sensibility. If it later shows fear of small animals as they vanish into holes or emerge from the same, Rank explains this reaction through the perception of an analogy which, however, could not become striking to a child. Second, Rank, in the evaluation of this later fear situation according to the requirement of the recollection of the happy intrauterine life or of its traumatic interruption, leaves the door open to any kind of arbitrary interpretation. Individual cases of child fear are directly opposed to the application of Rank's principle. If the infant is brought into darkness and solitude we should expect that it would accept this restoration of the intrauterine situation as gratification. If the fact that it reacts to this very situation with fear is referred back to the recollection of the disturb-

* Otto Rank. *Birth Trauma and Its Importance for Psychoanalysis*. Psychoanalytic Bibliothek, XV, 1921.

ance of its happiness by birth one can no longer ignore the forced character of the interpretation.

I must draw the conclusion that the earliest child phobias do not permit of a direct transference to the impression made by the act of birth, and thus far they have withdrawn themselves from explanation. A certain predisposition to fear is unmistakable in the nursling. It is not at its worst directly after birth, to decrease slowly, but appears during psychic evolution and persists through a certain period of childhood. When such early phobias extend beyond this period they awake the suspicion of a neurotic disturbance, although their relationship to the later distinct neuroses of childhood is obscure.

Only a few cases of the expression of child fear are intelligible to us and we must limit ourselves to them. When the child is alone, in the dark, and when it finds a stranger in place of its mother, all three states reduce themselves to one condition, absence of the loved and longed for person. But from here on the way to understanding fear and to reconciling the contradictions which seem associated, is free.

The memory picture of the person longed for is certainly intense, probably at first hallucinatorily fixed. But this has no consequence and now it appears as if this longing changes to fear. There is exactly the impression as if this fear is the expression of perplexity, as if the undeveloped creature knew nothing better than to start with this yearning fixation. The fear appears as a reaction to missing the object and there is forced on us the analogy that castration fear has also the content of separation from a highly prized object and that the original fear (the primary fear of birth) arises from separation from the mother.

The next consideration leads to the emphasis of the loss of the object. If the nursling longs to behold the mother it is only because it knows from experience that she satisfies all its requirements without delay. The situation which it evaluates as fear and against which it would be assured is one of unsatisfaction, the increase in the requirement tension, against which it is powerless. I mean that from this point of view on, everything is arranged; the situation of unsatisfaction attains a painful height from the mass of stimulus and does not find itself overmastered by psychic employment or discharge. For the nursling this must be analogous to the experience of birth, the repetition of the danger situation. Common to both is the economic disturbance through the increase of the mass of stimulation demanding discharge.

This factor is the essential nucleus of the danger. In both cases the fear reaction appears, having shown itself already in the nursling as useful, since the direction of the discharge upon the respiratory

and vocal musculature summons the mother, just as formerly the lung activity did away with internal irritation. From its birth the child does not need to maintain more than this characterization of danger.

With the experience that an external object comprehended through perception can make an end to the dangerous warning situation, the content of danger now displaces itself from the economic situation to its condition, the loss of the object. To miss the mother is now the danger at the appearance of which the child gives the fear signal, even before the economic situation has appeared. This transformation signifies the first great advance in the impulse toward self-preservation and at the same time it includes the transition from the automatically unwilling new origin of fear to its intentional reproduction as the signal of danger.

In both respects, as an automatic phenomenon and as a rescuing signal, fear shows itself as the product of the psychic helplessness of the nursling which is the self-evident counterpart of its biological helplessness. The striking coincidence that birth fear as well as nursling fear recognize the condition of separation from the mother needs no psychological explanation. It is explained biologically simply enough from the fact that the mother has soothed all the demands of the child before birth and partly continues to do so after delivery. Intrauterine life and earliest childhood represent far more of a continuum than the striking censure of the act of birth allows us to believe. The psychic mother-object replaces to the child the biological fetal situation. We must therefore not forget that in intra-uterine life the mother was no object and that at that time there was no object.

It is easily seen that in this connection there is no room for reacting off the birth trauma and that another function of fear as a signal for avoiding danger is not to be found. The fear condition of the loss of the object carries us still further. The next transformation of fear, the castration fear which develops in the phallic phase, is a fear of separation bound to the same condition. The danger here is separation from the genitals. A thought train from Ferenczi which seems fully justified allows us to recognize distinctly the line of the connection with the former content of the danger situation. The high narcissistic valuation of the penis can rest on this, that the possession of this organ contains the danger of a reunion with the mother (mother substitute) in the act of coitus. Deprivation of this member is as good as a fresh separation from the mother, thus again indicating an unpleasurable requirement tension (as in birth) to be delivered helpless. This requirement, the increase of which is feared, is, however, only a specialized one, that of the genital libido,

and is no longer an optional one as in the nursing period. I add here that the fancy of return within the mother's womb is the substitute coitus of the impotent (inhibited by the castration threat). In Ferenczi's sense one may say that the individual who will allow himself to represent the return into the womb with his genital organ, replaces this organ regressively by his entire person.

The progress in the development of the child, the increase of its independence, the acute separation of his psychic apparatus in several instances, the appearance of new needs cannot remain without influence on the content of the danger situation. We have followed this transformation from the loss of the mother object to castration and see the next step caused by the might of the super-ego. With the depersonalization of the parental instance, from which one fears the castration, the danger becomes more definite. Castration fear develops into conscience fear and social fear. It is now no longer easy to say what is feared. The formula of separation, exclusion from the herd, applies only to that later portion of the super-ego which has developed from leaning upon social prototypes, and not to the nucleus of the super-ego, which corresponds to an introjected parental instance. More generally expressed, it is the anger, the punishment of the super-ego, the loss of love from that side which the ego values as danger and answers with the fear signal. As the last transformation of this fear of the super-ego is the fear of death (life), fear of the projection of the super-ego into the power of destiny as it appears.

Formerly I placed a certain value on the presentation that it is the fixation withdrawn in repression which the application experiences as conducting off the fear. This view now seems to me hardly worth while. The difference lies here, that formerly I believed that fear always arose automatically through an economic process, while the present conception of fear as a signal intended to influence the pleasure-pain factor makes us independent of this economic compulsion. There is, of course, nothing to be said against the assumption that the ego utilizes this very energy which is set free in the diversion of repression to arouse the affect, but it becomes unimportant with what portion of the energy this takes place.

Another proposition which I have expressed now demands retesting in the light of our new comprehension. This is the assertion that the ego is the actual seat of fear.

In my opinion this will be shown to be correct. We have no occasion to impute to the super-ego any kind of an expression of fear. If, however, one speaks of a fear of the It there is no contradiction implied but one must correct a clumsy expression. Fear is an affective state which naturally can be felt only by the ego. The It cannot

have fear like the ego; it has no organization and is unable to judge a danger situation. On the other hand, it is a frequent occurrence for processes to be prepared or completed in the It which give occasion to the ego for the development of fear. In fact, the probably earliest repressions with the majority of the later ones are motivated through fear of the ego towards individual processes in the It. We differentiate here, again with good reason, the two processes which occur in the It. One activates the danger situation for the ego and moves it to give the fear signal for inhibition; and the other prepares in the It a situation analogous to the birth trauma, in which it comes automatically to a fear reaction. The two are brought nearer to each other when one emphasizes that the second corresponds to the first and original danger situation; the first, however, is one of the later ones derived from its fear conditions. Or, referred to affections which actually occur, that the second process is realized in the etiology of the actual neuroses while the first remains characteristic for the psychoneuroses.

We now see that we do not need to depreciate former communications but merely to bring them into association with the more recent. It is not to be denied that in abstinence, or abusive disturbance in the course of sexual excitement, resulting in a diversion of the same from its psychic elaboration, fear may originate directly from the libido; that is, that condition of helplessness of the ego against an over great requirement tension is produced, which as in birth proceeds from fear development. We see that upon the foundation of these actual neuroses psychoneuroses may easily develop; that is to say, the ego makes an effort to spare the fear, which it has learned to keep for a time in suspense and bind it by symptom formation. Probably analysis of the traumatic war neuroses, which term indeed comprises very different affections, would show that a number of these share the characteristics of actual neuroses.

As we presented the development of the different danger situations from the original birth prototype, it is far from our intention to maintain that every later fear condition merely sets the predecessor out of power. The progress of ego development contributes indeed to the depreciation of the former fear situation and shoves it aside, so that one may say that a certain fear condition must be assigned as adequate to a definite age of development. The danger of psychic helplessness fits in with the time of life of the immaturity of the ego, just as the danger of loss of the object belongs to the early years of childhood, the castration danger to the phallic stage, and fear of the super-ego to the period of latency. But it can also happen that all these danger situations and fear conditions coexist side by side and can

cause the ego to react with fear at periods later than those adequate or that several of them may step into activity simultaneously. Possibly closer relations may exist between the actual danger situation and the form of the subsequent neurosis.*

In an earlier portion of these investigations we came upon the importance of the castration danger in more than one neurotic affection, and we imparted the warning not to overemphasize this factor, for it might not work out in the neuroses to which women are known to be more predisposed. We now see that we are not in danger if we explain castration fear as the sole motif for the defensive processes which lead to the neurosis. In another place I have explained how the development of the little girl is directed by the castration complex to a tender object fixation. It is exactly in women that the danger situation of the loss of the object appears to be the most efficacious. We may adduce the small modification in their fear condition, that it is no longer a matter of missing or of the real loss of the object but of the loss of love by reason of the object. As it is certain that hysteria has a great affinity for femaleness as the compulsive neurosis has for maleness, the presumption would be that the fear condition of the loss of love plays a rôle in hysteria which is analogous to that of castration threat in the phobias, and the fear of the super-ego in the compulsive neuroses.

* Since the distinction between the ego and It our interest in the problems of suppression must experience a new animation. Hitherto we had been satisfied to take into account the aspects of the process applied to the ego, the shutting off from consciousness and from motility and the substitute (symptom) formation. For the suppressed prompting itself we assumed it to remain indefinitely long and unchanged in the unconscious. Now our interest became directed to the fate of the repressed and we had the foreboding that such an unchanged and inalterable continuity is not self-evident and perhaps not even customary. The original prompting is in any case inhibited through the repression and diverted from its aim. But does the portion in the unconscious remain intact and does it show itself resistant towards the changing and depreciating influences of life? Do the old wishes, which analysis showed formerly to exist, persist? The answer seems near at hand and to be trustworthy. The repressed old wishes must persist in the unconscious, for we find their derivatives, the symptoms, still active. But such an answer is not sufficient; it allows no decision to be made between the two possibilities, whether the old wish merely acts through its derivatives to which all its energy of fixation has been transferred or whether in addition the wish itself persists as such. If it had been its fate to be exhausted in the fixation of its derivatives, there remains a third possibility that in the course of the neurosis it is reanimated by regression, however unseasonable this may seem at present. One does not need to regard these speculations as idle; much of the phenomena of the morbid as well as the normal in the psychic life seems to demand such questioning. In my studies of the decline of the Oedipus complex I have called attention to the difference between the bare repression and the actual elevation of an old wish.

IX

What now remains is the treatment of the relations between symptom formation and fear development. Two opinions on this point seem widely diffused. The first calls the fear itself a symptom of the neurosis, the other believes in a much more intimate relation between the two. According to this, all symptom formation is undertaken in order to escape fear; the symptoms bind the psychic energy that otherwise would be led off as fear, so that fear is the basic phenomenon and chief problem of the neurosis.

The at least partial justification of this second view is shown by striking examples. When one has accompanied an agoraphobe into the street and then leaves him to himself he produces in him an attack of fear. If one hinder a compulsive neurotic from washing his hands after a contact, he becomes the prey of an almost unbearable fear. It is therefore clear that the conditions of being accompanied and of washing had the intention and also the result of preventing fear.

In this sense every inhibition which the ego lays on itself may be called a symptom. As we have referred the fear development to the danger situation we would prefer to say that the symptoms have been formed to withdraw the ego from the danger situation. If symptom formation is prevented the danger actually appears, that is, a situation results which is analogous to birth, in which the ego finds itself helpless against the constantly growing claim of the impulse—the earliest and most primitive of the fear conditions. For our view the relationship between fear and symptom is less close than has been assumed because we have interpolated between the two elements the danger situation. We might add supplementarily that fear development introduces symptom formation, yes, that it is a necessary presupposition of the same; for if the ego would not arouse the pleasure-pain factor by fear development, then it would not obtain the power of holding back the danger threatening process prepared in the It. Here the tendency is unmistakable of limiting itself to the smallest mass of fear development, to use fear only to give the signal; otherwise one would obtain the pain which is threatened by the impulse process but would feel it only where there would be no result according to the intention of the pleasure principle, which, however, happens often enough in the neuroses.

The symptom formation, then, has the actual result of abolishing the danger situation. It has two sides, one which is hidden from us and prepares in the It that alteration by means of which the ego is withdrawn from danger, while the other, turned toward us, shows

what is created at the place of the influenced impulse process—the formation of the substitute.

We should, however, express ourselves more correctly if we ascribed to the defensive process what we have just said of the symptom formation and apply the term symptom formation as a synonym of substitute formation. It now seems clear that the defensive process is analogous to flight, through which the ego withdraws itself from danger which threatens from without, that it represents an attempt at flight from an impulse danger. The criticisms against this comparison will aid us in a further explanation. First let it be objected that loss of the object (loss of love in connection with the object) and the threat of castration are likewise dangers which threaten from without, like a beast of prey, hence not danger from impulses. But the case is not the same. The wolf will probably attack us wherever we may happen to encounter him; but the beloved person will not withdraw love and castration will not menace us if we do not nourish within us definite feelings and intentions. So if these instinct stimuli become conditions of external danger and thereby themselves dangerous we can combat the external danger by measures against internal dangers. In the zoöphobias the danger seems to be felt as a purely external danger and also in the symptom there is experienced a displacement externally. In the compulsive neurosis the danger is far more interiorized, the share of the fear of the super-ego, the social fear, is represented by an internal substitution for an external danger, while the other share, the fear of conscience, is throughout endopsychic.

A second objection is that in attempt at flight from a threatened external danger we do nothing more than increase the space between us and the danger. We do not place ourselves in defense against the danger, do not seek to change anything in the same, as in the other cases, when we charge on the wolf with a cudgel or shoot at him with a gun. The defense process, however, seems to do more than what corresponds to flight. It attacks the threatening course of the process, somehow represses it, diverts its aim and thereby renders it powerless. This objection seems absolute, we must take it into account. We think it would be as if there were defense processes which one could with justice compare to an effort at flight, because the ego defends itself much more actively in others and undertakes energetic counter-efforts. If the comparison of the defense with flight is not disturbed through the circumstance that the ego and the *It* impulse are parts of the same organization, not detached instances like the wolf and the child, every kind of behavior of the ego must influence the impulse process to change it.

Through the study of fear conditions we must look at the behavior of the ego in defense in a so-to-speak rational clarification. Every danger situation corresponds to a certain period of life or phase of development of the psychic apparatus and seems justified for it. The early child nature is actually not equipped to master psychically the large quantities of excitation which reach it from without. At a certain period of life it is actually of the most importance that the persons on which it depends do not withdraw their tender care. When the boy feels the powerful father as his rival for the mother, becomes aware of his aggressive inclinations against him and his sexual intentions toward the mother, he has the right to fear him and the fear of punishment can through phylogenetic strengthening be expressed as castration fear. With his entry into social relations fear of the super-ego, conscience, necessity, the omission of these factors, become the source of severe conflicts and dangers. But just here a new problem is added. Suppose we attempt to replace for a time the fear affect through another, the pain affect. We hold it as normal throughout that the girl of four years cries painfully when she breaks her doll, at six years when her teacher rebukes her, at sixteen when her sweetheart loses interest in her, at twenty-five when she buries her child. All of these pain conditions have their time relationship and afterwards become void, except the last which persist through life. It would startle us if the girl as wife and mother would weep over damage to some trifle, although the neurotic behaves in just this way. In their psychic apparatus all instances for the mastery of irritation have long been completed within wide limits; they are sufficiently grown up to be able to satisfy most of their needs; they have long known that castration is no longer utilized as a punishment, nevertheless they behave as if the old danger situations still persist, and hold fast to all former fear conditions.

The answer to this will turn out to be somewhat prolix. It will above all have to sift the facts. In a large number of cases the old fear conditions will actually fall out after they have caused neurotic reactions. The phobias of little children—of being alone, darkness and strangers, which may be termed almost normal—mostly pass off in later years and are outgrown, as we say of many other disturbances of childhood. The so numerous animal phobias have the same fate, and many of the conversion hysterias of childhood years find no later continuity. Ceremonial in the latent period is an uncommonly frequent occurrence; only a very slight percentage of these cases develop later into a full compulsion neurosis. The child neuroses—as far as our experience extends among the city children of the white race which is subjected to the high requirements of culture—are

regular episodes of development although there is still too little attention granted them. One misses the signs of childhood neurosis not at all in an adult neurotic, while by no means do all of the children who show them become neurotics later. Hence in the course of ripening, fear conditions must be given up and danger situations have lost their significance. Moreover, it happens that some of these danger situations preserve themselves in later times so that their fear condition is modified with time. In this way castration fear is preserved under the mask of syphilophobia after one has experienced that castration is no longer the punishment for allowing full play to sexual lusts although freedom of impulse threatens severe affections. Other fear conditions are not especially doomed to perish but accompany man through life, as fear of the super-ego. The neurotic is differentiated from the normal by the fact that he immoderately heightens the reaction to these dangers. Again, no sufficient protection is offered even to adulthood that the original traumatic situations may not return; there should be a limit for every man beyond which his psychic apparatus fails to master the disposal of the importunate amounts of excitation.

These small corrections cannot possibly have the determination to shake the fact that is here discussed, the fact that so many individuals remain infantile in their behavior to danger and do not overcome ancient fear conditions. To dispute this would be to deny the fact of neurosis, for such persons are called neurotics. But how is this possible? Why are not all neuroses episodes of development which are concluded with the attainment of the next phase? Whence the element of permanence in these reactions to danger? Whence the advantage which the fear affect seems to enjoy over all other affects that it alone calls forth reactions which separate themselves as abnormal from the others and oppose themselves as unsuitable to the stream of life? In other words we unexpectedly find ourselves once more in the presence of the so often put vexed question, whence comes the neurosis, what is its final, its special motif? After decades of analytical investigation this problem looms before us, as unsolved as in the beginning.

X

Fear is the reaction to danger. However, one can not reject the idea that it is connected with the nature of danger if the fear affect can force an exceptional situation in the psychic economy. But dangers are in general human and the same for all individuals; what we need and do not have at our disposal is a factor which makes intelligible to us the selection of the individual who can subject the

fear affect despite its strangeness to the normal psychic management, or determines who must fail at this task. I see before me two efforts to uncover such a factor; it is comprehensible that all such efforts may expect a sympathetic reception for they promise redress for a tormenting need. Both of these attempts supplement each other because they attack the problem from opposite sides. The first was undertaken more than ten years ago by Alfred Adler, who maintained—reduced to its inmost nucleus—that in those individuals who are unable to master the task imposed by danger, their organ inferiority makes the difficulties too great. If the maxim *simplex sigillum veri* is true one must greet such a solution as a redemption. But on the contrary the criticism of the past decade has proven conclusively the complete insufficiency of this explanation, which moreover puts itself outside of the entire superstructure of facts uncovered by psychoanalysis.

The second essay was undertaken in 1923 by Otto Rank in his book "The Birth Trauma." It would be unjust to place it on a par with Adler's effort save in the connection made above, for it rests on the foundation of psychoanalysis and continues its course of thought and should be recognized as a legitimate effort toward the solution of the analytic problem. In the relation given between the individual and danger, Rank diverts from the organ weakness of the individual and towards the variable intensity of the danger. Birth is the first danger situation and the economic disturbance produced by it is the prototype of the fear reaction. We have already followed the line of development which unites this first danger situation and fear condition with all later ones and have seen that all preserve something in common, for all in a certain sense indicate separation from the mother—at first only in a biological respect, later in the sense of the direct loss of the object, and finally in the indirect loss of the same. The discovery of this great association is the undisputed service of the Rank construction. Now the birth situation concerns the individual with a difference in intensity; with the severity of the trauma there is a variation in the violence of the fear reaction and, according to Rank, the initial volume of the fear development should determine whether the individual will or will not acquire mastery—whether he is to become normal or neurotic. The criticism of the whole Rank conception is not our task here—only the test of its utility for the solution of our problem. The formula of Rank's that neurotics are those who cannot react off the overstrong birth trauma is in theory vulnerable in a high degree. We do not know just what is meant by the reacting off of a trauma. If understood literally one comes to the untenable conclusion that the

neurotic is the nearer well the more frequently and intensely he can reproduce the fear affect. Because of this contradiction with reality I have in due course given up the theory of reacting off which plays so great a rôle in catharsis. Emphasis of the variable strength of the birth trauma leaves no room for justifiable etiological claim of the hereditary constitution. This is, of course, an organic factor which behaves toward the constitution as a contingency, and is itself dependent on many influences which may be called contingent, as from timely assistance in labor.

The Rank doctrine has left constitutional as well as phylogenetic factors out of consideration altogether. If one will prepare space for the significance of the constitution, perhaps through a modification of the same, it would be much more to the point to know how prolifically the individual reacts to the variable intensity of the birth trauma. Thus one deprives the theory of its significance and restricts the newly introduced factor to an accessory rôle. The decision as to the fate of the neurosis lies, then, in another and again an unknown territory.

The fact that mankind has the birth process in common with other mammals and at the same time has the preference of a particular disposition to neuroses over the other mammals will hardly attune favorably with the Rank theory. The chief objection, however, remains that it is in the air and does not rest on an assured foundation. There have been no good studies as to whether severe and protracted labor coincides unmistakably with the development of neurosis and if children thus born show the phenomena of early infantile fears longer or more strongly than others. If one could show that precipitate labors which were easy for the mother might possibly possess the significance of severe traumas for the child, the demand would still remain that labors which lead to asphyxia must allow the alleged consequences to be recognized with certainty. It appears an advantage to the Rank etiology that it supplies a factor which is accessible to testing with the material of experiment, but as long as such a trial has never yet been actually undertaken it is impossible to judge of the value.

On the other hand I cannot join in the opinion that the Rank theory opposes the etiological significance of the sexual impulse hitherto recognized in psychoanalysis; for this refers only to the relation of the individual to the danger situation and fortunately leaves open the supposition that whoever cannot master the original dangers must also fail in the later developing sexual situations and thereby be forced into a neurosis.

I therefore do not believe that the Rank essay has brought to us

the answer to the question of the foundation of the neurosis and I think it cannot yet be decided, no matter how great the contribution to the subject it may comprise. If the investigations over the influence of severe labor on the disposition to neurosis fall out negative, this contribution must be valued but slightly. It is to be lamented that the need for a tangible and uniform final cause of nervousness still remains unsatisfied. The ideal case after which the physician probably longs to-day should be the bacillus which can be isolated and cultured pure and of which inoculation into a given individual will cause the disease in question. Or, to be less fanciful, the presentation of a chemical substance the exhibition of which may both produce and abolish definite neuroses. But probability speaks against such solutions of the problem.

Psychoanalysis leads to less simple and less satisfactory information. I have here to repeat only what has long been known and have nothing new to add. If the ego succeeds in protecting itself against a dangerous impulse, for example, by the process of repression, it has indeed inhibited and injured this portion of the It but has at the same time given up a portion of its own independence and renounced some of its own sovereignty. This follows from the nature of repression which is an attempt at flight. The repressed content is now "free as a bird," excluded from the great organization of the ego, subjected only to the laws that reign in the realm of the unconscious. If the danger situation alters, so that the ego has no motif to repel a new impulse analogous to the repressed content, the consequences of the ego limitation are obvious. The course of the more recent prompting completes itself under the influence of automatism—I prefer to say of the compulsion to repetition—it wanders the same way as the former repressed content as if the conquered danger situation still persisted. The fixing factor of the repression is therefore the repetition compulsion of the unconscious It which normally is abolished only by the freely mobile function of the ego. Now it may at times succeed to the ego to recapture the repression which it itself had arranged and to regain its influence over the prompting and to direct the course of the new prompting in the direction of the altered danger situation. The fact is that this so often fails of success, that it cannot make its repressions regressive. Quantitative relations may be authoritative for the outcome of this combat and in many cases we gain the impression that the decision is compulsive; the regressive attraction of the repressed instinct and the strength of repression are so great that the more recent prompting can only follow the repetition compulsion. In other cases we perceive the contribution of another play

of force; the attraction of the repressed prototype is fortified through repulsion from the side of the actual difficulties which are opposed by the different course of the more recent promptings.

That this is the origin of the investment of the repression and the maintenance of the no longer actual danger situation, finds its proof in the modest although theoretically hardly overestimable fact of analytic therapy. If we furnish aid to the ego in the analysis which will enable it to abolish its repressions it regains power over the repressed It and can allow the impulses to run their course as if the old danger situations no longer existed. What we thus attain is in harmony with other powers of our medical performance. As a rule our therapy must be satisfied with bringing about the good result more rapidly, more trustworthily and with little outlay, which under favorable conditions might have come about spontaneously.

The previous considerations teach us that there are quantitative relations which are not directly visible, comprehended only through inference, which decide whether the old danger situation is held fast, whether the repressions of the ego are maintained, and whether or not there is a continuation of the child neuroses. Of the factors which take part in the causation of the neuroses, which have created the conditions under which the psychic forces measure themselves with another, there are three which become conspicuous for our comprehension—one biologic, one phylogenetic and one purely psychologic. The first mentioned is the long drawn out helplessness of the small human child. The intrauterine existence of man seems relatively shorter than that of most of the animals and he is sent into the world less apt. As a result the influence of the external world is strengthened, the differentiation of the ego from the It is precociously promoted, the dangers of the outer world are increased in importance and the value of the object, which can alone protect from these dangers and replace the lost intrauterine life, is greatly enhanced. This biologic factor prepares the first danger situation and creates the need to be loved which will never more leave the human subject.

The second, phylogenetic, factor is only inferred by us; a very notable fact of libido development has forced us to assume it. We find that the sexual life of mankind is not developed steadily from beginning to maturity, as in most of the nearest related animals, but that after an early bloom up to the fifth year it experiences an energetic interruption, after which it again becomes prominent with puberty and annexes itself to the infantile fractions. We think that something important to the destiny of mankind must have happened which this interruption of sexual development has left behind as a

historical precipitate. The pathogenic significance of this factor is apparent from the fact that most of the impulse claims of this infantile sexuality are treated by the ego as dangers and repulsed, so that the later sexual stirrings of puberty, which should be normal to the ego, are in danger of subjugation to the attraction of infantile prototypes and follow these in repression. Here we abut against the most direct etiology of the neuroses. It is noteworthy that the early contact with the claims of sexuality works upon the ego in the same manner as precocious contact with the external world.

The third or psychologic factor is to be found in the incompleteness of our psychic apparatus which is connected with its differentiation into the ego and It, hence in the last analysis it goes back to the influence of the external world. Through regard for the dangers of reality the ego is forced to oppose itself against certain promptings of the It and to treat them as dangers. The ego, however, cannot defend itself against inner promptings so efficaciously as against a fragment of alien reality. Itself intimately connected with the It, it can only defend itself against the danger of the impulse while contracting its own organization and allows itself to fall into symptom formation as a substitute for its injury of the impulse. If the crowding of the repulsed impulse is then renewed there result for the ego all of the difficulties which we know as the neurotic affection.

I must believe that our insight into the nature and causation of the neuroses cannot go further at present.

XI

ADDENDA

In the course of these discussions various themes have been touched upon which it was necessary to pass over for the time being and which should now be assembled in order to maintain attention to the part of the book to which they have claim.

MODIFICATIONS OF VIEWS PREVIOUSLY EXPRESSED

Resistance and Counter-investment

It is an important bit of the theory of repression that it does not present a solitary process but requires a persistent outlay. When the latter fails the repressed impulse, which receives the continuous influx from its sources, will the next time strike out in the same path from which it had been forced; the repression would be carried to its termination or must be repeated indefinitely. Hence there follows from the continuous nature of the prompting the demand upon the ego in order to assure its defense reaction through

a permanent outlay. This action for the protection of the repression is that which we feel in the therapeutic activity as resistance, and resistance presupposes what I have designated as counter-fixation. Such counter-fixation is tangible in compulsion neurosis and appears here as ego alteration, as reaction formation in the ego, through strengthening of that situation which is the antithesis of the repressing impulse direction (sympathy, conscientiousness, purity). These reaction formations of the compulsive neurosis are always exaggerations of normal character traits developed in the period of latency. It is far more difficult to demonstrate counter-investment in hysteria although according to theoretic expectation it ought to be equally indispensable. Here likewise there is a certain amount of ego alteration unmistakable, through reaction formation, in many relations so striking that they force themselves on the attention as the chief symptom of the condition. In such a fashion, for example, is the ambivalence conflict of hysteria solved; the hate toward a loved person is held down through an excess of tenderness for him and anxiety about him. One must, however, make prominent a distinction against the compulsive neurosis where such reaction formations do not show the general nature of character traits but restrict themselves to quite special relations. The hysterical woman, for example, who treats with excessive tenderness the children which fundamentally she hates does not on the whole become more ready for love than other women nor more tender toward other children. The reaction formation in hysteria holds tenaciously to a definite object and does not elevate itself to a general disposition of the ego. For the compulsive neurosis this generalization is characteristic—the loosening of object relations and the displacement of the choice of object.

Another kind of counter-investment seems more suitable to the peculiarity of hysteria. The repressed prompting can become activated from two sides (newly invested), first, through a strengthening of the impulse from its inner sources of excitation; second, from without through perception of the object which the prompting desires. Hysterical counter-investment is now by preference directed outward and toward the dangerous perception and assumes the form of a special vigilance which avoids situations through contraction of the ego, in which the perception must appear and which makes it able to draw the attention from this perception should the latter come up. French authors (Laforque) have recently designated this performance of hysteria through the special term "scotomisation." Still more striking than in hysteria is this technic of counter-investment in the phobias, where the interest concentrates itself in

removing itself further and further from the possibility of the dreaded perception. The contrast in the direction of the counter-fixation between hysteria and the phobias on the one hand and compulsion neurosis on the other seems significant even if it is not absolute. The assumption lies near at hand that between the repression and the external counter-investment, as between the regression and the internal counter-investment (ego alteration through reaction formation), there exists an intimate connection. The repulse of the dangerous perception is, moreover, a general task of the neuroses. Different commands and prohibitions are to serve the same intent. We have already on one occasion made ourselves clear that the resistance, which we have to overcome in the analysis, is furnished by the ego which holds fast to its counter-investment. The ego finds it difficult to apply its attention to perceptions and ideas, the avoidance of which it has previously made a precept, or to recognize as its own, strivings which form a complete antithesis to those believed to be his own. Our struggle against the resistance in the analysis is based on such a conception of the same. We make the resistance conscious where—so often because of association with the repressed content—it is unconscious; we oppose to it logical arguments, when or after it has become conscious, and promise to the ego advantages and bonuses if it renounces the resistance. Hence there is nothing either to doubt or to justify in respect to the resistance of the ego. On the other hand it must be asked whether this alone covers the subject matter which is opposed to us in the analysis. We have the experience that the ego always finds new difficulties in making the repressions regressive, even after it has conceived the purpose of giving up the resistance and has designated the phase of arduous effort—which follows such a praiseworthy intention—as that of “working through.” It now lies at hand to recognize the dynamic factor which makes such “working through” necessary and intelligible. It can hardly be otherwise than that after abolition of the ego resistance the power of the repetition compulsion, the attraction of the unconscious prototypes of the repressed impulse process, is to be overcome and there is nothing to say against it if one will designate this factor as the resistance of the unconscious. We should not allow such corrections to vex us; they are desired if they further our understanding a bit and there is nothing to be deplored if in place of refuting they enrich what has been said before, restricting perhaps a general consideration and broadening a comprehension which is too narrow.

It is not to be assumed that through this correction we have gained a complete summary of the kinds of resistance encountered in

analysis. We note rather that we have five kinds of resistance to antagonize which proceed from all three sides, to wit, from the ego, the super-ego and the It, the ego being the source of three of the forms shown to differ in their dynamics. The first of these three ego resistances is the repression resistance already treated, concerning which there is but little to say that is new. From this is distinguished the resistance of transference which is of like nature but in an analysis causes other and far more important phenomena, for it succeeds in originating a relation to the analytical situation or person of the analyst and with this a repression which is recalled with difficulty becomes again freshly animated. Another ego resistance although of quite different nature is that which proceeds from the gain of the disease and is founded on the interrelation of the symptoms in the ego. It corresponds to the striving against the renunciation of a gratification or a relief. The fourth kind of resistance—that of the It—we have made responsible just now for the necessity of “working through.” The fifth resistance, that of the super-ego, is the latest to be recognized; it is the most obscure but is not always the weakest and seems to spring from the sense of guilt or need of punishment; it opposes itself to every analytic effort and later also to cure through analysis.

Fear from Transformation of the Libido

The notion of fear represented in this essay is removed a bit from that which hitherto seemed justified. Formerly I regarded fear as a general reaction of the ego under the conditions of unpleasure and sought on each occasion to justify its appearance economically. I assumed, sustained by the investigation of the actual neuroses, that the libido (sexual excitation) which was refused or not employed by the ego, found a direct discharge in the form of fear. One cannot overlook the fact that these different determinations do not go well together, at least do not necessarily follow from one another. Moreover, there resulted the apparently intimate relation between fear and libido, which again does not harmonize with the general character of fear as an unpleasure reaction.

The objection to this comprehension proceeds from the tendency to make the ego the sole abiding place of fear and was also one of the consequences of the arrangement of the psychic apparatus sought in “The Ego and It.” To the former comprehension it lay near at hand to regard the libido of the repressed impulse as the source of the fear; according to the later one the ego should be responsible for this fear—either ego fear or impulse (It) fear. As the ego works with desexualized energy, in the innovation the intimate con-

nection between fear and the libido is loosened. I hope to succeed at least to make this contradiction clear, to draw the outlines of uncertainty sharply.

Rank's admonition that the fear affect, as I myself once maintained, is a consequence of the birth process and a repetition of the situation then lived through, necessitates a new examination of the fear problem. With his own comprehension of birth as a trauma, of the fear condition as a discharge reaction, every renewed fear affect as an attempt to react off the trauma completely, I cannot go further. There results the compulsion to go back to it, from the fear reaction to the danger situation. With the introduction of this factor new viewpoints come up for consideration. Labor becomes a prototype for all later danger situations which result under the new conditions of the altered form of existence and the progressive psychic development. Its own significance, however, becomes contracted upon this prototype relation. The fear felt at birth now becomes the prototype of an affect condition which must share the fate of other affects. It is reproduced, either automatically in situations which were analogous to its original situations, as inappropriate forms of reaction, after it had been appropriate in the first danger situation. Or the ego obtains power over this affect and reproduces it itself, serves itself with it as a warning of danger and as a means of rousing the pleasure-pain mechanism. The biologic significance of the fear affect came into its own, since fear is recognized as the general reaction to the situation of danger. The rôle of the ego as the seat of fear was confirmed, since the function was conceded to the ego of reproducing the fear affect according to its requirements. To fear were directed in later life two kinds of modes of origin; one involuntary, automatic, always economically justified whenever a danger analogous to birth had been produced; the other, produced by the ego when such a situation only threatened, in order to further its avoidance. In this second case the ego submitted to the fear like an inoculation, in which through a weakened outbreak of disease one escapes an unweakened one. The danger situation, as it were, has an unmistakable tendency to restrict the painful experience to a suggestion, a signal. How the different situations of danger develop one after another and yet remain genetically combined has already been set forth in detail. Perhaps we may succeed in penetrating a little further into the comprehension of fear if we attack the problem of the relations between neurotic fear and actual fear.

The formerly asserted direct transposition of the libido to fear has now become less significant to our interest, if we take into consideration that we have several kinds to distinguish between. The

fear which the ego provokes as a signal does not come into account, and further, not in all of the danger situations which move the ego to the introduction of a repression. The libidinous investment of the repressed prompting experiences (as one sees most distinctly in conversion hysteria) another application than transposition into and discharge as fear. Nevertheless we shall in the further discussion of the danger situation come upon that kind of fear development which ought probably to be judged otherwise.

Repression and Defense

In connection with the discussions of the fear problem I have an idea—or more modestly expressed a terminus—to take up which served me exclusively at the beginning of my studies thirty years ago and which afterwards I was compelled to abandon. I refer to the process of defense.* I replaced it later with that of repression, the relationship between the two remaining undetermined. I now think that we gain something by harking back to the old idea of defense if at the same time one settles the issue that the general designation for all the technics shall be *defense*, of which the ego serves itself in conflicts which may lead to neurosis; while *repression* remains the name of a definite method of defense which must first be better known to us as a result of the course of our investigations.

A simple terminological innovation will also become justified, and should be the expression of a new mode of consideration or an amplification of our views. The resumption of the idea of defense, and the contraction of the notion of repression bears reckoning of only one fact long known to us but with a gain in importance through certain new findings. Our first experiences with repression and symptom formation were gained from hysteria; we saw that the perception content of exciting experiences, the ideation content of pathogenic thought formations were forgotten and their reproduction excluded from memory, and have therefore recognized in this shutting out from consciousness the chief character of hysterical repression. Later we studied the compulsion neurosis and found that in this affection the pathogenic event had not been forgotten. It remained conscious but was, however, isolated in a manner which as yet could not be visualized; so that about the same result was produced as in hysteria. The difference, however, is large enough to justify our opinion that the process, by means of which the compulsive neurosis removed an impulse claim, could not be the same as

* See The Defense Neuroses, collected papers in German, Vol. I.

hysteria. Further investigations have taught us that in the compulsion neurosis under the influence of ego striving a regression of the impulses to an earlier phase of libido was obtained, which did not make repression superfluous but evidently acted in the same direction as a repression. We have seen further that the counter-investment which also is presumptive in hysteria, plays a particularly large rôle in ego protection in compulsion neurosis as a reactive ego alteration.

Our attention is called to a procedure of "isolation" the technic of which we cannot yet give, which procures a directly sympathetic expression, and to another procedure which may be termed magical, that of "undoing," which without doubt is of a rebuffing tendency, but has no longer any resemblance to the process of repression. These experiences are reason enough to reinstate the old conception of defense, which can comprehend all of these processes having a common tendency—protection of the ego against impulse claims—and to comprise repression as a special case of the same. The importance of this nomenclature is heightened if one contemplates the possibility that a deepening of our studies might yield an intimate connection between special forms of defense and definite affections—for example between repression and hysteria. Our anticipation is directed further to the possibility of another significant dependence. It can easily be that before the sharp sundering of the ego from the It, before the completion of the super-ego the psychic apparatus used another method of defense than after attaining these stages of organization.

SUPPLEMENT TO FEAR

The fear affect shows certain traits the investigation of which promises further enlightenment. Fear has an unmistakable relation to expectation; one is afraid of something. There adheres to it a character of indetermination and absence of an object. The correct use of language itself changes the name to fright when an object is present. Fear has further in addition to its relation to danger another to neurosis, with the explanation of which we have expended much effort. The question arises, why are not all fear reactions neurotic, and why are so many recognized as normal? Finally the difference between real and neurotic fear demands a basic critique. Let us start with the last mentioned task. Our progress consisted in the falling back of the fear reaction upon the danger situation. If we suppose the same alteration to be present in the problem of real fear the solution would be easy. Real danger is a danger which we know, real fear is fear of such a known danger. Neurotic fear is fear of danger of which we know nothing. Hence neurotic danger

must first be sought and analysis shows us it is an impulse danger. As we bring into consciousness this danger which is unknown to the ego the difference between real and neurotic fear is effaced and we may treat the last like the first.

In real danger we develop two reactions: the affective, or fear outburst, and the protective behavior. Presumably the same happens in impulse danger. We see the suitable coöperation of both reactions when one gives the signal for the institution of the other; but we also see the unsuitable type of response, that of fear paralysis, in which one gains ground at the expense of the other.

There are instances in which the characters of real and neurotic fear are commingled. The danger is known and real but the fear reaction is unnaturally great, greater than it should be in our judgment and in this excess the neurotic element is betrayed. But these instances for the most part contribute nothing new, and analysis shows that the known real danger is connected with an unknown impulsive danger.

We progress further when we refuse to be satisfied with referring the fear to the danger. What is the nucleus, the significance of the danger situation? Evidently the estimation of our strength in comparison with its size, the confession of our helplessness against it—material helplessness against real danger, psychic helplessness in the case of impulse danger. Our judgment here is guided by actual experience and whether this errs in the estimate is immaterial for the result. Suppose we term such an experienced situation of helplessness a traumatic one; we then have good reason for separating the traumatic situation from the danger situation.

It is now important to prove for ourselves if such a traumatic situation is not merely waited for but is foreseen, expected. The situation in which the condition for such expectation is contained is called the danger situation in which the fear signal is given. For example, I expect that a situation of helplessness will result, or the present situation reminds me of a formerly experienced traumatic experience. Hence I anticipate that this trauma will behave as if it were already there as long as there is time to divert it. Fear is therefore on the one hand the expectation of a trauma, and on the other a mitigated repetition of the same. Both characters which have struck us in connection with fear have therefore a different origin. Their relation to expectation belongs to the danger situation, their indefinite character and absence of object to the traumatic situation of helplessness, which is anticipated in the danger situation.

According to the development of the series, fear—danger—helplessness (trauma), we can sum up. The danger situation is a known,

recollected, expected situation of helplessness. Fear is the original reaction to the helplessness in the trauma which is then later reproduced in the danger situation as a signal for help. The ego, which has passively lived through the trauma, now repeats actively a weakened reproduction of the same in order to be able to direct its course actively. We know the child behaves thus in all painful impressions since they are reproduced in play. In going over in this manner from passive to active it seeks to master psychically its life impressions. If this is to be the sense of a reacting off of the trauma, no one could further object to it. The decisive point, however, is the first displacement of the fear reaction from its origin in the situation of helplessness upon its expectation, the danger situation. Then follow the further displacements from the danger itself to the condition of the danger, the loss of object and the modifications already mentioned.

The "spoiling" of the little child has the unwished for consequence that the danger of the loss of the object—the object as protection against all the situations of helplessness—is increased toward all other dangers. It favors the reserve in childhood, which is proper to the physical and psychical helplessness.

Hitherto we have had no occasion to consider real fear otherwise than neurotic fear. We know the difference—real fear threatens from an external object, and neurotic fear from an impulse claim. In as far as this last is something real, neurotic fear may be recognized as founded on real fear. We have understood that the appearance of a particularly intimate relationship between fear and neurosis goes back to the fact that the ego, with the aid of the fear reaction of the impulse danger, defends itself as in actual external danger; that this direction of the defense activity runs into the neurosis because of the imperfection of the psychic apparatus. We have also gained the conviction that the impulse claim often becomes dangerous (inwardly) only because its gratification would bring about an external danger, because the internal danger represents an external one.

On the other hand the external danger (real) must have found an interiorization if it is to be significant for the ego; it must have recognized its relation to an experienced situation of helplessness.* An instinctive perception of externally threatening danger seems not to be given to mankind or at least only in a very modest degree.

* It may occur often enough that in a danger situation which is rightly recognized as such, a small amount of impulse fear is added to real fear. The impulse claim, from the gratification of which the ego shrinks, would then be of a masochistic nature, a destructive prompting directed against oneself. Possibly this addition explains the reason why the fear reaction is excessive, unsuitable and paralyzing. The height phobias (window, steeple, precipice) may have this origin; their secret feminine significance is related to masochism.

Little children incessantly do things which bring their lives in peril and exactly for this reason cannot dispense with the protecting object. In relation to the traumatic situation against which man is helpless, external and internal danger, real danger and impulse claim, come together. In one case the ego may experience a pain which will not let up; in another case a stagnation of desire which can find no satisfaction; the economic situation is the same in both cases and the motor helplessness finds its expression in the psychic helplessness.

The enigmatic phobias of early childhood again deserve mention. Some of these, as fear of being alone, of the dark and of strangers we can understand as reactions to the danger of the loss of object. For others, as fear of small animals, thunder, etc., the information offers itself that they may be atrophied residues of a congenital preparation for real dangers which is so distinctly developed in other animals. Purposeful for mankind is only that portion of this archaic inheritance as is related to loss of the object. If such child phobias fix themselves, become strengthened and persist into late years of life, analysis shows that the content has set itself in association with impulse claims and is representative also of internal dangers.

ANXIETY, PAIN AND GRIEF

There is so little pertaining to the psychology of the feelings that the ensuing halting observations should raise a claim for indulgence in judgment. We must say that anxiety becomes a reaction to the danger of loss of object. Now we already know one such reaction on object loss which we call sorrow. But when does it come to one, when to the other? For sorrow, with which we have already been occupied (Grief and Melancholy in my Collected Papers), one trait remains quite obscure, and that is its peculiarly painful quality. It seems to us self evident that separation from an object is painful, but the problem is complicated further. When does separation from the object mean anxiety, when grief and when pain? We say at once that there is no prospect at hand of replying to these questions. We shall be content to find certain demarcations and certain hints.

Our starting point may again be the one situation which we believe we understand, that of the nursling who in place of its mother sees a stranger. It then shows anxiety which we have interpreted as due to the danger of object loss. But it is doubtless more complicated and merits a more thorough discussion. There is no doubt as to the anxiety of the nursling, but the facial expression and the reaction of crying allow us to assume that it also feels pain. It seems as if certain things coalesce which later become separate again. It cannot distinguish between the momentary absence and permanent loss. If the

mother once goes out of its sight its behavior is as if it would never more behold her and not until after several consolatory experiences does it learn that such a vanishing of the mother will be followed by her reappearance. The mother ripens this experience, so important for the child, when she plays the game of "peek-aboo," hiding her face for a moment and then showing it again to the great joy of the child. The child can then feel longing which is not accompanied by despair.

The situation in which it misses the mother is the consequence of its misconception, it is no danger situation but a traumatic one, or rather it is traumatic if at this moment it feels a need that the mother should satisfy; it turns itself to danger situations when the need is not actual. The first anxiety condition which the ego itself introduces is therefore that of the loss of perception which is placed on a par with that of the loss of the object. A loss of love does not yet come into consideration. Later experience teaches that the object may remain at hand yet become bad for the child, and now the loss of love on the part of the object becomes a new and much more constant danger and fear condition.

The traumatic situation of missing the mother yields in one decisive point from the traumatic situation of birth. At that time there was no object present that could be missed. Anxiety remained the sole reaction which could occur. Since then repeated situations of gratification have formed the object of the mother, so that now in case of need it experiences an intense fixation which may be termed as yearning. The reaction of pain is related to this innovation and hence pain is the peculiar reaction to loss of the object as fear is to danger which the loss brings with it, in further displacement of the danger of loss of object itself. Nor do we know much of pain. The only sure content is the fact that pain—at first and as a rule—originates when a stimulus which attacks the periphery breaks through the apparatus for protecting against stimuli and acts like a continuous prompting against the otherwise efficacious muscle actions which remain powerless to withdraw the irritant from the irritated place. If the pain does not go forth from the surface but from an internal organ the situation is not at all changed; it is only that a bit of internal periphery replaces the external. The child has obviously an opportunity to go through such experiences of pain which are independent of its need experiences. This condition of origin of pain seems, however, to possess but little similarity with loss of the object and moreover the essential factor of peripheral irritation in the yearning situation of the child is fully lost. Nevertheless it cannot be irrational that language has shaped the notion of

internal, psychic pain and placed the sensations of object loss quite on a par with physical pain.

In physical suffering there arises a high fixation—which may be termed narcissic—on the painful area which continues to increase and acts, so to speak, as evacuating upon the ego. It is known that in pain in the internal organs we acquire spatial and other ideas of such portions of the body which are not otherwise represented in conscious ideation. Further, the noteworthy fact that the most intense physical pains cannot develop if the mind is diverted by some other interest (we should not say that one remains unconscious of the pain), finds its explanation in the concentration of the fixation on the psychic representative of the painful area of the body. Now the analogy in this point seems to lie in the fact that it permits the transference of the painful sensation to the psychic province. The intensive yearning fixation, steadily augmenting because uncontrollable, of the missed (lost) object, forms the same economic conditions as the pain-fixation of injured portions of the body and makes it possible to look off from the peripheral conditionhood of bodily pain. The transition from physical to psychical pain correspond to the transformation of narcissic to object fixation: The object idea, highly fixed from need, plays the rôle of the body region fixed by growth stimulation. The continuity and uninhabitable character of the fixation process brings about the same condition of psychic helplessness. If the then arising sensation of unpleasure bears the character of pain which cannot be more approximately described than as specific, instead of expressing itself in the reaction form of anxiety, it lies at hand to make a factor responsible for it which otherwise would play but a small rôle in explanation; this is the high level of the fixation and combination relations upon which these processes which lead to the sensation of unpleasure perfect themselves.

We know still another emotional reaction to the loss of the object—sorrow. Its explanation, however, is not difficult. Sorrow originates under the influence of testing reality, which demands categorically that man must separate himself from the object because it no longer exists. This affect must now perform the labor of carrying out the retreat from the object in all situations in which the object was the subject of high fixation. The painful character of this separation unites itself to the explanation just given through the unfulfillable yearning fixation of the object during the reproduction of the situations in which the binding to the object is to be loosed.

PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS*

BY

S. FERENCZI

Budapest

Perhaps one of the chief drawbacks which may prevent the American members of the psychoanalytic movement from contributing to psychoanalytic knowledge and research through their own original works is due in great measure to the fact that they are able only after considerable time has elapsed to become acquainted with the European literature in translated form. This applies to the translation of German works, and even certain works of Freud. This may well be the reason why I was invited to give a short résumé of the most important practical and theoretic problems which are now occupying our attention. The time in which I have to give such a résumé is so short compared with the many-sidedness of the subject that I shall limit myself to merely touching upon the problems concerned. What I shall present to you, therefore, will be only a sort of menu, which as you know is not a thing to satisfy hunger. My aim is merely to arouse in you a desire, the satisfaction of which can come only through the study of the original works.

It is a great mistake to gauge the age of a person by the number of years he has lived. To remain productive and to be capable of changing one's opinions is to stay young. Both of these attributes are highly characteristic of Professor Freud, as his latest works attest. One finds nothing in them of stagnation in dogmatic assertions or of exhaustion of the fantasy. Against his own earlier theses he is perhaps often too unsparing, and the breadth of his perspective often exceeds everything which he has created in the past. His style, also, has changed, owing to the greater condensation of his material, and he does not make it so easy for us to follow him as previously. His newest works must be read more often and with greater concentration. I can, however, assert that the gain in intellectual insight will well repay the labor.

Freud's recent contributions are indeed mostly of a theoretic nature; his train of thought enlightens in unexpected ways and gives

* Delivered before midwinter meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association, Dec. 28, 1927.

us an insight into the structure, dynamics and economy, not only of the various neuroses and psychoses, but also of each single case which we have to handle and understand. And whoever is not afraid to take the pains to follow the sometimes difficult constructions has much more hope of success in his practice, and of understanding the cause of eventual failure.

As an example of how an apparently purely speculative view of Freud helps us to understand a single psychic symptom, I would bring to your attention his conception of an impulse which up to that time had not been taken into consideration by biologists and psychologists, namely, the death impulse. Only through this conception are we able to understand masochism, pleasure in pain and the destruction of the self; the purely sexual masochism as well as those excesses against the self which afflict one in the form of exaggerated conscience and need for punishment. Freud has called this trait moral masochism and has been able to trace this form as well as all other forms of masochism back to the urge for self-destruction. The pleasure in self-injury has ceased to be a psychological wonder since it has been recognized as the gratification of a particular impulse and therefore the gratification of a wish.

No less important is the practical significance of the developing field of ego-psychology which Freud has dealt with in several of his more recent contributions. I refer to the separation of the apparently united personality into the id, the ego, and the super-ego. The id, as is well known, is the collective conception of all of our primitive instinctive impulses: on the one hand the death impulse and on the other the life impulse, which again are described as the erotic and self-preservation instincts. The super-ego is that part of the personality which we have developed and shaped after the pattern or example of the authorities which influenced our bringing up. I mean especially the introjected picture of the father and mother, who may then in like manner criticize as a moral force the intentions of the ego, but from within. Now the ego has not only to withstand the demands of the instinctive id, and to square itself with the criticism of the super-ego, but it must in addition take notice of the real possibilities of the outer world; so that the psychically healthy ego must adapt itself in three directions and has to bring the three principles of pleasure, reality and morals into harmonious relations. These conceptions lead to a new classification in psychopathology and to new notions of pathogenesis. The transference neuroses take place as a result of the exaggerated demands of the instinctive id, which the ego, controlled as it is by morals and reality, cannot recognize and therefore must repress. Freud calls those conditions in

which the relation of the ego to the *outer* world is disturbed, psychoses. In Meynert's *amentia*, reality is denied completely. For example, the death of a loved one is simply not recognized. In schizophrenia and paranoia the situation is otherwise. In the schizophrenic the interest for the outer world is directed *inward*. In the paranoiac the outer world is falsified so far as is necessary to make it compatible with the demands of the id and the super-ego. The analysis of the manic depressive cases, which we have up till now included among the rest of the psychoses, shows that one deals here with a particular form of psychic disturbance, a conflict between the ego and the ego-ideals, under whose moral influence we stand. Melancholy is a denial of the depreciation of the ego-ideals with respect to withdrawal of libido from persons with whom one has hitherto identified himself. Instead of turning against the depreciated authorities, the melancholiac turns, apparently through regression, to the self-destruction impulse (death urge) against his own person. Mania, however, is a periodic or temporary attempt to overthrow the tyranny of the super-ego. As a result of their genetically different position, Freud decided to give a particular name to conditions which do not have to do with a conflict with the outer world, but rather with a conflict between the ego and its ideals. He calls these states the narcissistic neuroses. The knowledge of these etiological distinctions brings us nearer to the possibility of a rational therapy for the psychoses.

As another instance, I will mention another apparently purely theoretic explanation which Freud gave us with regard to a hitherto unrecognized element in the formation of the delusion in paranoia. Freud showed us—a thing which we had already suspected—that the paranoiac is endowed with an oversharpest gift of observation for the *outward* manifestations of the unconscious in his fellow men. Recognizing their sharpened sensitiveness for the symbolism, for instance, enabled me some years ago to interpret the dream-symbols in a paranoiac. Now Freud has shown that even in the most abstruse delusional ideas there lies a grain of truth, but of course only truth in the sense of the psychology of the unconscious. The persecuted insane individual, for instance, is not so entirely wrong when he says that people on the street regard him with squinting eyes, and even want to murder him. He recognizes and exaggerates all the unconscious reactions and aggressive tendencies which exist in all of us and which we direct against one another so soon as someone stands in our way—for instance, when people hinder our getting into a subway train. Consciously, we have only a vague anger regarding it. However, in the unconscious this corresponds to an aggressive

and perhaps even a death intention. But the sensitive paranoiac reads these unconscious intentions from the play of our features and gestures; he regards them as conscious tendencies and wishes to take revenge on us for the injustice done him. Since this ingenious explanation of Freud has come to my knowledge I have succeeded much better than before in keeping up the transference situation with the paranoiac so that he does not withdraw so soon from the analytic influence. It is not unlikely that on this basis one may build up a successful technic for analyzing the paranoiac.

An entirely new sphere of psychic conditions was rendered accessible to the influence of the analyst through the progress made in ego psychology. I refer to the disturbances and peculiarities of the character. Till now in our analyses of the neuroses we concerned ourselves principally with their symptomatology. In order not to arouse the resistance of the patient we left his character peculiarities untouched; that is to say, we concluded a pact with the patient's ego and as reward for this consideration the ego of the patient became our ally in the struggle to unmask the symptom originating in the id. Where neurotic symptoms do not play a great rôle, the analyst has to cope with the character peculiarities of the patient. Abraham was one of the first to systematically work out this field of analysis. Of course, we have Freud to thank also for the first hint towards an understanding of character formation. He showed us that the development of the early autoerotic organizations of the libido really results in the transformation of libidinal expressions of the psychic energy into typical character formations. The resolving of the anal-eroticism, for instance, results in the development of quite distinct anal character traits: cleanliness, avarice, obstinacy, orderliness, ceremoniousness. The continuation of the oral-libido phase results, on the one hand, in the character trait of avidity, perhaps also envy, and probably also a trait of tenderness, whereas the anal character traits connect still further the primary amalgamation with hate and sadism. Urethral erotism is released through the traits of shame and ambition, apparently also through the tendency to less sharply controlled emotional outpourings. However, only the most recent investigations of Freud into the more delicate processes of the structure of the ego at the onset of the latency period help us to understand the development of the super-ego, the most important step in the character development. Here also one has to do with the transformation of large quantities of energy from the libidinal side to that of the character. The large quantity of libido energy which is used as sublimation in the building up of the super-ego, develops in man from a high narcissistic regard for the genitals in the establishment of

phallic organization. In this stage there arises out of the earlier undisturbed condition a tragic conflict between the son and his father. Even the slightest suspicion of phallic incestuous tendencies are answered by the father with more or less clear castration threats, and under the pressure of this danger there results the destruction of the Oedipus complex. The wish to kill the father and to possess the mother is released from the tendency to identification with the parents, especially with the parent of the same sex. The formerly hated father is raised to an ego-ideal, and to raise oneself to his power and perfection becomes the essential aim in life; his formerly hated disciplinary measures now act from within as punishments or recompense of the inner father, the conscience. Why castration should be such a terrible punishment and draw down upon itself such permanent effects, I have tried to explain in my *"Attempts at a Genital Theory."* I came to the conclusion that in the phallic stage the penis becomes the representative of all the libido interest of the individual and as such is permitted the pleasure of returning to the woman's body. The castration threat forces the individual to give up a part of his personality and to adapt himself psychically to the father's power.

With the woman the Oedipus conflict does not play the same rôle as in the man. In connection with the newest investigations of Freud I can make the assertion that the Oedipus complex is the central complex of the neuroses only in man; the greatest difficulties of the woman lie in another direction and set in much earlier. They lie, as Freud has shown us, in the discovery of the bodily difference of the male and female genitals and in the psychic reaction to this discovery. Whereas in the case of the man the fear of losing the penis subdues him into becoming civilized, the woman must become conscious much earlier of the actual belittling of her genitals as compared to man's. The happy termination of the trauma is the giving up of the phallic (male) satisfaction and the adaptation of the consoling mechanism of vaginal satisfaction and motherhood. Greater willingness to yield, tenderness, an organized goodness, understanding and tact, are the character traits which develop in the woman from this trauma. In less fortunate cases the penis envy leaves behind an unhealed wound which drives the woman to a permanent protest against the superiority of man and a competitive battle with him, leading to an accentuating of the phallic sexuality, towards vaginal frigidity and towards enviousness and aggressiveness. Naturally one does not find in woman pure character types, but rather a mixture of the two described character forms. The great difference between the sexes, however, is principally this: that with the

man the castration threat leads to a giving up of nearly all sexual tendencies, whereas with the woman insight into the already achieved relinquishment of the penis leads first to the development of the feminine sexual traits which make possible the sexual leaning towards the father. In a logical manner it would follow, and my observations from analyses bear this out, that the incest barrier may be a purely male device which, however, is also taken over by woman but without the tragic note which marks the incest problem of man.

I must not fail to mention the new conception which Freud introduced in the pursuit of this problem. It is the psychic process which he calls *mastering or resolving*. Those who are not neurotic appear to successfully evade this psychic taking possession of the Oedipus complex and render the latter, so to speak, inactive and nonfunctioning. One may also express it in this way: With the non-neurotic the emotional content of the Oedipus complex as well as the interest in it is completely given up and is released in successful transferences, sublimations and ego alterations. The most important result of this point of view is that we may assume only in the case of neurotics a suppressed Oedipus complex which in the unconscious ties up often great quantities of psychic energy which under certain conditions can destroy the efficiency of the love life of the individual. It will be one of the problems of the future to study this situation more thoroughly. Perhaps such investigations will throw some light on the workings of the mind, especially on the phylogenetic overcoming of early primitive methods.

Regarding one of Freud's most recent works, "*Hemmung, Symptom und Angst*," I would bring out two points. One is that the ego, as Freud previously emphasized, not only plays a purely passive intermediary rôle between the id, the super-ego and the outer world, but occasionally it also has certain very important active influences on the end result of the psychic occurrences. That the ego, despite its comparative weakness, is capable of holding in control great quantities of energy of the id is explainable on the ground of its high organization which the ego has acquired apparently in its long diplomatic service as intermediary between the various psychic forces. The ego is weak but clever, the id strong but crude and primitive; it permits itself to be led by higher powers. So the ego becomes watchman at whose signal the instinctive energy takes this or that direction. One of these signals is anxiety. Reversing an earlier position with regard to anxiety, Freud regards it not as a case of transformation of libido quantities into anxiety affect, but as a signal tendered by the ego.

We now come to the question which lately has also become the

subject of much discussion in America. I refer to the tracing back of every fear to the individual birth and every neurosis to the individual birth trauma. Rank has carried out this theory without, to my mind, supporting it with sufficient evidence. Freud's standpoint with which I must agree is that anxiety imitates certain characteristics of the birth situation. It was Freud who first called attention to this analogy. It is, however, unsubstantiated that this fear is more than a symbolic expression for every kind of danger. This signal is sent out most strongly by the ego when its most important pleasure representative, the penis, is endangered, and as a matter of fact analysis finds the fear of the castration threat as the principal disturbance behind most of the neuroses. In a lecture which I recently gave before the New York Society for Clinical Psychiatry I attempted to demonstrate by means of some examples that the mother womb and birth fantasies and dreams of neurotics are only symbolic substitutes by reason of the castration danger, of the most feared coitus situation whereby the whole body becomes the symbolic representative of the penis. There is here represented really a fantastic reversal of the normal development of genitality, the penis as surrogate for the whole body attempting to bring about the mother womb situation. However this may be, it is certainly unjustified to base a new technic of psychoanalysis on such a very much disputed theory as the birth trauma which leaves out of account a great part of the valuable data concerning the psychogenesis of the neuroses which Freud and others have built up with so much effort, and to attempt to explain nearly all the symptoms by the experience of the individual birth. As you may probably have understood from the foregoing, Freud as well as I rejects this newest theory of Rank's.

Another object of dispute over the psychoanalytic technic is a method which I brought forward some eight or ten years ago under the term of *active therapy*. You will perhaps remember that the central idea of my method consisted in requesting the patient upon occasion, besides free association, to give certain behaviors, and from these one might hope to gain even through only pleasurable heightened tension, psychic material that lay buried in the unconscious. These measures were really only a continuation of a technical thought process of Freud's in relation to the repetition tendency of the memory in the analysis. Freud told us that the purpose of analysis and the real triumph of our technic is when we are successful in changing the repetition tendency which shows itself in the analytic situation into memories. I held that in certain cases it was necessary and advantageous for the analyst to first of all not only permit but to encourage the repetition tendency. The

advice I gave really helped the will to fight against certain neurotic habits, that is, to give up the subjective advantage of the primary and secondary gains in the neurosis. Freud accepted my method so far as he admitted that the analyses are best carried out in an attitude of abstinence. I have always emphasized that this measure can be used only in exceptional cases and then only occasionally. But certain colleagues appear to have misunderstood my method and have identified it with the already well known education and habit forming practices. Active therapy, however, is only a means to an end. Our purpose remains as before, to bring the unconscious material into consciousness, and to substitute an uncontrollable symptom formation through insight and methods of release that are compatible with reality. Exaggeration of active measures leads to a great heightening of the resistance on the part of the patient and would endanger the analysis. I was forced to warn against certain exaggerations of this kind which I myself from time to time have tried, and especially against the setting of a time limit for the analysis in order to hurry it. I have returned to that earlier view that the analyst must have more patience than the patient and that under favorable circumstances even when the material is already exhausted one should go on quietly with the analytic work until the patient has the feeling that he has overcome the emotional tie to the analyst. Hence the opportune time for the discontinuance of treatment and the leaning on reality is decided by the patient himself. Uninfluenced by this experience remains the fact that from the viewpoint of the analytic situation the more courageous interpretation of dreams and symptoms is more successful, as Rank and also myself have recommended. Unfortunately my former colleague, in his most recent work regarding technic, cannot resist the temptation to view the analytic situation too onesidedly at the expense of the historical material. Looking backward on the development of the psychoanalytic technic we must concede that Freud is right, that the former view that analysis is effected through insight was realized by the tendency to remove the resistance of the patient. The "active therapy" is merely a detail of this latter measure. The analyst himself also arouses the resistance of the patient; that is, one is not always so careful about the feelings of the former ally in the struggle with the symptom. An exaggerated intellectualization of the analysis is no less wrong than the onesided emotionalization of it. The former leads absolutely to the degrading of the analysis into a mere pedagogic measure, also to depriving oneself of all the advantages of the exploration into the unconscious.

The theme of education leads me to the interesting question of

child analysis and to the relation of psychoanalysis to pedagogy. My former pupil, Mrs. Melanie Klein of Berlin, has taken the first courageous step in this field. She analyzed small children and infants with the same fearlessness that we do the adult. She observed the children during their games, and forced their fantasy or imagination about in the same sense as I advised, and found that the symbolic interpretation and explanations are advantageous with neurotic children and those who are difficult to educate. Another more conservative line of child analysis is being instituted by Miss Anna Freud of Vienna. She is of the opinion that the analyst in the case of the child should not transfer the entire emotional attachment to the analytic situation but should confine himself to creating normal relations to the parents, sisters and brothers, etc. We shall look forward to the publication of her pedagogic analytic lectures which she delivered in Vienna. Our analyses so far have merely showed us how we should *not* educate children, but now we hope to receive more positive advice concerning the problem of how parents and instructors should educate children in the light of analytic understanding.

Freud answered the attacks against the lay analysts in a monograph soon to appear in English. Of course Freud only defends the analytic practice of lay individuals who have been as well trained psychoanalytically as the medical analysts. He also gives advice on how to make possible the coöperation of physician and lay analyst in order to remove any disadvantages so far as the person to be analyzed is concerned.

The activity of European psychoanalysis in the scientific field has received its greatest momentum from the psychoanalytic institutes, first in Berlin under Dr. Eitingon, later in Vienna, and recently in London, which were all built on the same principle. In Budapest we already have made a successful beginning in a committee devoted to the post-graduate instruction of analysts.

The next congress of the International Psychoanalytic Association will take place in Stuttgart and we hope for an active participation of our American colleagues. The exchange of ideas and the personal contact between European and American analysts is much to be desired.

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